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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

TAKING SIDES AGAINST THE REBELS IN MEXICO

IT SEEMS LIKE A TERRIBLE BLUNDER to critics of the Hoover Administration that the Government of our country, itself founded by revolution, should help put down the rising in Mexico by supplying all kinds of aid to the Mexican government forces, while denying all aid to the revolutionists. We are "putting our money on the wrong horse," declares one influential paper. The Administration program, it seems, is to maintain a practical blockade upon arms and other supplies for the rebels; to permit the Mexican Government to move troops across our territory; to permit that Government to purchase arms and munitions in the United States; to send it ten thousand Enfield rifles and about 10,000,000 rounds of ammunition from the United States Army reserve supplies; and to announce that the rebels will never be recognized as belligerents by the United States. We are, it seems, supplying the Portes Gil Administration with airplanes for bombing purposes. While the majority of our papers see nothing to criticize and much to applaud in this course, others challenge our right to "take sides" in our neighbor's civil war, and they see dangerous possibilities ahead. Our nation had its birth by revolution, we are reminded; and *The Wall Street Journal* characterizes the present insurrection in Mexico as "something in the nature of a Presidential election, and certainly the only genuine election that Mexico has had since the death of Porfirio Diaz." "It is too early to surmise just how embarrassing the situation may become to us," remarks the New York *Evening World*, but "it just so happens that our property interests are very heavy in the sections now in possession of the revolutionists. Should they turn against us, as a result of our support of the Portes Gil Government, we might easily become deeply involved."

P. & A. photograph

THE REBEL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Gen. J. Gonzalo Escobar, under whose leadership the revolutionary forces concentrated at Torreon.

"In the past," the Washington *Post* reminds us, "Mexican rebels have skilfully turned such a situation to their own advantage by convincing the people that the United States was interfering in Mexican affairs." The Providence *News* is not surprized to learn that "there is considerable grumbling in Latin-American countries against the haste with which President Hoover went to Calles's aid." And in the New York *Times* we read:

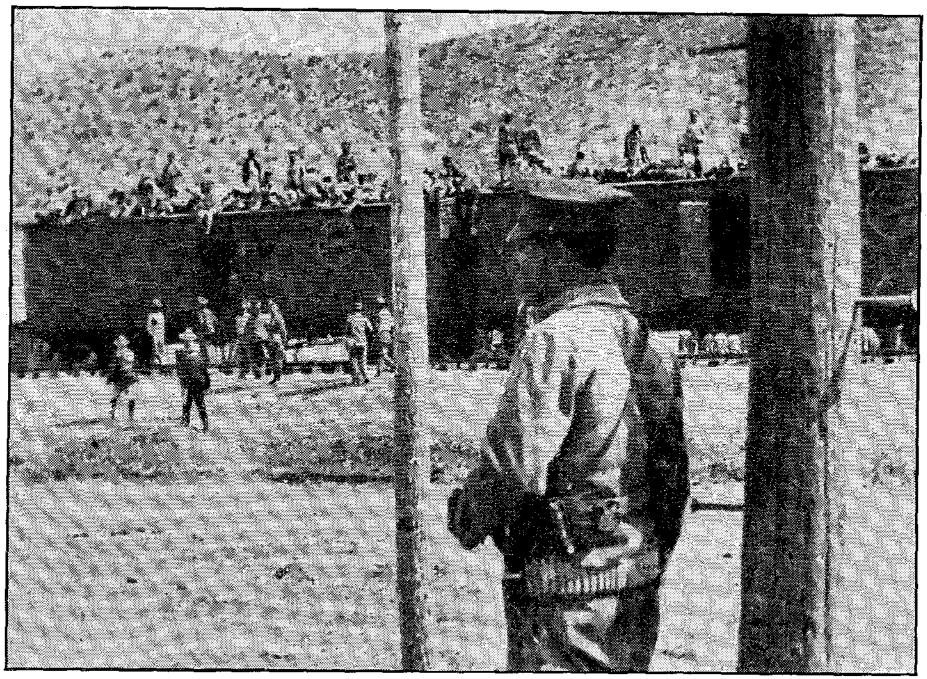
"To interfere in a civil war is something which not even the League of Nations would venture to do. When the Mexican Government itself did it, or was supposed to have done it, in the case of the revolution in Nicaragua, our Government was deeply resentful and made official protest. If, by any chance, the Mexican insurrectos should succeed in overthrowing the government at Mexico City, and in establishing themselves as *de facto* rulers, they would have a legitimate grievance against the United States Government."

"That we are taking sides can not be denied," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which regards it as "a hazardous business," and hopes that President Hoover is right "in assuming that the Mexican revolt is nothing more than an abortive attempt on the part of a few disgruntled military leaders to effect a coup." There is also the possibility, one daily remarks, that a desire for religious liberty is back of the rising. The Utica *Press*, on the other hand, expresses concisely what seems to be the majority opinion when it says: "This can not be interpreted as taking sides, but rather as furthering the cause of orderly government in Mexico. The revolutionists may have just grievances, but revolution should not be invoked for their correction." Or, as Mr. Hearst's New York *American* states it: "We are only doing to Mexico, in her hour of trial, as we would have our next-door neighbor do to us. That is the Golden Rule."

But before hearing further from those who applaud, let the editorial critics of our Mexican policy speak at greater length. Says the Providence *News*, for example:

"We may argue as eloquently and as long as we care to, but in the Latin-American mind there will remain a clear comprehension of the fact that the United States may determine the success or failure of a rebellion in Mexico. If what we are doing is not interference in the domestic affairs of another country, there is no meaning in the word interference. We may, of course, justify that interference on the ground that our own interest in a stable Mexico demands it, but if that is our justification, let us honestly say so. We can not pretend that we are acting on behalf of representative government, for the Portes Gil Government is not really representative.

"The position we are in is a strange one for a country which obtained its own freedom through revolution. It may be hard



M. G. M. News photograph

HOW AN INSURRECTO ARMY COMES TO TOWN

Part of the force which took Nogales, on the Arizona border, photographed detraining.

for us to admit that possibly these Mexican rebels are just as large a proportion of the Mexican population as the patriots were of this country's population in 1775. It may be equally hard for us to see that, in their own way, these Mexican rebels may have grievances as serious as that of taxation without representation. We have the Mexican Government's word for it, but only that word, that the present rebellion is the work of disgruntled military men. But what if it should turn out that this is only government propaganda, that the revolution is really a rising on behalf of religious liberty? We do not say it is so, because we do not know, but the course of the fighting, and the organization shown by the rebels so far, *suggest* that the movement is far more truly a popular one than the Mexican Government admits it to be. It seems to this newspaper, at least, that the Hoover Administration was a little too hasty in assuming that it should help to crush an uprising in Mexico of which so little is definitely known."

And *The Wall Street Journal*, in an editorial headed "On the Wrong Horse," has this to say:

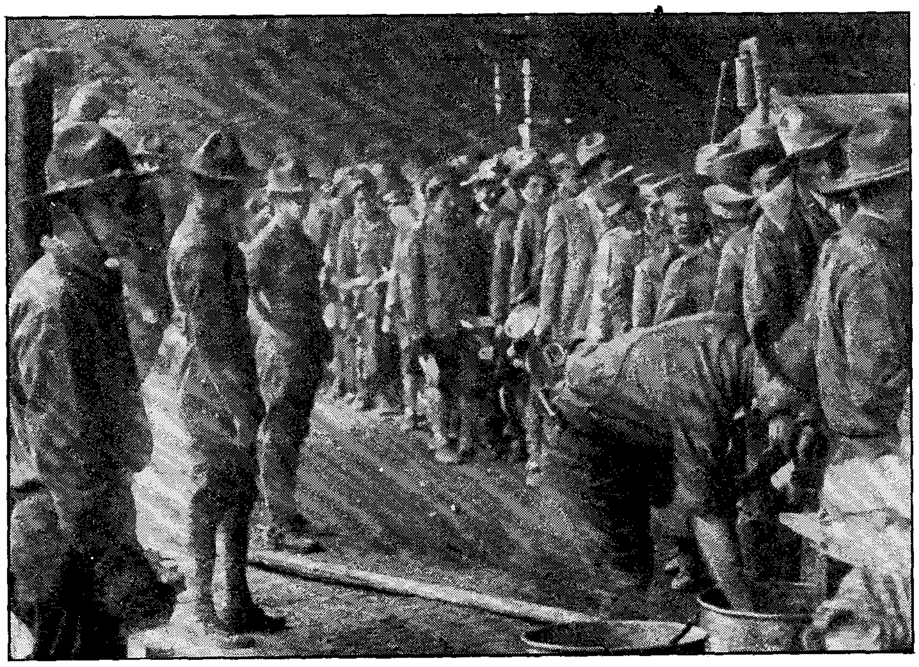
"Here was an excellent opportunity to keep our hands off, to let the Mexicans settle their own business in a way with which they are entirely familiar. But, apparently, we had bungled into commitments with the Mexican Foreign Office so deep, that we had to do what the Mexican President told us. We have permitted Mexican Federal troops to be transported through Texas. We are supplying arms to the Government and denying them to the rebels, these arms being surplus rifles of the American Army. And we are obliging President Portes Gil with a few airplanes for bombing purposes.

"Observe the inevitable result for us if the revolutionists win. We have few enough friends in Mexico now, outside the cemeteries, and we shall have not a single one left. Our policy has been one long hideous failure. The legitimate holders of oil lands have been robbed without effective protest from our State Department, and the same is true of the American holders of ranches and other property. These have been stolen for the benefit of Mexican politicians. The murdered and maltreated Americans have received no redress, and all that seems to concern the State Department is to get something out of the fire for the holders of Mexican bonds.

"If this is designed to save the face of 'Wall Street,' it can be frankly said that the best element in Wall Street thinks that the bankers, who made loans to Mexico, which London turned down, did exactly what the State Department has been doing. They put their money on the wrong horse. The State Department is putting not only our money, but our honor and our prestige, before all the peoples of this continent, on the wrong horse."

But as we have already noted, such criticisms are the exception rather than the rule in our newspapers' discussion of President Hoover's stand. "Perhaps never before have Americans shown such universal impatience with a Mexican uprising as with the present one," remarks the Troy *Times*. "Since the first reports of the outbreak of revolution in Mexico there has been no question either as to the attitude of our Government or the sympathies of the American people," declares the New York *Evening Post;* and in the Baltimore *Sun*, in an editorial headed "Our Changed View of Mexico," we read:

"One of the most interesting aspects of the Mexican rebellion is the mood in which news of it has been received in this country. In spite of easily recollected annoyances with Calles and his associates, there has been raised in this country hardly a voice to take exception to the policy of the Administration in supporting the existing régime in Mexico with ammunition, supplies and expressions of implied friendliness. Although two years have not passed since Calles was being denounced by American officials as a Bolshevik and the oil companies were bitter in their denunciation of Mexican 'confiscatory legislation,' the Mexican



M. G. M. News photograph

FEEDING MEXICAN SOLDIERS ON AMERICAN SOIL

Defeated at Juarez, these Federals fled across the border, were interned, and are here being fed at Fort Bliss, which they undoubtedly think rightly named if they understand English.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. What was Joshua's trade? (p. 28).
2. How many foreigners are admitted annually to the United States under the present immigration laws? (p. 15).
3. How many women die annually from causes due to childbirth? (p. 26).
4. Who painted "La Belle Ferronnière"? (p. 21).
5. What pests can be fought with calomel? (p. 33).
6. What is the attitude of the Jewish workingman toward the synagog? (p. 28).
7. How much did the Hahn-Duveen libel suit cost New York County? (p. 21).
8. When did the Canadian Parliament ask King George not to bestow titles on Canadians? (p. 20).
9. What is the Immelman turn? (p. 32).
10. Who is the "father of the World Court"? (p. 13).
11. Who is Bernard Berenson? (p. 21).
12. What do some of the great military leaders believe is the best way to avoid war? (p. 28).
13. What are the chief causes of a high infant mortality rate? (p. 27).
14. How old is Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink? (p. 25).
15. Who hunts for new American similes? (p. 23).
16. Who were Leonardo da Vinci's pupils? (p. 22).
17. What is a "zoom"? (p. 32).
18. How many feet of American film are exported annually? (p. 16).
19. What former secretary of Stalin is now his enemy? (p. 19).
20. How much has Congress voted for flood control? (p. 34).

Government, of which Calles is the moving spirit if not the titular head, receives the fullest support of America as if its past had been as indisputably respectable as the Government of England.

"Probably the most important explanation of this change of attitude is the fact that the Mexican revolutionary government has ridden out so many storms that it is now concededly the only established authority in Mexico. But there is also another explanation, and that lies in a growing impatience with those who appeal recklessly to force to secure their objectives."

"Until Mexico is completely rid of its roving brigands and irresponsibly led revolters against a constitutional system of government, it would be harmful to the best interests of both that nation and the United States to permit indiscriminate sales of arms to consignees below the Rio Grande," says the Providence *Journal*. The Hoover policy toward Mexico sets no new precedent, the New York *World* reminds us, because "there is the amplest precedent in the acts of the Wilson Administration in support of Carranza against Villa, and in the acts of the Coolidge Administration in support of Obregon and Calles against De la Huerta." And *The World* adds:

"What is more notable than Mr. Hoover's steps is the disclosure by this crisis of American good-will to the established Mexican régime. How long has it been since there was suspicion, criticism, dislike, and denunciation of the Calles Government in many American quarters? Now the spirit of American and Mexican relations has changed. We see in the existing government the best hope both of continued Mexican progress and of assured fairness to American interests."

"The time has passed when recurring upheavals, with their inevitable disorder and menace to life and property along the border, may be viewed with indifference on this side," declares the Los Angeles *Express*, which continues:

"Too much is at stake. The country has been settled up. Cities and towns are in danger. In California the very life of Imperial Valley hangs on the whim of the Mexicans, whether they will permit the flow of water through sixty miles of ditch in their country so it may recross the border for use in the valley."

Not only is there nothing new in President Hoover's course, but "there is nothing with which sensible Americans can find fault," says the Chicago ***Tribune***. And in the Chicago *Daily News* we read:

"The causes of the rebellion may be respectable and worthy of sympathy and moral support. Time will clarify that aspect of the situation. But the United States favors peace, order, and stability in Latin-American countries, believes in adherence to constitutional methods of changing governments, and urges respect by existing governments for the rights of opposition parties and individual citizens. The Portes Gil Government started out with explicit promises of full regard for freedom of speech, of assembly, and of discussion and criticism. It was formed by due process of constitutional law, not by armed force. Pending submission of evidence of gross violation by it of constitutional law and elementary civic rights, that government is entitled to the indirect support of the United States, such as is implied in the free purchase of arms and munitions by its agents in this country."

"Should the revolt succeed in setting up a *de facto* government, the attitude of the United States might change, as it did in 1910, when it turned thumbs down on the aged Porfirio Diaz, thus insuring the success of Francisco Madero," writes W. W. Jermane in a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times*. But—

"Whatever the outcome, it is certain that for at least another decade Mexico is to be ruled by dictators. And this is another cause for regret to the Government in Washington. If Calles had not been long-headed enough to get together a strong army before retiring, the existing government would indeed be in a bad way.

"The policy of the United States with respect to such matters is easy to understand. So far as Mexico, its next door neighbor, is concerned, it is determined that it must settle its Presidential elections at the polls and not on the battle-field. Portes Gil is the first President who wasn't some kind of a 'general.' He is a civilian, and is said in this city to be perhaps the best President the country ever has had. We also insist upon peaceful Presidential successions in the countries of Central America, owing to the nearness to the Isthmian Canal."

In our issue of last week we quoted a statement by ex-President Calles, now Commander-in-Chief of the Federal forces, denouncing the present uprising as one without social or economic ideals, and with no higher aim than to establish a military dictatorship. This statement is answered by Gen. Mariano Montero Villar, who is the accredited spokesman for the insurrectionists in New York City. Says General Villar in the New York *Times:*

"The aim of the present revolution against Calles and his puppet, Portes Gil, is an effort of the people to free themselves from the tyranny of the group now in power.

"It is not in favor of any candidate or any party. It is only in favor of the free expression of the will of the people. The rapid progress being made by the revolution bears witness to the popularity of the movement.

"The American people want the truth. Here it is. We are trying to free Mexico from the odious and inhuman tyranny of this dictator who has made robots of the President and the Cabinet. The present occupant of the Presidency has the power of a hypnotized rabbit. He is purely and simply another cloak in the mysterious and diversified wardrobe of Calles.

"We do not aspire, as the cunning of Calles would have you believe, to install an official church in Mexico, but what we do aspire to is to provide the same religious freedom that is enjoyed in the United States.

"The revolution guarantees economic security. We share the economic principles under which every government will prosper and without which no government can last, namely, equal opportunity for every one on the fair and square basis of open competition."

"UNCLE SAM'S OIL FOR UNCLE SAM"

"IT IS A BLAST OF REFRESHING AIR which the new Chief Engineer of the Republic lets into a hitherto nauseous situation," so the Washington *Star* declares, noting that oil was the subject of President Hoover's first declaration of Administration policy after his inaugural—and incidentally the first such declaration made from the White House under the new direct-quotation rule. The new Hoover policy of "Uncle Sam's oil for Uncle Sam," to use another phrase from the *Star* editorial, seems to meet with approval in editorial, naval, and Congressional circles. For instance, the Democratic Providence *News* hails it as both sound politics and sound economics, and the Democratic New York *World* calls it "wise, prudent, and commendable." Washington correspondents find a strange irony in the fact that the one vigorous critic of the oil-lease stand upon its first announcement should be Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, "grim-visaged Nemesis of Edward L. Doheny and Harry F. Sinclair," as a New York *Telegram* dispatch describes him, who rushed to the White House to protest against a policy which he believes will impose severe hardships on his State. Several of the press writers at the capital assert that Senator Walsh doubtless represents a considerable body of opinion in Montana, Wyoming, and other Western public-land States.

THE HOOVER OIL-LEASE POLICY

Given out at the White House on March 12

"There will be no leases or disposal of government oil lands, no matter what category they may lie in, of government holdings or government controls, except those which may be mandatory by Congress.

"In other words, there will be complete conservation of government oil in this Administration."

In a large measure the Hoover policy, we read in a New York *World* dispatch from Washington, "is a reversion to the strict conservationist principles of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, and a direct reversal of the policy of leasing the public domain that resulted in the scandals of the Harding Administration." The Hoover policy, continues this correspondent, Mr. Elliott L. Thurston, comes down to this: "that no more government land will be drilled for oil except on past permits under which work has started, or under such Osage Indian Reservation leases as are now mandatory." One aim of the new policy, he further explains, is to help remedy the overproduction which has harassed the oil industry for years, for the Interior Department makes a rough estimate that "a tenth of the nation's oil supply comes from the government fields, and therefore figures that the policy of no leasing will have a fairly important effect in keeping down production and thus sustaining the price of oil."

Senator Walsh's attitude, as seen by a New York *Telegram* correspondent, appeared to be more regretful than critical. "The hard-jawed prosecutor who prosecuted his old friend Doheny was gone, as Walsh told of the hardships the policy would inflict on the people of Montana." He said:

> "This policy would be excellent if it could affect all development, but it permits private companies to continue their exploitation, and takes these valuable lands in my State from the field of drilling. The revenue of one-third royalty from all oil produced is badly needed. We have a difficult time as it is to keep above water, to pay for schools, roads and needed improvements; this will impoverish us."

"The full effect of the Hoover pronouncement is difficult to gage," says J. F. Essary in a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun;* "as a conservation proposition, it had an immediate reaction in the stock market, where oil securities responded immediately." *The Wall Street Journal* called the announcement a "constructive development."

As Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover was a member of President Coolidge's Federal Oil Conservation Board, and is thoroughly familiar with the oil situation, we read in a New York *Times* dispatch. There have been many discussions between government officials and oil men about curtailing production, but "the industry was told that antitrust laws could not be overlooked, and, therefore, nothing of an effective character was done to keep the oil in the ground."

Not only will the Hoover policy have its bearing on the present overproduction situation, but, we read in a New York *Journal of Commerce* dispatch:

> "Retention of undeveloped government oil lands will bring about the conservation of Federal resources, which the President has consistently urged, and provide the assurance that in the event of an emergency the Government will have available an adequate source of supply of oil, made increasingly important by the conversion of many naval vessels from coal to oil burners, the motorization of the Army, and the growth of military aviation. It has long been urged that the leasing policy was short-sighted and that the United States Government was depleting its oil reserves at a rapid rate, while other governments were seeking resources that would insure their supply when our own was exhausted."

As the extent of the petroleum resources controlled by the Government is not yet known, it seems evident to *The Journal of Commerce* "that the Government is hardly in a position to determine the adequacy of its provisionment against the hypothetical needs of the future." However—

> "So far as the immediate outlook is concerned, the President's decision is to be welcomed, since there is no excuse for encouraging the present over-exploitation of our oil resources by adding more government leased lands to existing producing areas. The practise is indefensible, economically speaking, without regard to the possible danger of depletion of national resources that may be urgently needed by future generations.
>
> "Nevertheless President Hoover's pronouncement will go only a very short distance toward correcting the unhealthy conditions that prevail in the industry as a whole. The contribution to current output that might have been made would have constituted an insignificant percentage of the total oil output in any case, while the net result of the Government's action may be completely offset by the stimulus that will be given to private enterprise. So the country is still waiting for an oil policy, to which President Hoover's announcement may be a prelude.
>
> "Conservation of the country's oil resources to be worthy of the name must include private oil reserves. Such an objective can not be attained without the assistance of regulatory laws of some sort. The United States is still waiting for the Government to do its share toward assisting the producers to help themselves."

That the Hoover oil policy is only part of a broader conservation policy is the assertion of a number of press writers. It is regarded in Washington, says Harold Brayman of the New York *Evening Post,* "as the forerunner of a policy of conservation of all natural resources such as has not been in effect since the days of Theodore Roosevelt." The President's mind, writes William Hard for Current News Features, "is now reaching out toward a total reorganization of all our Federal activities having to do with the conservation of natural resources":

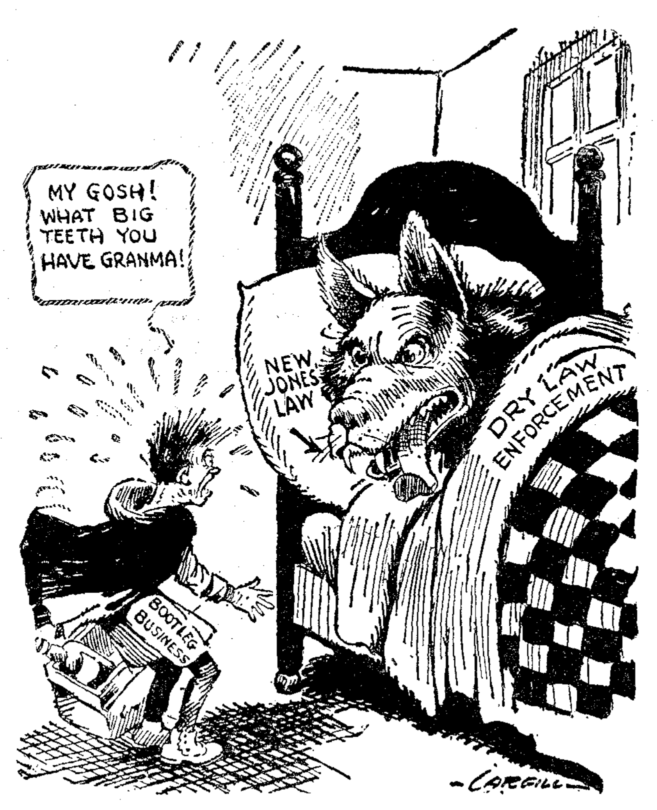
> "The Commerce Department conserves fish. The Department of Agriculture conserves forests. The Interior Department conserves scenery in the National Parks. The Federal Power Commission works toward conserving and utilizing the full force of our rivers. And so on. And so on.
>
> "Mr. Hoover wants, some day pretty soon, to throw these things together into one great grand concerted national effort for conservation as a unified whole."

Thus "conservation comes back," says the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> "It is just as well that the Administration goes back to the Roosevelt emphasis on the general policy of conservation. There have been some sad departures from it since the beginning of the century, and it is high time that faith in the policies established a quarter-century ago be renewed and proclaimed."

MAKING BOOTLEGGERS FELONS

WHATEVER THE ULTIMATE OUTCOME, the immediate effects of the Jones Act increasing the penalties for dry-law violations, as several editors sum up news reports from various large cities, has been to put fear into the hearts of bootleggers and speak-easy proprietors and to boost the price of liquor. And yet, we are cautioned by the Washington *Star* that it is quite premature "to rejoice or to mourn, according to personal inclination, over the apparent effect of this stringent law," for the profits of the illicit liquor business are great and the law has not yet been really tested. And the Washington daily is but one of many to wonder whether juries will be willing to convict, when penalties are so drastic. The new law, it will be remembered, increases the severity of the Volstead maximum penalties. Under the Volstead Law first violations are punishable by a $1,000 fine or six months' imprisonment; subsequent violations by from $200 to $2,000 fines, or imprisonment from one month to five years. According to the Jones Act the penalty for each offense "shall be a fine not to exceed $10,000 or imprisonment not to exceed five years, or both." This law makes no distinction between new and old offenders, but says "that it is the intent of Congress that the court in imposing sentence should discriminate between casual or slight violations and habitual sales of intoxicating liquor, or attempts to commercialize violations of the law."



THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH, MY DEAR

—Cargill in the Danville (Ill.) *Commercial-News.*

The object of the law, with the included advice to judges, says Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman, in charge of the Department's enforcement activities, is to enable the courts to "bear down on organized rum rings without punishing too severely the small fry who take an occasional drink." In Salt Lake City the *Deseret News* is convinced that "prospects for the enforcement of the Prohibition laws both in spirit and in the letter of the Eighteenth Amendment were never so bright as they are to-day." It seems to the San Antonio *Express* that the judiciary now has been given "a more effective weapon against the 'big' bootlegger." And the Chattanooga *News* feels that "this law can cure bootlegging if properly applied." Says the Springfield *Republican:*

> "The Jones-Stalker bill at least has this justification: the old maximum penalty is farcical in that it has had no deterrent effect on the bigger bootleg gangs or 'syndicates.' The penalty must have teeth if the 'big fellers' violating the law are to feel the bite.
>
> "There would be cause for disquietude, however, if Congress were forced every little while to punish with still severer penalties violations of the Volstead Law. Such a tendency would disclose a growing popular revolt against Prohibition."

When "another unsympathetic Congress gives John Barleycorn another poke in the nose" there are "loud screams in defense of human liberties from the consumers of wet goods," but, continues the Topeka *Capital:*

> "Prohibition goes on, with increasing penalties, by the support of the drys and of moderate wets.
>
> "The country is not going dry by statute, but statutes are called in to consolidate the progress made, and push the good work along. In such strengthening amendments of the Prohibition law as that of the last session, Congress is not to be regarded as a dumb-bell—it senses the signs of the times and votes accordingly."

When President Coolidge signed the Jones Act, he based his approval, according to the correspondents, chiefly on the fact that the new penalties raised violations into the felony class, which makes it possible to deport alien violators. Successful deportation proceedings, thinks the Mobile *Register*, "will do probably more than anything else to stop the disgraceful situation in such places as New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia."

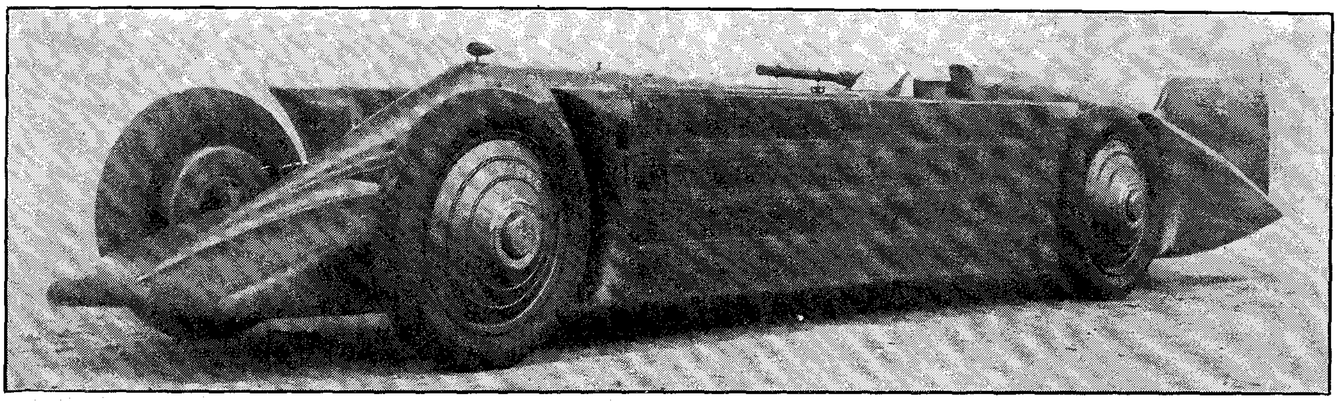
But there is a wide-spread belief that this very raising of dry-law violations to the felony class will defeat the ends of justice by compelling jury trials and thus clogging up the courts, and also by making juries reluctant to convict. "They won't be able to get convictions," Clarence F. Darrow is quoted in the press as saying; "the stiffer the punishments, the harder to get convictions." This is the opinion exprest with more or less positiveness by representative dailies like the Philadelphia *Record*, New Haven *Journal-Courier*, Brooklyn *Times*, Newark *News*, New York *Sun*, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and New Orleans *Item*. The Baltimore *Sun* feels that the clause giving discretion to judges will "bring the law into still further disrespect because of wide variations in punishment." The Chicago *Tribune* says in its editorial denunciation of the Jones Act:

> "This is not the enforcement of law. It is the abuse of it. It is the angry punishment of non-conformity and not the judicial sentencing of felons. It represents frenzied fanaticism seeking victims, not law without passion, judging the offender and fitting the punishment to the offense."

The New York *World* deems it quite safe to predict that:

> "In proportion as the Jones Act is effective in abolishing the big violator, it will certainly multiply the small violator; in proportion as it discourages the large-scale bootlegger, it will encourage the small-scale bootlegger. In particular, any destruction of former sources of supply will encourage home-brewing and home-fermenting."

The deportation of alien bootleggers, says the Providence *News*, can have only one result: "the business of the bootlegger, in so far as it is in alien hands, will pass either into the hands of other aliens willing to take a chance or into the hands of native Americans." The Detroit *Free Press*, Syracuse *Herald*, and Portland (Me.) *Express*, join in pointing out to their readers the fact that if the Jones Act makes dry-law violation a felony, then it "adds to the potential enforcement personnel of the country its entire citizenry," since under Federal laws any citizen may arrest one suspected of felony, and any one having personal knowledge of the felony may be punished for concealing such knowledge.



P. & A. photograph

THE FASTEST AUTOMOBILE IN THE WORLD

Major H. O. D. Segrave's Irving-Napier "Golden Arrow," with which he established a new world's speed record of 231.36 miles an hour at Daytona Beach, on March 11. *The previous record was 207.55 miles an hour, made by Ray Keech in an American car last year. The Segrave car is said* to have cost $170,000. The telescope sight shown in the photograph was abandoned at the last moment in favor of the peep-sight.

WHEN MAJOR SEGRAVE STEPS ON IT

THE AVERAGE MOTORIST, who seldom drives faster than sixty miles an hour, will find it difficult, remarks the Hartford *Courant,* to realize what it would feel like to travel at about four times that gait. So far, only one man has driven an automobile at such breath-taking speed—Maj. H. O. D. Segrave, of Great Britain; the American driver, who attempted to break the Major's record, established on March 11 at Daytona Beach, was killed, along with a photographer, when his 1,500-horse-power machine got out of control.

The Major's Irving-Napier Special, which established a new world's automobile record of 231.36 miles an hour, is steered partly by an airplane-type rudder, and is held to the ground so that its wheels will maintain traction by tiny planes which, if tilted upward, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* "undoubtedly would make it soar through the air in giant leaps." As the Buffalo *Courier-Express* observes:

> "One is rather at a loss whether to marvel first at the man or his machine. There must have been as high a degree of perfection in one as in the other to travel over Daytona's speedway in both directions at an average speed of less than sixteen seconds per mile. A fault in mechanism, a human nerve out of place, would have been equally fatal.
>
> "Most of us have no desire whatever to drive an automobile at the rate of nearly four miles a minute. Such speed we are quite willing to leave to the other fellow. However, if it weren't for the other fellow, neither the automobile nor the airplane motor would be in its present high degree of perfection."

Throngs of breathless spectators packed the grandstand at Daytona Beach on the day of the race against time. Thousands of people stretched along the sand-dunes. Obtaining a four-mile start the British Major drove his glistening twelve-cylinder machine at a dazzling pace along the sandy stretch, steering by means of a peep-sight trained on a target nine miles away. The "Golden Arrow," says an Associated Press observer, appeared like a blur before the eyes of the awe-stricken spectators, as it sped down the course and came to a stop four miles off. With a mighty roar, it flashed past the grandstand on its return journey, fairly skimming the sands. The first mile, said the announcer, was traveled at the rate of 231.51 miles per hour; the second at 231.21 miles. Even this was not fast enough for Major Segrave, who is quoted in dispatches as saying, after the test:

> "I have a feeling of disappointment over this job to-day. The car is good for 240 miles an hour, but I could not get that out of it. The beach was not nearly so good as it was two years ago, when I made 203.79 miles an hour with the "Sunbeam."
>
> "The worst moment was when, during the second run, the offside radiator burst and shot out a great cloud of steam and water. The water hit me in the face, and the steam floated across my field of vision."

Since there is no thought of utilizing such tremendous speed in any form of useful transportation, the question naturally comes up: What is the good of such performances, which are always accompanied with serious risks? The value, says the Indianapolis *News,* "lies in the practical demonstration of the sturdiness and reliability of engine and motor-car design."

The New York *World,* on the other hand, maintains that "the high-speed racing-car is merely an expensive toy, and its accomplishments are not helpful to the great industry of car production." "We may clip a few split-seconds off the tail-feathers of Time," admits the New York *Herald Tribune,* "but Time has the laugh on us in the end."

International Newsreel photograph

THE LADY WHO HID HER FACE

As the Major flashed past the grandstand, but who now seems happy enough, is the racing driver's wife.

MR. ROOT'S KEY TO THE WORLD COURT LOCK

MOST MEN WHO REACH EIGHTY-FOUR "are content to rest upon their laurels, especially if, like Elihu Root, they have a good supply of them," writes R. L. Duffus in the New York *Times*. But the beginning of this statesman's eighty-fifth year found him setting out for Geneva on a new diplomatic adventure that, says this writer, "may be the fitting climax of a long and notable public career." Briefly, Mr. Root went abroad in February to work out a formula that would permit the United States to adhere to the World Court without backing down on any of our reservations. The stumbling-block in the way of our entrance to the Court, it is generally known, is the Senate reservation that would prevent the Court from passing an advisory opinion on any question in which the United States "has, or claims, an interest." The Root formula, which was favorably received at Geneva, and under which this country may join the World Court without altering the Senate reservations or the Court statutes, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "is a way of doing something without doing it. In effect, it provides that we will withdraw from the Court if it insists upon rendering an advisory opinion despite our objections." While the Root proposal is a compromise, says the Springfield *Union*, "it has merits that commend it both to the United States and to the European members of the World Court." As this paper explains:

"The right of the United States to veto a request for an advisory opinion upon matters in which it claims an interest is wisely upheld in Mr. Root's proposal. Upon this fundamental issue no compromise is possible. What is proposed is that, after the United States has been informed of a request for an advisory opinion, it shall be given an opportunity to consent or to demur to the rendering of such an opinion. In case the United States does not consent, the formula provides that an exchange of views shall take place between the United States and the proponents of the request to the end that an agreement upon the submission or withdrawal of the request may be arrived at. Should no agreement be reached and should the submission of the request be insisted upon, after the United States has interposed a veto equal to that of any other Power, the United States may withdraw from membership in the Court without prejudice.

"Altho the right of the United States to withdraw is inherent in its acceptance of membership in the Court, the formula obviously places a new emphasis upon it. It is in no sense a threat, but the importance that is attached to it may serve to prevent other nations from assuming a position that, if maintained, would terminate this country's participation in the only existing court of international law. The withdrawal of the United States from membership in the Court might, under certain circumstances, create such a situation that the other members would rather recognize the claims of the United States than impair the prestige of the Court. For its part, the United States could ill afford to open itself to the rebukes of public opinion by withdrawing from the Court except for the most defensible reasons.

"Should the formula, if acceptable to the other Powers, be submitted to the Senate for its approval, its every implication will be thoroughly explored. Inasmuch as the right of the United States to safeguard its national interests is unimpaired, its rejection by the Senate or by popular opinions seems unlikely."

Mr. Root, as our unofficial representative at Geneva, "has clarified the World Court controversy, and perhaps brought the United States closer to the Court," believes the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Of course, there remains the Senate, and Washington correspondents consider it unlikely that the Senate will utilize the Root formula as a basis for agreement during the special session. An indication of how the Root proposal was hailed in Geneva, however, is seen in Robert Sage's dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune:* "The session came to an end with all the fourteen delegates tossing verbal bouquets to Mr. Root, and blowing kisses to the United States." In Washington, reports Charles Michelson, New York *World* correspondent:

"There has been an attempt to sound the opinion of the Senate, and the advocates of the Court say there will be hardly a defection among the thirty-six Democrats who voted for it two years ago, and that only a handful of the forty Republicans who voted with them will stand out. If that estimate is accurate this country is as good as in the Court now."

That opposition to our entry into the World Court has not been altogether eliminated by the "good press" given the Root proposal, however, may be gathered from the rather hostile stand of the Washington *Post*, which says:

"The hollow pretense that the Court, set up by the League of Nations, is really an independent world court of justice is still maintained, in the face of absurdities that expose the humbug. The League Council, for example, has just unanimously approved of Elihu Root's formula which seeks to harmonize the Court statute with the Senate's reservations. What has the Council of the League to do with this matter, if the Court is independent of the League?

International Newsreel photograph

AN ADVENTURER IN DIPLOMACY AT EIGHTY-FOUR

Elihu Root, former Secretary of War, Secretary of State, United States Senator, and "father" of the World Court. He is now the unofficial exponent of America's views about that body.

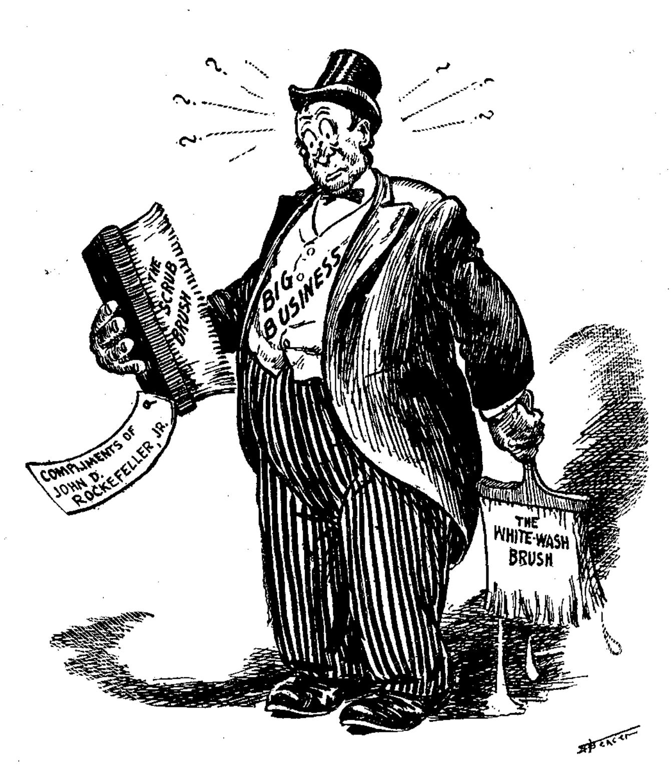
"The United States would have supported the Court long ago if the Court had been independent of the League. It was because of the attempt to keep the Court an agency of the political mechanism called the League of Nations that the Senate made its reservations.

"In some quarters it is now confidentially assumed that the Senate will readily approve the Root formula, under which the League retains the right to use the Court for political purposes. The fact is, however, that a two-thirds vote for approval of the Court statute could not have been obtained in the Senate except by attaching reservations which divorced the Court from the League, so far as American interests were concerned.

"It may be that public sentiment and the sentiment of the Senate have changed, but if so the change has not been manifested. The record stands as a vote of 76 to 16 against entering into an arrangement that permits the League of Nations to manipulate the so-called World Court for political purposes in matters affecting the United States."

COLONEL STEWART "DONE IN OIL"

BIG BUSINESS CAN HOLD ITS HEAD a little higher, is a remark made by many newspapers, now that the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, under the leadership of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have ousted Col. Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board. The Colonel, says the Columbia *State*, has been "done in oil." Not since the fight for control of the Northern Pacific Railway has the country seen such a financial battle, observes the El Paso *Times*. For six weeks, skirmishers in the employ of Mr. Rockefeller, who was traveling abroad, and Colonel Stewart and the majority of the Indiana company's employees worked early and late in an endeavor to round up as many votes as possible before the annual meeting on March 7. When the proxies were counted, it was found that the holders of only 2,954,986 shares were in favor of retaining the Colonel as Chairman, whereas Mr. Rockefeller's committee had lined up the arresting total of 5,519,210. "In other words," notes the Milwaukee *Journal*, "Mr. Rockefeller did what the Government was unable to accomplish in seven years—he punished a man who was mixed up in the oil scandals."



FOR CLEAN-UPS—NEW STYLE AND OLD

—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*

It is said that only seventeen stockholding employees of the Indiana company voted against the Chairman. But while Colonel Stewart won the votes of 31,337 stockholders, as against 15,204 for the Rockefeller faction, the latter obtained the proxies of the big eastern stockholders. The Rockefeller interests, we are assured by the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, were out to rid the Indiana corporation of Stewart, and not to obtain control of the company, as Stewart adherents charged. "The issue, despite certain desperate efforts to befog it, remained clear," says the Chicago *Daily News*. It was, to quote the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier*, common decency in business. The New York *Times* and other newspapers gather from the results of the struggle that the larger stockholders and more powerful interests "are more sensitive to-day than ever before to anything which appears to bring reproach upon the methods of big business." As the Brooklyn *Eagle* explains:

> "The outcome of the Standard Oil of Indiana campaign is a significant victory for Mr. Rockefeller personally and for those who want to believe that even in Big Business there are some things that can not be done in contempt of decent public opinion.
>
> "This fight between Mr. Rockefeller and Colonel Stewart grew out of the oil scandal. That scandal was one of the worst in our history. It involved Cabinet officers as well as some of the biggest men in the oil industry. The evidence of wrongdoing was broadcast during a long investigation. The Supreme Court, after a deliberate study of the evidence, supported the findings of the Senate committee.
>
> "Yet it can not be said that the public at any stage showed any keen interest in the scandal. But for the intervention of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his determined fight for what he regarded as right, Colonel Stewart might have suffered nothing more serious than slight inconvenience as a result of his part in the scandal. Instead, thanks to Mr. Rockefeller, Stewart and the public are to-day impress by the value of ethics in the conduct of business. It is a hopeful sign of the times when a powerful business man goes to such lengths in fighting for a moral issue.
>
> "Mr. Rockefeller won by drawing upon the support of large stockholders. In the final reckoning he had the weight of dollars as well as right on his side. This, however, does not lessen the value of the service Mr. Rockefeller has performed. With nothing to gain but the satisfaction of doing what his conscience dictated, Mr. Rockefeller set himself the difficult task of holding Colonel Stewart to account."

Says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* of the Stewart transaction:

> "This was the organization of the Continental Trading Company by Robert W. Stewart, James E. O'Neil, H. M. Blackmer, and H. F. Sinclair, to buy from the Humphreys interests of Texas, at $1.50 a barrel, oil which was straightway resold to the companies of which these four men were executives at $1.75 a barrel. The $3,000,000 profit arising from this deal was invested in Liberty bonds, and initially divided among the four principals. The tracing of some of the Continental bonds to ex-Secretary Fall led to a Senate inquiry into the entire Continental transaction, to the flight of O'Neil and Blackmer to Europe, and to belated acts of restitution by which the profits of the Continental deal were transferred to the credit of the stockholder groups to which they rightfully belonged.
>
> "The story is a complicated one and need not now be retraced in detail. It is sufficient to say that Colonel Stewart sought as long as possible to conceal what he knew of the Continental bonds from the Senate investigating committee, and that his testimony before that committee was sufficiently evasive and contradictory to lead the Government to charge him with perjury."

To quote the newspapers which believe that Colonel Stewart's conduct rendered him unfit to continue at the head of a great corporation would necessitate a long list, in fact, every important paper that has reached this office. Colonel Stewart, on the other hand, still insists that he did nothing wrong. He defends his participation in the Continental Trading Company deal, and sees no reason why he should not have testified as he did to the Senate committee. While the Colonel seems to be without editorial support in the newspapers, he is quoted as saying, regarding a Rockefeller statement given out before the meeting:

> "I never had anything to do with Teapot Dome leases.
>
> "There never has been introduced anywhere a single line of testimony or shred of evidence that I had anything whatever to do with or knew anything at all about the leasing of Teapot Dome, yet this ponderous tome issued by Mr. Aldrich [of the Rockefeller forces] deals in considerable detail with that affair; and while it makes no direct charge that I had anything to do with the leasing of Teapot Dome, the very fact that the subject was included in the document is a subtle insinuation that I had.
>
> "That Mr. Aldrich and the press agent, Mr. Ivy Lee, with or without Mr. Rockefeller's approval, should resort to such an unfair and libelous attack should dissipate once and for all any naive idea which some people still may cherish that there is any 'moral' issue involved in this struggle for control of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.
>
> "My associates, who are in possession of all the facts, affirm my integrity. If these persons have anything definite with which to charge me, why do they not come out in the open, like men, and say so?"

TO RECAST US IN THE MOLD OF 1790

THE FIRST "BABY" to be laid on the White House steps by the Senate, to the embarrassment of President Hoover, is the "national origins" clause of the immigration law, whereby incoming aliens are restricted to the same sort of people who made up our population in 1790. Mr. Hoover, who made a study of the matter while in the Coolidge Cabinet, says it is difficult to arrive at a basis under this provision, for the very reason that the records of those days are too scanty. Nevertheless, unless a decision by the Attorney-General interprets the law as discretionary, rather than mandatory, the President will proclaim the new national origins quotas on or before April 1, hoping, say Washington correspondents, that the new Congress at its extra session will repeal, or again postpone, the operation of the provision. In any event, we are reminded by the Troy *Times*, the law is not scheduled to go into effect until July 1. "This is as embarrassing a political problem as any new President has had to face," says Elliott L. Thurston, Washington correspondent of the New York *World*. As an Associated Press dispatch explains:

> "Under existing law, the quotas for each nation are fixt on the basis of 2 per cent. of the population represented in this country by the foreign nations in the census of 1890.
>
> "The national origins provision was enacted in the 1924 Act, but has never been put into effect, pending the final arrangements of the quotas. The provision stipulates that the allotment of quotas from the 150,000 total shall be meted out to the various nations according to the percentage of people each nation had in this country when the first census was taken, in 1790."

HOW THE NATIONAL ORIGINS QUOTAS COMPARE WITH PRESENT FIGURES

Country—	Present Quotas	Nat. Origins Quotas
Austria	785	1,413
Belgium	512	1,304
Czechoslovakia	3,073	2,874
Denmark	2,789	1,181
Finland	471	569
France	3,954	3,086
Germany	51,227	25,957
Great Britain, North Ireland	34,007	65,721
Greece	100	307
Hungary	473	869
Irish Free State	28,567	17,853
Italy, including Rhodes, etc.	3,845	5,802
Latvia	142	236
Lithuania	344	386
Netherlands	1,648	3,153
Norway	6,453	2,377
Poland	5,982	6,524
Portugal	503	440
Roumania	603	295
Russia, European and Asiatic	2,248	2,784
Spain	131	252
Sweden	9,561	3,314
Switzerland	2,081	1,707
Syria & the Lebanon [French]	100	123
Turkey	100	226
Jugoslavia	671	845

That Mr. Hoover may be obliged to proclaim this law, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, "is due to one of the most disreputable pieces of Congressional hypocrisy put on record in a long time," and it goes on to explain that—

> "National origins, undoubtedly, would have been postponed for another year, just as it has twice previously, had it not been for a parliamentary trick by Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic leader. Congress was called in Sunday session to finish up its business before adjournment on Monday. Senator Robinson, after a speech on the evils of Sunday speech-making, moved immediate adjournment, which was carried, 39 to 36. He was so righteous, that he would not consent even to an agreement that the resolution of Senator Nye, postponing the national origins law, should be considered at Monday's one-hour session.
>
> "The national origins system would cut down the quotas of the Scandinavian countries and Germany, whence America has drawn many of its most valuable citizens. The large increase in the quota of Great Britain is an illusion. The British are no longer greatly interested in America. In 1928 the British did not even come close to filling their present quota of 34,000."

Before we come to a decision, however, let us see what a well-informed writer, Mark Sullivan, has to say about the quota laws in the Washington *Star:*

> "The controversy about 'national origins' and the difference between it and the present basis is not concerned with the total of immigration permitted to come in. Everybody admits that. As respects the total, there is no material difference between national origins and the present basis. The present basis, the census of 1890, admits a total of 164,667. National origins would let in 155,685.
>
> "When Congress adopted the present immigration restriction law, there was immense difficulty in finding a formula, a measuring rod, which should say how many immigrants should be permitted to come in from each country. Congress took the census of 1890 as a basis. They declared that there should be admitted to the United States 2 per cent. of the number of natives of each European country who were already in America, according to the census of 1890.
>
> "That basis is admittedly arbitrary—a rough-and-ready rule accepted as a way out of a difficult problem, and largely for the purpose of getting something done and done promptly.
>
> "At the time this basis—the 1890 census—was adopted, leaders of Congress and others interested felt there should be a more scientific basis. After much discussion, it was decided that a sound and defensible basis would be one which should be arrived at as follows:
>
> "First, fix a limit of 150,000 (plus a few others, making 153,685 in all) as the total number of immigrants who shall be admitted from all Europe. Then admit from Germany, for example, as large a portion of the annual 150,000 immigrants as the portion of German blood is in the total blood of the United States. If, for instance, it turns out, as it did later turn out, according to one set of figures, that Germans constitute 16.21 per cent. of the total blood of the United States, then allow Germany to send in 16.21 per cent. of the total yearly immigration to the United States. And so on for all the other European countries.
>
> "But at the time this immigration law was passed, in 1924, there was no existing computation about the strains of national blood in the total blood of the United States. Consequently, Congress adopted an expedient. Congress enacted that the immigration law should go into effect with the census of 1890 as the basis of quotas, and that this basis should be used until July 1, 1927. In the same bill Congress enacted that the Census Bureau should produce an estimate of the national origins of the total population of the United States, and that on July 1, 1927, this national origins basis should supersede the census of 1890 basis.
>
> "Thus, the law was passed. The census experts went to work. They produced an estimate.
>
> "July 1, 1927, came around. On that date, according to the law, the 1890 census basis should end and the national origins basis should take effect. But the national origins basis was tainted by the doubts about the accuracy of the estimate.
>
> "In that embarrassing state of facts, Congress, in February, 1927, postponed, for one year, the taking effect of the national origins basis. The year went by, and again in 1928 there was still questioning and doubt about the accuracy of the national origins figure. So again, in February, 1928, Congress postponed for one more year the taking effect of the national origins basis.
>
> "That brings us up to the present session."

A number of newspapers, it seems, agree that the national origins plan is admirable in theory, but is incapable of practical application. That, for example, is the attitude of the Springfield *Union*. The Raleigh *News and Observer* reminds us that "the present quota law was enacted by an overwhelming majority, and should be lived up to." Under the national origins plan, points out the Milwaukee *Journal*, "we would have an influx of races which are prone to segregate in the United States, and largely refuse to yield to the processes of assimilation."

On the other hand, maintains the Tacoma *Ledger*, "if Congress knew what it was doing when it enacted the national origins clause, and the President was fully advised when he signed the immigration bill, then the national origins law should go into effect on July 1." This is substantially the contention of the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, Grand Rapids *Press*, and Nashville *Tennessean*. Continues the Tacoma paper:

> "Laws were made to be enforced. If they are good laws, they should not be tampered with. If they are bad laws, then obviously they should be repealed. If it is not proper to enforce the 'national origins' clause of the immigration law, then it is very plain that it should be promptly repealed, for it is damaging to the morale of a nation to have laws that are not enforced."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

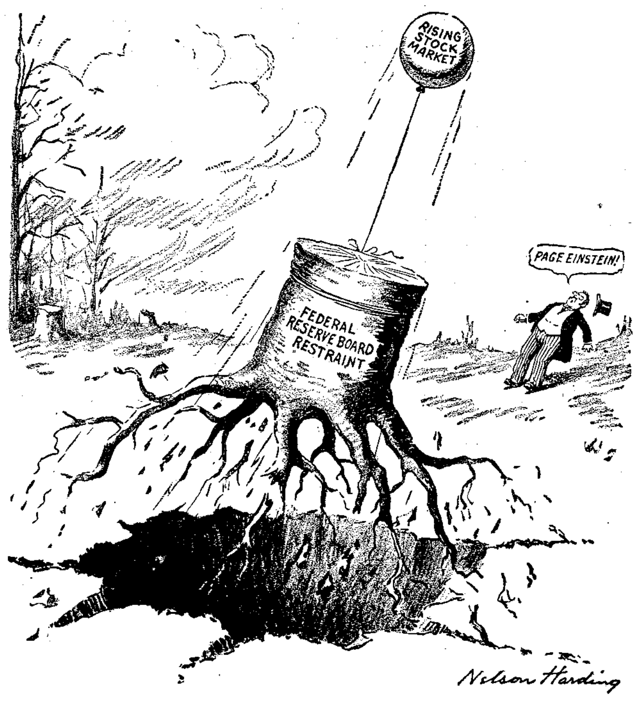
(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

A vanished bit of protective coloration is the girlish blush.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Televox has begun to show human traits. Among other things he is susceptible to sirens.—*New York Times.*

The trouble with industry and commerce is that Congress is the back-seat driver.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

The Montreal *Star* in its sage way likens life to a one-way street, pointing out that you're not coming back, and another resemblance is that a good many of the people in it are going in the wrong direction.—*Ohio State Journal.*



BELIEVE IT OR NOT—

—Harding in the New York *Evening Journal.*

In Mexico the only formality necessary to have an election is to issue the ammunition.—*Dallas News.*

Anyway, if Colonel Stewart is ousted in the Standard Oil war, he can still claim that he was beaten by proxy.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

One known as the ace of the gangsters is under arrest in Chicago. Now let the rest of the pack be included in a grand slam.—*Boston Transcript.*

If none of the numerous Wichita planes in Mexico is in trouble it is because they are used to several thousand revolutions a minute.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Reports of the "White House spokesman's" demise were exaggerated. He has turned up in Northampton as the "spokesman of 21 Massasoit Street."—*New York Evening Post.*

We often get up in the morning feeling like an altitude record and go to bed at night feeling like engine trouble.—*Ohio State Journal.*

If the Daughters of the Revolution in Mexico were to organize, they should be able to run things with ease.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

The chief industry of Bolivia and Paraguay seems to be getting themselves prevented from fighting each other.—*San Diego Union.*

The new Secretary of War comes from Chicago, and we suppose he's had a good deal of experience, at least as an unofficial observer.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A stamp bearing the portrait of Ananias rather than Washington would be much more appropriate for some of the stuff we get in the mail.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

We hope Coolidge takes this newspaper editorship offer. We know no better place to put a real test to this reputed talent for economizing.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

The loud sobs you hear from Washington denote Secretary Mellon's grief at hearing that Prohibition Enforcement is to be taken out of his department.—*San Diego Union.*

Europeans profess to sneer at Americans as victims of the instalment payment plan. Which is all right as long as they keep up their payments on the late war.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Every once in a while civilization gets a break, and one of the railroads soon to lose its identity through merger with the Baltimore and Ohio is the Montour, Pittsburgh, Chartiers and Youghiogheny.—*Detroit News.*

Some tariff fights would puzzle Einstein.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A chain druggist has been elevated to the House of Peers. A sort of cod-liver earl.—*New York Times.*

In the old times they didn't "make" whoopee; they "raised" it. And they didn't call it whoopee.—*Detroit News.*

Charity has increased something like 200 per cent. in the last five years, according to one of the demon statisticians, but if you'll look over the first page of almost any newspaper these days you'll discover that it hasn't covered all sins yet.—*New York Evening Post.*

We gather the juggling acts are not wanted on the Standard Oil circuit.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

The new Secretary of the Navy has won many yacht races. His new job is to win the cruiser race.—*Dallas News.*

You can't tell the man waiting for his chance at a telephone booth that the art of conversation has been lost.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Whatever farm-relief is passed this spring, in the fall of 1930 the campaign orators will be asking the farmers to give it time to work out.—*Wichita Eagle.*

It now comes out that Einstein is an accomplished amateur musician. Can it be possible that he's the man who invented jazz? — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

There's this drawback about the early spring weather along the Mexican border: Just when it's time to take off the woolies it's time to put on your bullet-proof vest.—*Chicago Daily News.*

According to the announcement by Morrow, in the great game of hearts, an ace is soon to take a queen.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

This would be a great world if, after learning to play the saxophone by correspondence, you had to play it the same way.—*Miami News.*

A new effort is to be made to keep foreign lemons out of the United States. This could come under the head of either tariff or immigration.—*San Diego Union.*

Eight million linear feet of American moving-picture films were exported to other countries last year, but we're at peace with the world so far.—*Ohio State Journal.*

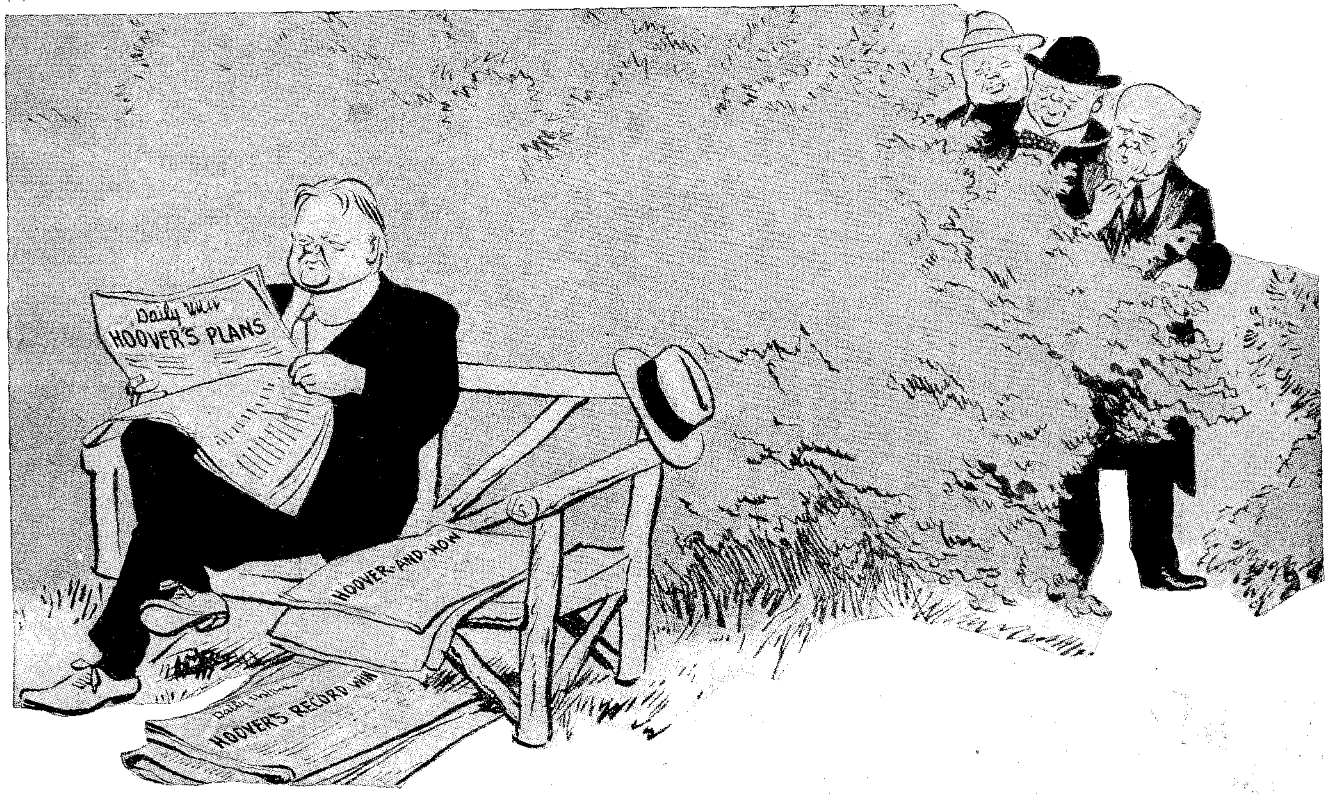
Thousands of New Yorkers are traveling over to Hoboken to revivals of the old-time melodramas. The novelty in these is that you see a villain punished.—*Detroit News.*

A Columbia professor now claims that college training decreases a man's earning power. We think he's wrong; it's just that college habits make it seem like less.—*Troy Record.*

The detectives who are solving the St. Valentine's day massacre in Chicago must be the same ones that cleared up the Rothstein case in New York so handily.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A great thing about Ohio, as we remarked to a friend from Indiana last evening, is that we seldom have more than one prominent State official on trial for criminal conspiracy at a time.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



EUROPE'S WATCHFUL WAITING

Hopeful Watchers: "I wonder if he still takes an interest in European relief."

—*The Evening Standard* (London).

WHAT EUROPE EXPECTS OF PRESIDENT HOOVER

OUR NEW PRESIDENT, "whose will is mightier than that of all emperors and kings of former times," according to some foreign editors, and whose name, as a master of administration, is a household word in European countries, does not incline the press of those lands to be carried away with "great expectations," altho they look forward to the Hoover Administration with friendly but scrutinizing eyes. That he should preserve the American attitude toward the League of Nations was foreseen and, as the London *Daily News* puts it, "if the League was to be repudiated, and in the present state of American opinion that could be hardly avoided, the thing could scarcely have been done more temperately" than in Mr. Hoover's inaugural. On this point he leaves no illusions, remarks the Paris *Gaulois*, tho it notes with relief that his speech "permits certain hopes of American collaboration in the organization of international jurisprudence." Viewed internationally in the light of political economics, Mr. Hoover is considered by some as a superman of business and industry, and is described by the Vienna *Tageblatt* as the "President of the capitalist economic system," while the Socialist Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* prophesies that the "Hooverization," by which is meant the "rationalization," of the United States will now make further progress and result in the steady growth of American imperialism and a consequent stormy period in the world's economic history. The Socialist Paris *Soir* assures us that with Mr. Hoover "the great trusts, masters of public power for many years, will consolidate their power," because he "represents to the highest degree that frantic individualism which, at present, characterizes the American temperament." From the Labor standpoint, the London *Daily Herald* is satisfied that:

"So far as foreign relations are concerned, there is no question of the direction of the American policy. That America under President Hoover will pursue an imperialistic policy is assured by her economic condition."

More favorable to our new President is the Conservative London *Daily Mail*, which pronounces Mr. Hoover's inaugural address as "one of idealism without illusion," and it goes on:

"The commercial prosperity of the United States finds in Mr. Hoover a tower of strength. Being one of the most successful business men of the age, he knows what industry needs. We remember with gratitude his devoted work during the war years, with admiration for his practical mastery of administration."

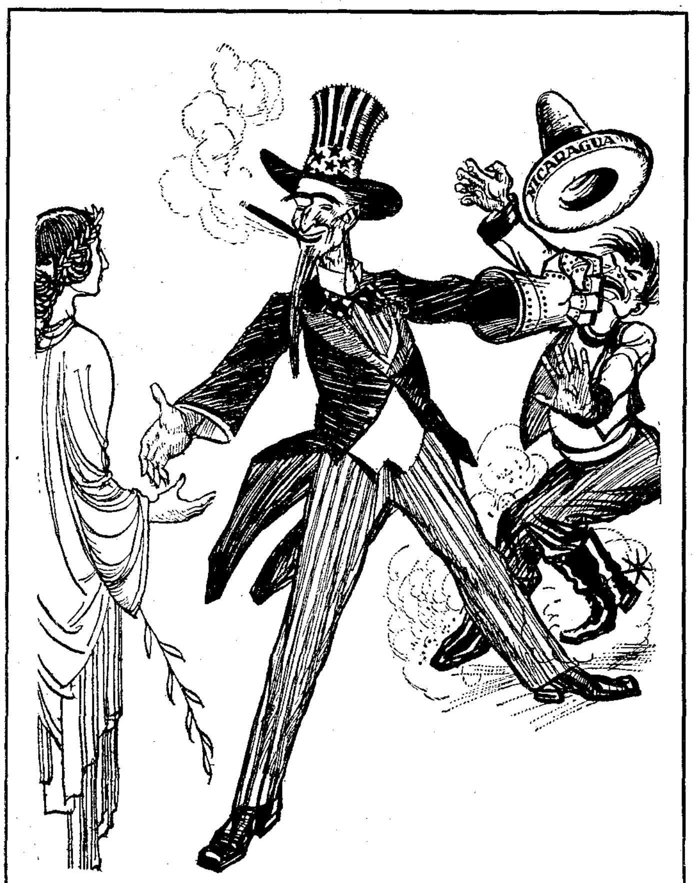
A famous English Liberal newspaper, the Manchester *Guardian*, welcomes President Hoover's exprest wish to improve judicial procedure for the control of crime, and declares:

"The shadows of Sacco and Vanzetti still darken President Hoover's country. Crime and outrage are more common in New York and Chicago than in any European capital. His own Republican party has a record of corruption such as no great party in Western Europe could have and survive.

"Indeed, he himself was a member of the Harding Administration when it was deeply implicated in one of the greatest scandals of our age. He was silent then. Now he has uttered praiseworthy sentiments. Will he make good his own words?"

With regard to President Hoover's observations on peace, *The Guardian* points out that:

"American pacifism is not pure idealism. It is mixed with materialism. But it is all the stronger and none the less admirable on that account. . . . The United States has acquired much new territory in the past, but the imperialism ideal is as dead now on the far side of the Atlantic as on this side. The tentacles of Wall Street, it is true, touch the heart of the South American States. But to suppose those tentacles to be those of a blood-sucking octopus is a kind of pseudo-Marxism that does not correspond to modern realities. The task of those tentacles is life-giving rather than life-destroying, and no heart longs so ardently for the endearing and enduring caress of those tentacles as 'Red Russia.'"



"LET NOT YOUR RIGHT HAND KNOW—"

UNCLE SAM: "Pleased to meet you, Peace. Say, you and me should get together on this li'l proposal of mine regarding outlawing war. . . . But hold on a minute till I give this lad a sock in the jaw."

—*The Bulletin* (Glasgow).

The thorny question of interallied debts keenly interests France, and is felt with diplomatic care by various French journals. The Paris *Temps*, reputed to be a semiofficial organ of the French Foreign Office, takes it for granted that no American statesman in the present condition of public opinion in his country could take responsibility for a suggestion for the cancelation of debt. Yet, the *Temps* ventures that the United States might recommend some reciprocal financial arrangement among the Allies which would facilitate a general solving of reparations and all the intricate problems of peace, and it adds:

"It is evident that this great nation, having attained extraordinary development in its financial and economic power, will be willing to be governed only by a man like this one, at once an idealist and a realist, for the safeguard of its riches and power. With the idea in view of continuing the Coolidge policies, he will be inspired above all else by the necessity of developing still more the well-being of the American people, and he will wish his Presidency to be that of the greatest prosperity."

From an economic standpoint the *Journée Industrielle* (Paris) calls to mind rather ironically that in spite of Mr. Hoover's efficacious relief work in Europe during tragic periods, it was in August, 1919, when the Interallied Economic Supreme Council was in London discussing economic and financial cooperation between the Allies and the associates, that Mr. Hoover left this board, saying he needed a rest, and would go to California, and this journal proceeds:

"This more or less revealed Anglo-Saxon hostility to the program before the Supreme Economic Council. We can not expect any wonders from Hoover. He is an insular business man, and his Cabinet is composed of men better known for their business achievements.

"These men, nevertheless, will find that the United States must facilitate rather than complicate the burning question of liquidating the debts between the nations."

One more proof that there are no great French expectations about Mr. Hoover's policy toward European debtors is found in an article contributed to a financial publication, the *Bulletin de l'Agence Economique*, by Georges Coulon, who declares:

"Hoover, until quite recently, was one of the most active members of the American commission on debt settlements, of which Secretary Mellon is vice-president. I was in Washington during that period, and every one knew that Hoover displayed little inclination to favor European debtors and, indeed, as Minister of Commerce, supported by a formidable array of figures of utmost accuracy, Hoover sternly upheld the rights of American creditors."

In Germany the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung* finds that President Hoover's inaugural speech indicates a wish to establish better relations with South America, especially because "the strongly imperialistic sentiment prevailing in the United States so far, and the example given in Central America, must have provoked the great and proud southern nations." The ominous shadow on the horizon of the Hoover Administration observed by this daily is described to us as follows:

"Somewhat strained relations with England form one dark cloud on the bright sky of the United States. President Hoover doubtless realizes that that is the pivot for future historic developments. It is significant that the former President's last action in office was signing the bill for the new cruisers. It is not necessary to emphasize that English and American tension has already led to a French and English rapprochement, and with it a revival of the spirit of Versailles. From the American point of view it would seem to be, in conjunction with the Kellogg pact, its business to secure peace in regions most important to American economic activity, first of all in Europe."

Incidentally the Kellogg pact is described by one German newspaper as "a straitjacket whose strength will be first evident in war time." The *Vossische Zeitung* wonders whether a "genius" can do more in statecraft than "the average man from Vermont." This Liberal daily goes on to suggest that—

"The only way in which America could come to the aid of the European countries would be, if she would, by somewhat lightening the protective burden. Does President Hoover realize the progress, welfare, and peace of the United States are closely bound by the progress, welfare, and peace of the whole world?"

In Italy, a journalistic authority on international affairs, the Rome *Tribuna*, is confident that Mr. Hoover will meet events such as the Mexican insurrection fearlessly, and on occasion will be ready to dominate them. Then, it adds:

"This was not within the tradition of the Presidency in recent years. The new man will certainly create a new policy, knowing perfectly well that since the Armistice United States policy has been based upon two formulas—realistic idealism and economic domination."

The tone of the comment of the Central and Eastern European press on President Hoover's inauguration, remarks a Vienna correspondent of the New York *Times*, is that "not only the President of the United States, but also the master of the whole world, was inaugurated at the Capitol at Washington." The Budapest *Ujsag* loads the fate of the Balkans on President Hoover, "who will settle the question of war debts," and it adds: "We owe money to the debtors of the United States. Therefore, their destiny is ours also."

THE BIG BOLSHEVIK WAR "BLUFF"

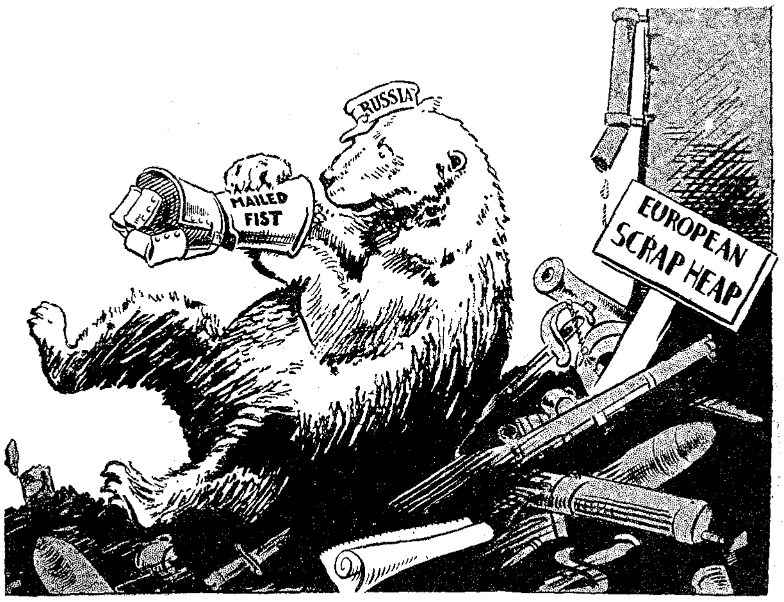
WHENEVER TROTZKY, in his former capacity as War Minister at Moscow, lent the weight of his authority to a threat of hostilities against the neighbors, he bluffed—Russian refugees, conducting various Russian refugee organs, are in substantial agreement about that. There was never at Trotzky's back anything worthy of the name of army. If, as inevitably befell, the Bolshevik war bluff was called, all the men of Moscow shivered and trembled. Nor is it so obvious that since he became himself a refugee, Trotzky has disclosed anything to modify a certain contempt for the military forces that may be at Stalin's disposal.

If Moscow could, we are assured, it would long since have striven to disseminate its gospel of world revolution beyond its own boundaries with an armed hand. This is really important. There is nothing it fears so much as war. Its pacifism is that of the man who is spoiling for a fight, and yet who dreads to deal a blow. Such is the quintessence of well-informed studies in that most anti-Bolshevik of Russian dailies, the *Vozrozhdenye*, issued safely at Paris and edited daringly by B. Bazhanov, who was secretary to Stalin not so long ago. Mr. Bazhanov abandoned Communism for a sensational journalistic career. His revelations of the Soviet scandals attract more and more attention as he dissipates the impression that the Red Army is comparable with even the merest militia. Moscow militarism is to him a bold "bluff."

Under arms in the name of the Soviets there are now indeed, he tells us, some half a million men. These are referred to officially as the Army. They are well disciplined. They are well drilled. They are commanded by Communists, and they are loyal to the institutions to which they owe their existence. But in our day, Mr. Bazhanov reminds us, the fighting capacity of a country depends upon factors more complex than any one army, tho half a million men be well drilled within it. To fight a real war, a nation must possess an industrial organization of the powerful type, finances that are sound, military experts with practical experience, and political leaders who understand the world in which their lot is cast. Does Soviet Russia possess all these? He answers his own question, "No," and adds:

"Take, for instance, the financial machinery of the Soviets. It is a pitiful caricature of any normal financial machinery.

"Consider the credit system. It consists chiefly of the working capital of industrial enterprises taken over by the Government. This capital is so small and is subjected to so much strain that industry and commerce dwell in a state of chronic crisis. In the event of war they could withstand no additional burden.



A DANGEROUS FIND

—*The Daily Chronicle* (London).

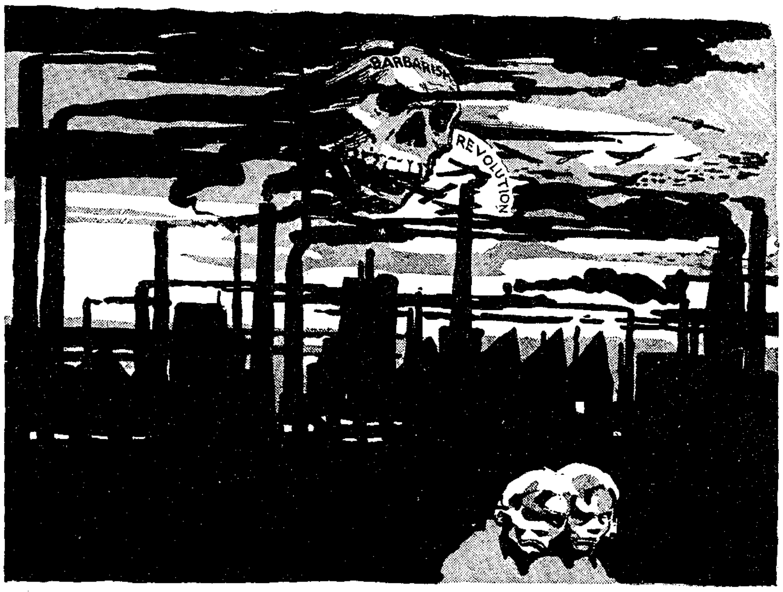
"Soviet Russia has no reserves whatever. Herein lies the gist of the story. This is quite natural. The essential characteristic of the Bolshevik economic system is this very refusal to permit the population to accumulate any capital, any reserves. It is politically advantageous to the Government. For this course precludes the possibility of the development of wealthier elements in the land which might grow hostile to the Soviets.

"The reverse side of this system is that the country remains destitute of reserves. Without such reserves (which might be available for internal loans, for credits, and the like) it is impossible to sustain a military campaign.

"It may be enough to point out that Russia's present stock of material would not suffice for more than two weeks. This fact is admitted by the *Pravda*, an officially inspired government organ."

The former secretary of Stalin goes on to recall that about two years ago the Bolshevik Government felt that it must be standing on the edge of war with Poland, and—

"There was a discussion of the ways and means of waging the impending war in the so-called Political Bureau. This establishment comprises, in the Soviet machinery, the chief governing factor. This Bureau decided at last not to mobilize the millions of men available as a reserve. Such a procedure was too obviously an economic impossibility. The Political Bureau decided to set on foot a force about equal in size to the Polish field Army. This would have meant a body of men one million strong, at least, and probably stronger. The Political Bureau asked the various commissariats whether it would be possible to keep that comparatively small Army so equipped as to equal the total Polish force from the material standpoint. The commissariats answered that this would be possible only for the first two or three months of the expected war. At the end of, say, the third month, a comprehensive collapse—industrial, financial, and political—must begin."



"PITY THE PEOPLE!"

STALIN: "Factories? Yes, we have the largest! They are running night and day on orders for war planes and poison gas."

—G. van Raemdonck in *Notenkraker* (Amsterdam).

NO TITLES FOR CANADIANS

THE MAN, NOT THE TITLE, is what Canada most prides itself about in its citizenry, and the world knew this as long ago as 1919, we are reminded, when the Canadian Parliament in an address to His Majesty the King asked him not to bestow titles upon Canadians. When the question was recently introduced in the House of Commons, we learn from the press, it exhibited a "mixed bag of opinions," but left no doubt of the prevailing sentiment against the acceptance of titles by Canadians. A resolution merely to appoint a select committee to consider and report upon the question, and which was supported both by the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition, was, after much fireworks of debate, smashed by a vote of 114 to 60—almost 2 to 1. Excepting the Progressives and Laborites, who voted solidly against the resolution, the question at issue tore the parties asunder, it is said, altho most Liberals voted against and most Conservatives voted for the resolution. The Cabinet of Premier Mackenzie King, according to an Ottawa dispatch to the Toronto *Globe*, "split neatly in two halves on the issue," and it is further reported that Abraham A. Heaps, a Laborite member from Winnipeg, said:

> "Labor objects to the granting of titles, because we believe the creation of these titles creates classes in the Dominion, and if there is one thing we wish to abolish it is classes in Canada. The people who are recipients of these honors have contributed fairly largely to campaign funds of the parties."

Editorially, this Toronto daily observes:

> "Titles opponents throughout the afternoon again belabored any suggestion of a return to titular appendages for Canadians. John L. Brown of Lisgar aroused anti-titles enthusiasm by fervently quoting to the House Robbie Burns's poem, 'A Man's a Man for a' That.' George Spotton (Conservative, Huron North) shouted at top voice that not with his vote would any Canadian mother of a dead soldier son bow the knee to any titled woman and call her 'Lady.' Thomas W. Bird of Nelson, Manitoba, denounced frivolous Canadians who would seek titular distinction, and, like Spotton, proclaimed against any return to medievalism. Where was there a knight of to-day, he demanded heatedly, who fulfilled the precepts of ancient knighthood by either fighting wrong, defending the weak, fearing God, or honoring the King?"

The Vancouver *Daily Province* is convinced that the House of Commons at Ottawa thought the present situation "well enough, and was for leaving well enough alone," and it continues:

> "But the argument that the honor in the gift of the King has been trafficked in by politicians is hard to meet. When it is openly charged in Britain, and scarcely denied, that Mr. Lloyd George controls the political power of a great campaign fund, accumulated out of the monetary consideration for his own making of hereditary peers, it is probably just as well to wait and see before we change our rule in Canada. But they are likely to change their own custom in Britain one of these days."

In sharp contrast to those who approve the rough treatment given to supporters of the title proposals, is the Ottawa *Evening Journal*, which handles the Canadian Parliament without gloves:

> "Members of the House of Commons who would feel affronted if not given the suffix M. P., and the front-bench members who are sticklers for the prefix of 'Honorable,' stood up in Parliament yesterday to strike a blow against titles. To these sturdy but muddle-headed democrats it is all right to have Honorary Colonels, M. P.'s, K. C.'s, Honorables, Right Honorables, D.D.'s, LL.D.'s, and so forth; all right, too, for Canadians to become Companions and Knights of this, that, and everything of foreign States, and to parade their orders in public. But let King George of England desire to confer upon a Canadian citizen who may have performed some high service to his country, to the Empire, or to humanity, an honor such as, say, the Order of Merit—one of the highest distinctions in the world, and which does not even carry a title—and democracy is imperiled!
>
> "Such is the logic, the juvenile processes of reasoning, of our champions of democracy."

THE ORIENT'S NEED OF ETIQUETTE

DISGUST AND DISAPPOINTMENT, so often exprest by travelers who are inexperienced and, therefore, do not know how to make allowances for differences in manners and customs among the foreign people they visit, according to the very travel-wise, would be minimized if novice tourists stopt to think that one of the objects of their journey is to find everything different from what it is at home. This old truism suggests itself especially to some American observers in the Far East, where, of course, the divergence of national taste and practises is as distinct as night from day. Whatever else keeps East and West as far apart as the poles, it is said, ignorance about the social customs of the West, by Orientals, and of the East by Europeans and Americans, is a factor of weight. By way of example, the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific* points out that if a foreigner renders some service to a Japanese, the acknowledgment which he automatically expects from the Japanese is either omitted or is so belated as to lose its grace. Again, the case is cited of the foreign hostess inviting her husband's Japanese associates to her house:

> "They accept and she takes the trouble to prepare for them, only to find that at the last moment half of them stay away without notice. Those nervous half-hours during which dinner is fruitlessly kept waiting have done more to convince some hostesses that never the twain shall meet than all the philippics of Mr. Hearst.
>
> "The foreigner coming to Japan is surprized and half-horrified, half-flattered to find that his friend's servant in any well-regulated Japanese home receives him kneeling and bows her head to the ground in respect. If she enters the room to make some communication to the master, she will kneel to receive her instructions. It is true that the relationship is that of master and servant, but such deference seems to the foreigner exaggerated, subservient, almost degrading. Yet if he goes to the theater he will see the master and the mistress and the family sitting in the same box with their servants on a footing of something like equality, and certainly of ease, and with no apparent trace of that silent opposition which seems to float in the air between servants and their employers in 'freer' countries."

Allusion is then made to a lecture delivered before the Asiatic Society in Tokyo, in which it was stated that if Europeans or Americans were placed in the same natural conditions as the savages of Formosa, they would live and act very much as those savages live and act. They would not go head-hunting, it is admitted, at least not for the same reasons as those which satisfy the Formosan aborigines. But, it is recalled, "only ten years ago we were all out head-hunting on the grandest scale for reasons that seemed to us absolutely compelling."

One advance in the etiquette of intercourse between Orientals and Westerners is noted by Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, who is chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Possessions. In a recent letter to THE LITERARY DIGEST, he says:

> "In view of the wide publicity which you gave to my remarks concerning the attitude of foreign residents in China toward Chinese gentlemen and business men and the social snobbery which amazed me on my visit to Shanghai, I am sure you will be interested to learn that the American Club at Shanghai has finally decided to admit Chinese to full membership. Several months ago a resolution was passed permitting members of the club to bring into the club Chinese visitors, who had previously been barred, but now Chinese are admitted to full membership.
>
> "I understand that the first Chinese to be nominated for membership is the Hon. Tong Shao Yi, formerly Premier, and veteran statesman from Canton. He will have the honor of being the first regular Chinese member in the American Club.
>
> "Altho there were many misstatements in the newspaper story which was copied in your columns, and later very generously corrected by you, the fact remains that Nordic snobbery had been one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of friendly relations with China.
>
> "All honor to the members of the American Club, who can recognize a gentleman, even when he descends from a long line of distinguished Oriental ancestors!"

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

WHEN THE JURY BECOME ART CONNOISSEURS

LOUD AND ANGRY VOICES, reports the New York *World*, heralded the coming of the jury from a fourteen-hour session to decide if Madame Hahn's painting of "La Belle Ferronnière" is by Leonardo da Vinci. Nine contended that it is; three stood out against the contention, and "the fagged and glaring jurymen" were discharged on disagreement. Where angels fear to tread, laymen walked boldly in, but we stand where we started, and New York County sustains an expense of $10,000. The trial, lasting eighteen days, has been the most famous suit over a painting this country has ever seen. Sir Joseph Duveen was sued in $500,000 damages by Mme. Andrée Hahn, because he was reported as saying that her painting was only a copy of the Louvre original, and thus prevented its sale to the Kansas City Museum. Nine men of the jury disputed the judgment of such art authorities as Bernard Berenson, Prof. Adolfo Venturi, Sir Charles J. Holmes, Sir Martin Conway, Sir Herbert Cook, Maurice W. Brockwell, Capt. Robert Langton Douglas, Prof. F. Schmidt-Degener, and Roger E. Fry, all represented in person or by affidavit in support of the defendant.

Acme Newspicture

SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN

Who is sued on the ground of damaging the sale of an alleged painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

Sir Joseph Duveen declared on the witness stand that he had been a dealer in art for forty-three years; but admitted that he was not an artist, had never studied painting, denied all knowledge of pigmentation and the chemistry of paint. These two latter points were the heavy batteries of the plaintiff. Here is a bout that occurred between the examining lawyer, Mr. Miller, and the witness, reported by Ishbel Ross in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"'Do you consider knowledge of pigments and technique part of the qualifications of an expert?' Mr. Miller asked.

"'No, not necessarily.'

"'Well, what else is left for the experts to know?'

"'The beauty of the picture—the art, the life, the vitality in it.'

"'What is the vitality?'

"'Oh, that's what the artist puts into it.'

"'Something you see with a magnifying glass?'

"'No, with the eye. You feel it.'

"'A man who can not tell an original painting from a copy, is not an expert, is he?' Mr. Miller smoothly inquired.

"'No,' retorted Sir Joseph.

"'You have never known of any expert who failed to know the difference between an original and a copy?'

"'I don't know of any great expert who could not tell the difference.'

"Sir Joseph laboriously explained that there were specialists in the various schools of art—the Umbrian, the Florentine, and so on. The experts consulted the specialists as a general practitioner called in a physician who devoted himself to one phase of medical science. He consulted these experts and specialists for his own safety, Sir Joseph said.

International Newsreel photograph

MADAME HAHN

Who stakes a bitter lawsuit on Sir Joseph's denial of the genuineness of her painting.

"The witness admitted that an artist might make a replica of one of his own pictures, but never a copy.

"'Isn't it a fact that there is a painting, "The Virgin of the Rocks," in the Louvre and another in London?' inquired Mr. Miller.

"'Yes.'

"'Is the London one a replica?'

"'No.'

"'Is it a copy?'

"'No.'

"'Is it by Leonardo?'

"'The picture was painted by two artists, and was possibly retouched by Leonardo.'"

Thereupon was introduced the letter which caused Sir Joseph to come forth in defense of his opinions:

"He was in Europe when he wrote it and addrest it to his firm in New York, after Mr. Harding had submitted a copy of Madame Hahn's painting for inspection.

"Sir Joseph's letter was dated August 5, 1920, and read:

"'I have in no way changed my opinion about the picture ascribed to Da Vinci, of which you have sent me a photograph. I am convinced that this is an old copy of a picture in the Louvre. I do not think it is contemporary, but is a little later than the Louvre picture.

"'As for the authorship of the picture you write about, I do not know who painted it, but the Louvre picture is now passed by the most eminent connoisseurs as having been painted by Leonardo da Vinci, and I may say that I am entirely in accord with their opinion. It is suggested that the picture is very close to Leonardo da Vinci, but is not by his hand. Probably it was painted by Boltraffio.'

"'Did you know of your own knowledge, whether Da Vinci painted this picture in dispute here?' Mr. Miller resumed.

"'I knew he couldn't have.'

"'Altho you did not see it, you regarded yourself as an expert?'

"'I think I know something about pictures.'

"'What is your usual method of expertizing a painting like this one—do you have to see it to know?'

"'No, not necessarily. I have bought works of art by looking at photographs of the original.'

"'Do you say that it is an honorable practise to judge the authenticity of an old master from a photograph?'

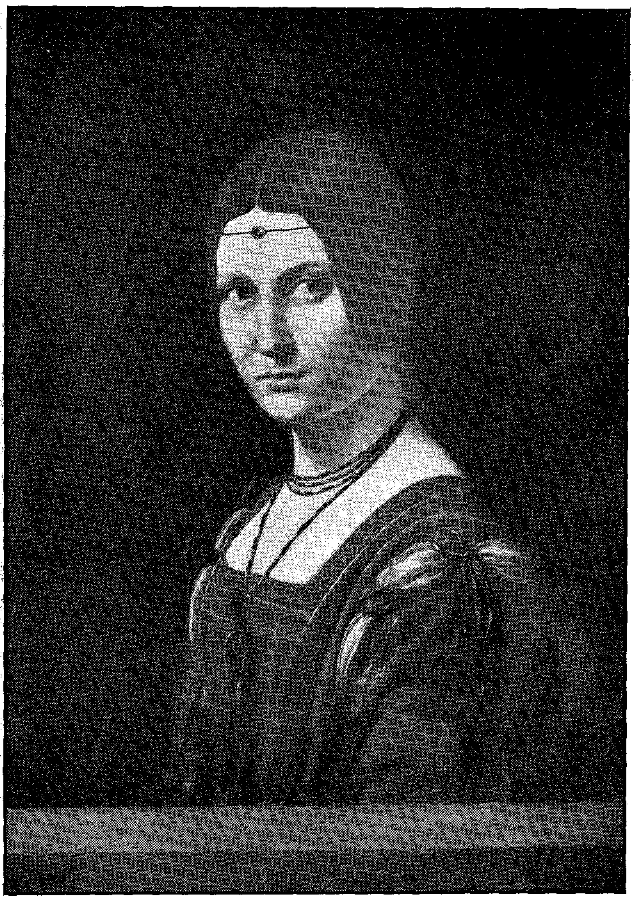
"'I can judge a copy of a picture by a photograph, but if I want to give the authorship I have to be more careful.'

"In the midst of this fluent analysis of the alleged defects in Madame Hahn's painting, Sir Joseph was obliged to admit that,

> at one time, 'La Belle Ferronnière' in the Louvre was disputed as an authentic Leonardo. He added that he believed all five Leonardos in the Louvre were to-day considered genuine, including the painting under discussion."

Madame Hahn on the witness stand told of having received the canvas as a wedding gift from her godmother, and that the picture had always been known in the family as a Leonardo.

A French expert, Georges Sortais, whose deposition, taken in Paris, was read to the court, appeared for Madame Hahn. He is reported to have declared that "there is no authority, living or dead, on fifteenth-century Italian art to whose opinion he would give weight, except his own." A specimen from his examination, taken in June, 1927, is given here from *The Herald Tribune:*



Courtesy of Duveen Brothers

"LA BELLE FERRONNIÈRE" IN THE LOUVRE

Long regarded by critics as the original by Leonardo da Vinci, but impugned by Mrs. Hahn's expert as a copy of the one shown opposite.

> "Mr. Levy's cross-examination of M. Sortais was read alternately by George W. Whiteside and Walter H. Pollak, of counsel for Sir Joseph, with occasional interruptions from Mr. Miller, representing Madame Hahn. Irritated by the objections of Mr. Miller, Mr. Whiteside exclaimed at one point: 'I want to hear less from Mr. Miller and more from the witness.'
>
> "'When you first saw the Hahn painting in December, 1916, did it occur to you that there was any similarity between that and the Louvre picture?' the deposition read.
>
> "'Similarity of subject, yes, but when I examine a painting I am not influenced by the subject.'
>
> "'Has it never occurred to you, before or since, that one was a copy of the other?'
>
> "'I am convinced that the Louvre picture is inferior to the Hahn picture. I have seen that for myself since.'
>
> "'In your opinion did the man who painted the Louvre picture have the Hahn picture before him while he was painting it?'
>
> "'Certainly.'
>
> "'Who painted the Louvre picture then?'
>
> "'Probably a pupil of Leonardo—perhaps Beltraffio, Perugino, Giorgione, Gianpetrino, or Marco d'Oggiono.'
>
> "'You are sure Leonardo did not paint the Louvre picture?'
>
> "'Yes.'
>
> "'You are just as sure he did paint the Hahn picture?'
>
> "'Yes.'
>
> "'You have no doubt that he did not paint both?'
>
> "'No, I have no doubt.'
>
> "M. Sortais admitted that he had not gone into the history of the picture, because he '*never occupied*' *himself* with that when he expertized a painting.
>
> "'Did you know that the Louvre picture had been in the possession of the Kings of France and the Government of France for more than 400 years?'
>
> "'I was not called on to go into that question.'"

Later evidence in behalf of Madame Hahn's contention had to do with the weak spots in her picture by which Sir Joseph's experts condemned it. These, it was alleged, were due to retouching, tho this point was also combated by the defense. Evidence was also offered in an attempt to show that the Kansas City Museum transaction had not proceeded far enough before Sir Joseph's statement was published to constitute damage. Three counts appeared in the charge given the jurors by Justice Black, as the New York *Times* reports:

> "To decide first whether or not it is a genuine masterpiece by Leonardo da Vinci, before proceeding to the second and third equally essential elements; namely, whether Sir Joseph had an improper or wicked motive in calling it a copy of the picture in the Louvre, and whether he caused specific damage."

The reported comment on the jury's deliberation made by the foreman, James S. Bowman, was: "We never got as far as the damage." When, during their long incarceration, they sent out to ask if they could "render a verdict awarding a certain sum of money, and state in the verdict that we have a reasonable doubt as to whether or not the Hahn picture is by Da Vinci," Justice Black answered, "No." In dismissing the jury, he said that he "intended to decide the law in the case even tho the jury was unable to decide the facts"—an attitude that will determine the further legal course of the case. When the jury received their charge, the judge thus defined the status of an expert in judging a picture:

> "There are two ways that experts in this case can help you with their opinions. One is by their study of the authentic history of a painting. The other, by their study of the methods used or materials employed by the painters or schools of painting of the period in which it is claimed the pictures were painted. You are to determine just how much of an expert a witness is, and you will determine that by his knowledge, his experience, his study, and his ability to assimilate and apply this knowledge, study, and experience."

Repercussions from the jury-room, sensed by the New York *World*, give an interesting light on the psychology of gentlemen doing their best, no doubt, in fields almost entirely foreign to them:

> "The jury agreed that Sir Joseph had maliciously prevented Mrs. Hahn's sale of her picture to the Kansas City Art Institute, but never got to the point of fixing the amount of damages. The point of indecision was the credibility of Sir Joseph's imposing array of expert witnesses. Apparently the majority believed Mr. Miller [Mrs. Hahn's lawyer] when he told them that Sir Joseph is 'the master mind of an international art ring,' whose members 'change their opinion when the ring-master cracks the whip.'
>
> "These nine, who were convinced that Mrs. Hahn's painting is the work of Leonardo, include two real-estate men, a commercial artist, a shirt-manufacturer, and a ladies'-wear manufacturer.
>
> "'We thought the experts testified as they did in order to protect Duveen,' said Benjamin D. Edelson, real-estate man, of No. 220 West 98th Street, after he had had some sleep. 'They evaded questions in the cross-examination.'
>
> "The majority was much imprest by Mr. Miller's argument, that the Hahn painting had more expensive pigment than the Louvre painting.
>
> "Mr. Bowdoin, who sat throughout the trial like a sphinx, said:
>
> "'Credibility of the witnesses was the main issue versus can

you believe it? They thought all those substantial men were cringing under the domination of Sir Joseph. I've got more faith in human nature than that.'

"The lawyers' tactics which helped develop these views in the jury are interesting in retrospect. Louis S. Levy and George W. Whiteside, for Sir Joseph, studied art several years and set out to impress the jurors with the sophisticated views of connoisseurs. Mr. Miller prides himself on knowing nothing about art. He set out to confound the connoisseurs with their own strong language. He made a lot of the fact that Duveen, Bernard Berenson, and other authorities (altho still recognizing that the Louvre 'Belle Ferronnière' was a fine work of art) had once questioned whether it were a Leonardo or the work of some other master. Now they all maintain it is a Da Vinci.

"The nine jurors plainly believed the experts were rallying to the defense. Mr. Miller said they were rallying to the defense of Sir Joseph. The defense being unwilling to admit the premise that its experts were humanly fallible, there was one hypothesis that went unvoiced in this trial. It was not only Sir Joseph they defended; the Louvre picture also had been attacked.

"The Duveen experts, who deal in masterpieces, looked at the Hahn picture and heaped anathema upon it. Jurors, who seldom visit museums, looked at it and couldn't see that it was so bad."

During the progress of the trial and afterward, the newspaper comment dwelt more on the competence of juries than almost any other aspect of the case, tho necessarily all views were exprest with caution. The case being concluded, or held suspended for further action, the New York *World* is emphatic:

"The law has not covered itself with glory, in our opinion, by the manner in which it has dealt with the suit against Sir Joseph Duveen for slander of title to a picture purporting to be 'La Belle Ferronnière,' by Leonardo da Vinci. To begin with, such a suit is bound up very closely with the principle of freedom of speech, and that it could be entertained at all will make reflective citizens feel most uneasy. No person, it seems to us, should be required to defend a suit for expressing his opinion on so public a matter as the authenticity of an ancient work of art. It may be argued, of course, that when Duveen exprest his opinion he prevented the plaintiff from making $250,000; but it can be argued with equal cogency that, when he exprest his opinion, he prevented the Kansas City Art Institute from losing $250,000, and we are back where we started, with the actual authenticity of the picture not reckoned into account at all.

"This last point, indeed, has been, is, and of necessity always will be, a matter of opinion; and it is monstrous to penalize a man for expressing his opinion simply because it is worth more than anybody else's. Again, it is absurd that such an issue should be placed before a jury. A touch of the nonsensical was the inevitable result; and the failure to 'agree' was just such a preposterous outcome as might be expected. It does not increase respect for the law to have it listening gravely to nonsense."

The New York *Evening Post* thinks that "Leonardo would have liked the réclame over the Hahn suit, and we believe he would have liked the jury." *The Evening Post* does, too, tho it seems to impute a motive not easy to see in the reports about the jury:

"For our part, we certainly like it very much indeed. And respect it. For that jury turned in the only possible verdict which it could have turned in, and that is precisely no verdict at all. It 'split' and was politely but firmly dismissed by the judge.

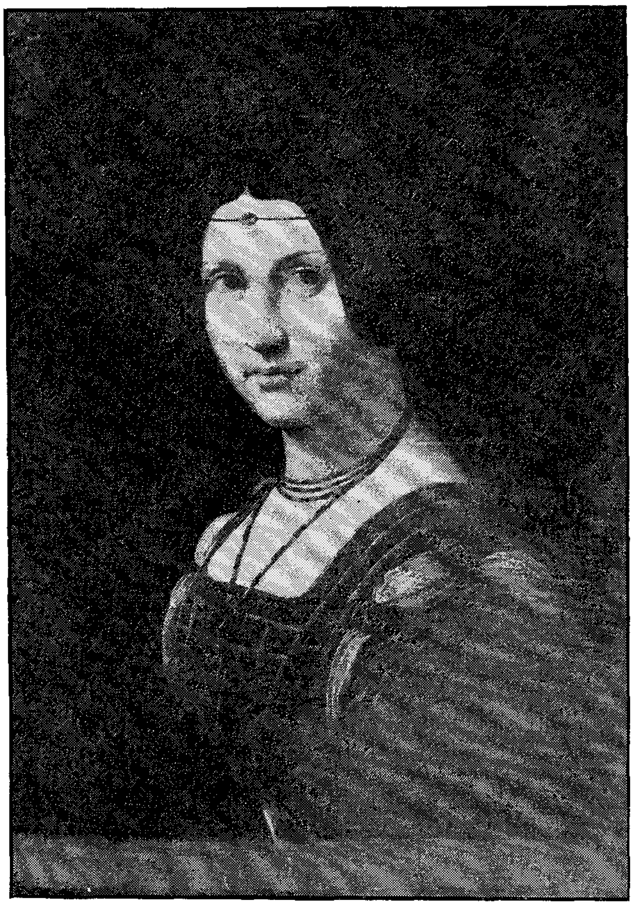
"How can any one outside of a comic opera expect the authenticity of an old painting to be settled by a lawsuit? Of what conceivable value is the verdict of a safety-vault superintendent, an accountant, a poster-designer, two 'realtors,' two 'agents,' a shirt-manufacturer, a women's-wear manufacturer, an artist, an upholsterer, and a citizen of 'no occupation'? Nor, for that matter, could a jury composed of great authorities like Berenson, Venturi, and the other experts called by Sir Joseph settle definitely the question at issue. Judgment upon masterpieces must be a final distillation of the taste and knowledge of generations of artistic opinion.

"One great harm to the progress of art in America might have come out of the trial. A verdict of damages against Sir Joseph Duveen might have meant the silencing of all expert judgments in our country. This would have been a very real calamity.

"The jury did well to dodge all these questions, quit, and go home."

HELPS FOR THE UNIMAGINATIVE WRITER

AN INDUSTRIOUS SEARCHER for new American similes is Mr. F. J. Wilstach, who issues them in an annual volume. How things strike a foreign contemporary is sometimes said to be equivalent to the judgment of posterity. So the vivacious Mr. E. V. Lucas, of *The Sunday Times* (London), gives his selection of "the best and most original," also "following an annual habit." Not all, he explains, are similes, but just the reverse, such as—"As noisy as an eel gliding through a pool of oil." But, he continues:



International Newsreel photograph

DEFENDED BY MADAME HAHN

And long a possession of her family, the version of "La Belle Ferronnière" came to her as a wedding present.

"As I can not find in any dictionary the antonym of 'simile,' and as the readers of *The Sunday Times* are not likely to be deceived, the word shall stand to cover all.

"'As thrilling as an hour-glass demonstration.'

"'As unquestionable as the intentions of a musical-comedy hero.'

"'As out of date as the rustle of a skirt.'

"'As self-effacing as an aviator who would pilot a plane across the ocean with a woman passenger.'

"'As disconnected as the dictionary.'

"'As certain as applause at a professional matinee.'

"'As out of luck as a beefbone at a dog show.'

"'As busy as the first revolving door in a small town.'

"'As low as the insteps of a duck.'

"'As low as an eel's chin.'

"'As futile as a lockless key.'

"'As useless as a crossword puzzle that has been solved.'

"'As worthless as a campaign poster the day after election.'

"'As plain as the nose on an elephant's face.'

"'As mad as a chambermaid at a plugged keyhole.'

"'Her teeth were like the Ten Commandments—all broken.'

"'As candid as two colliding taxi-drivers.'

"'As vapid as the glass eye of a stuffed fox.'

"'As secure in his rights as a woman's dog.'

"'With all the skill and finesse of a blind Eskimo doing fancy Irish lacework for the first time.'

"'Pleasure is like a sprained ankle—you have it all to yourself; but happiness is like measles, you can not have it without giving it to some one else.'

"'As boisterous as a Middle Western buyer in his first night club.'

"'An author at a musical-comedy rehearsal is about as important as a lead nickel in a National Bank.'

"'As quiescent as a Doug Fairbanks getaway from an Argentine jail.'

"'She had about as much use for him as a fish has for a bathing suit.'

"'About as much sympathy as a chicken can get out of an incubator.'

"'As fair as a Mexican General's trial.'

"'As steady as the *Leviathan* in dry-dock.'

"'She aged as quickly as wine in the hands of a bootlegger.'

"'As suspicious as a corkscrew in a Prohibition home.'

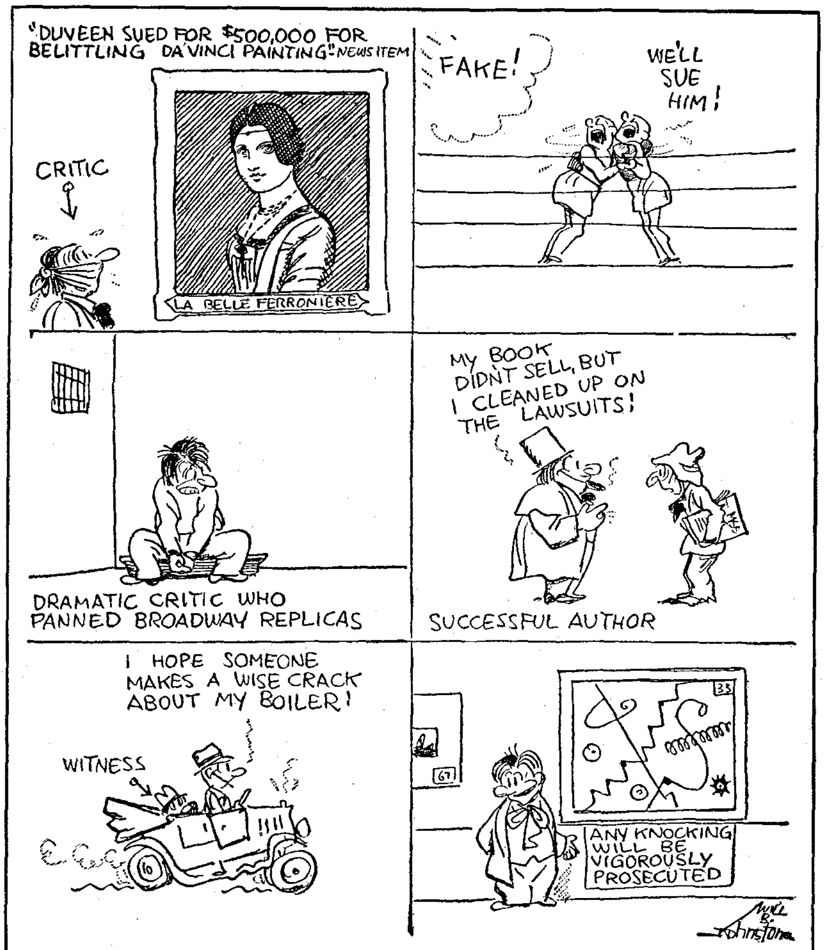
"'As unusual as the man who goes to Canada to see the scenery.'

"'As absurd as expecting a Chicago politician to go to the back door to see what's making a noise like a clock ticking.'

"Finally we come to this jewel:

"Their chatter is as dull as a pair of femme's stems in cotton hose.'

"This, I hope, is an idiosyncrasy. I hope that America as a whole is not referring to those agreeable objects, the legs of women, as femme's stems. If so, it is headed for disaster."


"DUVEEN SUED FOR $500,000 FOR BELITTLING DA VINCI PAINTING" NEWS ITEM
CRITIC
LA BELLE FERRONIERE
FAKE!
WE'LL SUE HIM!
DRAMATIC CRITIC WHO PANNED BROADWAY REPLICAS
MY BOOK DIDN'T SELL, BUT I CLEANED UP ON THE LAWSUITS!
SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR
I HOPE SOMEONE MAKES A WISE CRACK ABOUT MY BOILER!
WITNESS
33
67
ANY KNOCKING WILL BE VIGOROUSLY PROSECUTED
Will B. Johnstone

NO BELITTLING!

—Johnstone in the New York *World*.

Enamored of the game apparently, Mr. Lucas adds two of his own:

"As rare as this month's *Bradshaw* in a private house.

"As accurate as a dentist's idea of the color of the human gum."

THE COVER—Unless a blizzard overtakes us, we may look at the cover only to be reminded of what we have escaped. Yet, we may extract some emotion from the snow-edged stream, the wintry sunset, and the barren trees. Shakespeare's sonnet is recalled by the twisted branches of the great tree at the left. "Bare ruined quires where late the sweet birds sung." If it were a representation of our countryside, we might look at it as a place soon to welcome the birds. Tho the snow and the crimson sunset of Sweden suggest only cold, yet the green patch underneath the tree is a harbinger of the break-up of winter. Axel Edard Johan Rosenberg was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1858, and his life has been principally busied with painting the scenes about the port of Stockholm. Biographical material is scant in books available in this country, but we are informed that his works hang in the National Museum in Stockholm, and there is to be found a painting of the same theme, "Evening in March," as that which may be seen in the Brooklyn Museum from which our reproduction is made. His work is notable for the steely brightness of its color. After his studies in Sweden he went to Paris, where he received an Honorable Mention in the Salon of 1886.

STOCK-JOBBING IN BOOKS

BY SOME ACCOUNTS it seems more profitable to deal in rare books than in stocks and bonds. So it became inevitable that stock-market methods would some day be applied to the sale of rare books, and Mr. Harry Hansen of the New York *World* discovers the definite trend that way. A Massachusetts firm has added a Book Research and Valuation Service to its activities, and Mr. Hansen sees the famous rare book experts "coming in for dangerous competition." He views the innovation with humor mixed with some dismay over the disappearance of the old-time "glamour" surrounding the hunt for rarities. Of this enterprising bookman, Mr. Hansen writes:

"This astute student of marketability and investment offers to furnish bibliographical data, valuations, reports for individual collectors, librarians, and associations, and advice on English and Continental sales, and will make purchases and assist in the appraisal of estates which involve many important books.

"The Babson method does not differ from that pursued by other rare-book experts, but it marks the definite recognition of the investment character in books, and indicates how far we have moved from the sales held in the little bookshop of a dealer who had a personal interest in ferreting out rare books and in disposing of them to booklovers. If Babson puts in such a service, his other competitors are bound to follow, and the whole business of buying and selling rare books will lose its hit-or-miss character.

"Mr. Babson's entry into the rare-book investment field is not revolutionary; it is a logical development of American business expansion, and probably much needed. To me it seems to mark the passing of the last shred of glamour that still clung to the collecting of rare books. True, auction-rooms have long removed much of the romance, but many of the men still involved in rare-book deals are essentially bookmen, and it now appears that business men will become dominant.

"No doubt we are headed for a book exchange, with quotations and a ticker service for booklovers. This many not be such a bad idea. Jaded editors, who are now kept busy telephoning rare-book dealers for collectors who want advice, will merely consult the tape to discover whether there are any big blocks of Crane, Ltd., on the market; how JC is holding up; to what extent the erratic fluctuations in GBS are due to bearish demonstrations by GKC; whether RADHALL has finally reached the big board or is still on the curb; whether SHKSPER, 1st Folio preferred, has gone up 100 points since the last transaction, and what is the present rating of Knopf German 5s. Why not? The present stock market was once a few men gathered around a table.

"Collectors follow waves of interest, without any apparent literary or cultural reason behind them. Thus the eighteenth-century authors, with the Johnson circle uppermost, are now in demand. There is a difficult market for the Elizabethans and for Americana. Forty years ago American collectors were

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building up libraries of American items; frontier, plains, and Indian documents were sought after. They are important, but not frantically sought to-day.

"Yet it stands to reason that if America develops a culture of its own, and dominates thinking and writing to any extent, its beginnings will become valuable. A few collectors, such as the late Herschel V. Jones of Minneapolis, Minnesota, recognized this, and his library of Americana was a treasure-land."

ERDA'S FAREWELL

"IT IS I, ERDA, SOUL OF THE UNIVERSE." These words were sung a few days ago by Madame Schumann-Heink in the prolog to "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at the Metropolitan, and the question is, when will the like be heard again? Madame Schumann-Heink thus takes her farewell of opera, and Charles D. Isaacson pays a fitting tribute to a singer who has been heard among us for thirty years, yet whose art seems imperishable. First, let the writer set the picture as he does in *The Morning Telegraph* (New York):

"In the distance Valhalla!

"The God *Wotan* and the Goddess *Fricka*, surrounded by Light, Thunder, Youth, listen to the demands of the Giants, that *Wotan* surrender the Ring of the Nibelungen.

"For those who knew well the story of the Prolog to 'Der Ring des Nibelungen,' at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, the great moment of the day was approaching. Those who did not know the story saw the stage darkened. Rising slowly from the soil, a figure in white draperies appeared.

"'It is I, *Erda*, Soul of the Universe.'

"And so Ernestine Schumann-Heink returned to the character of days long gone, returned to the opera-house, where she had become the mightiest singer among the contraltos of her time, in many ways the greatest singing woman in the world.

"The audience grew tense. The face of the stern ascetic conductor, Bodansky, became infinitely tender, and his baton seemed to become flesh instead of wood. The characters on the stage became deeply affected human beings, fortunately shadowed by the darkness, that their tears might not be seen.

Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

TO-DAY

At sixty-eight Madame Schumann-Heink sings *Erda* in "Siegfried."

"In the voice which intoned the mighty aria no sound of age was present. It was the singing of a woman in her prime. Within the flaming noble measures one could detect the emotion of the occasion. One knew that the meaning of the appearance, not the demands of singing, was the thing which clutched most avidly at the throat of Schumann-Heink. But the aria proceeded to its end, without a flaw, pouring without sense of breathing or mechanics.

"If that same aria had been sung in that way by a young singer, in her early twenties, she would have been acclaimed the great contralto of our time.

"If such singing had been the Salutatory instead of the Near Valedictory, the artist who had accomplished it would have been the recipient of the world's highest honors; she would have become famous over night.

"Surrounding Madame Schumann-Heink had been built a cast of high excellence. As *Fricka*, the work of Gertrude Kappel almost equaled in excellence of vocalism her *Isolde*. Maria Mueller as *Freia*, Goddess of Youth, was pretty to look upon and splendid to hear. The men were at their peak. Mr. Schorr was a noble *Wotan*, Mr. Meader, an effective *Mime*, and Mr. Schutzendorf, save for his appearance, a striking *Alberich*. The giants, Rothier and Wolfe, *Donner* (Patton), were worthy of special commendation. And it is known that *Loge* is the best rôle of Walter Kirchoff, the character in which he excels.

"Yet all of this was as nothing beside the artistic work of Ernestine Schumann-Heink. The audience wanted to break into applause as the white figure descended into the earth, the spirit of the universe, *Erda*, the soul of singing, Schumann-Heink.

"But the crowd restrained itself, and when 'Das Rheingold' ended a half-hour later scarcely 2 per cent. of the audience had left. They stood yelling and applauding. And the contralto, ready to cry, surrounded by her fellow artists, some of them in tears, refused to bow alone.

"This is the woman who, more than thirty years ago, sang her début in America, and then gave birth to her son a few days later. This, the woman who through poverty, suffering, struggle, won the highest place of all.

"I said yesterday she is seventy. Schumann-Heink wired me from Atlantic City she is only sixty-eight."

Copyright by Aime Dupont

EARLY IN HER CAREER

Madame Schumann-Heink, seen in one of her Wagnerian rôles.

In "Schumann-Heink, the Last of the Titans" (The Macmillan Company), by Mary Lawton, we read the singer's comment on the music of to-day:

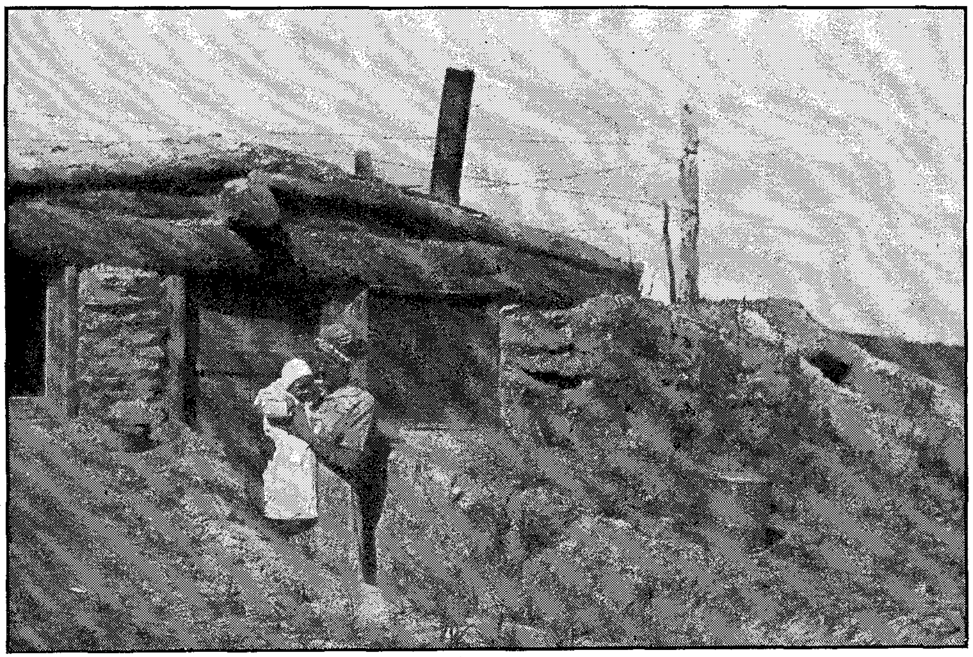
"I suppose I am on dangerous ground now, and I'd better get back to my singing; but before I do, I still have a little word to say about jazz—jazz! Well, now I will tell you something 'right off the bat,' as you say here, about jazz. I can't stand it, and that's the truth! It really hurts me, it works so on my nerves. To my ears there's no music in it. It makes me breathless. It is as if you were chased by something, and you want to get a breath, and you can't—it's so continuous—it never stops. On, on it goes and goes. *Ach!* it drives me wild! Of course this is condemning it first-hand, and I shouldn't do that entirely, for I'm not so stupid as not to understand that everybody now wants to bring something new into the world, and I know, too, that it expresses this age we are living in—is a tone expression of it, perhaps you'd say.

"But jazz to me has no appeal. I can't see the 'form' as we call it. I heard the other day some composition by one of the new composers—very modern—and, of course, I didn't like it. This composer had no inspiration, no idea. He tried so hard to get some melody out—of what? Nothing. It was all so mechanical, as if he made his music with an old yardstick! I must confess all this modern stuff still means very little to me, when I think of Mozart and Beethoven and Gluck and (long years before Gluck) Bach and Handel. I was brought up on them. I love the great classics. Jazz would never have been possible in the days of the old masters. First of all, it wouldn't have fitted in with the times. And music, like all art, is always an expression of the age in which it is born."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MOTHERS

YEAR AFTER YEAR, more than 20,000 women die from causes due to childbirth—one mother for every 150 babies born. This startling statement is made in *The Survey* (New York) by Hazel Corbin, general director of the Maternity Association in New York, to lever attention on what she believes to be the need for continuing the Federal aid for the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy. The Sheppard-Towner Act, which provides such aid in the form of a subsidy which the States may elect to accept or reject, as they choose, expires June 30. The Newton bill, which proposed to continue that aid, died in the last Congress. Strong objection has been made against Federal aid on the ground that it is paternalistic and that it smacks too much of interference on the part of the Federal Government; but there can hardly be any gainsaying that American motherhood needs educated preparation for the hour of its ordeal and for the anxious days after.



By courtesy of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor

AN OUTPOST OF MOTHERHOOD

This woman, in her lonely Montana dugout, is one of thousands who are reached by the aid extended under the Sheppard-Towner Act. In many parts of the country, we are told, there is unfortunately no help of any sort for the extreme hour of motherhood; it is not available at any price.

Many women could be saved, writes Miss Corbin, and she tells us that every mother in the country needs skilled medical supervision, nursing care and instruction before, during, and after the event which brings life into the world at the risk of another. But many families do not know of this need. Not all families, we are told, can provide this care. In many parts of the country it is not available at any price. There are not doctors, nurses and midwives properly trained to give adequate care to all mothers. Some States, Miss Corbin tells us, require only that a doctor shall see six babies born in order to qualify for a license permitting him to care for an obstetrical patient, no matter what the complication. Of the 20,000 nurses who will receive diplomas from hospital training-schools this year, according to Dr. May Ayres Burgess, says Miss Corbin, 10,000 are not eligible for jobs as salesgirls in an enterprising department store, because they have not the educational requirements. Yet they will be absorbed into the nursing profession and a share of them will be doing the country's maternity nursing, for they are meeting the educational requirements of their States. "There are, caring for our mothers," we read, "midwives so ignorant and superstitious as to suppose hemorrhage can be controlled by placing an ax upside down under the patient's bed. Of about 50,000 practising midwives only a small portion are well-trained and the majority are untrained—yet in most instances they are licensed or registered by their States." This lack of trained personnel is not the fault of the doctors, nurses and midwives, but of the people, who do not know that maternity needs skilled care, says Miss Corbin. The Sheppard-Towner Act was an attempt on the part of the Federal Government to teach them what constitutes adequate care of mothers and children. Two case notes will illustrate the ignorance in the backward regions better than a column of adjectives. Here they are, from the hand of Dr. Frances Sage Bradley, in *The Survey*. An expectant woman has just hung a pot of cow-peas over the hearth to simmer until the children come home from school, and makes ready to go with a "Sheppard-Towner" nurse to a doctor:

"'You women have a funny way of forgetting from one baby to the next what you go through, and you forget that if you had gone to a good doctor in the beginning instead of calling in old Granny C—— you'd not be having child-bed fever, risen breasts, dragging milk legs around, or being half sick the rest of your days,' sputtered the nurse, with a final slam to the door of her car.

"'I 'low that's so,' admitted the woman, easing herself to meet a rutty stretch of road. 'But I hain't forgot the finest baby I ever had died before hit was two weeks old. Anybody looking at such a likely child would a said he had sho' come here to stay.' There was a moment's silence. 'And Frony Bryson'll not forget her little girl with as clear, pretty eyes as you'd ever want to see, and now stone blind. Granny C—— is kin to me and she's a good old woman but seems like she's powerful onlucky with babies.'"

Here is the other. A white "Sheppard-Towner" nurse has announced to a group of colored cotton-pickers that a trained colored midwife is to be sent to the district by the Government and the State Board of Health. Hoodoo doctors and "cunjer" women have often officiated when medical care was needed, and an Amazon holds forth:

"'Sound lak big-gate talk, if you ax me,' she muttered. 'You all know de Lawd give and de Lawd take away when He gits good and ready. Don't tell me dis new-fangled colored gal kin beat dese old womens at dey own trade. For me, when I'm birthin' I wants a good old granny wid all her charms and cunjers and powwow, one what'll not be too high-toned to let

> me quarrel wid John Henry, or lam him side o' de haid, and him not sass me back nuther while I'm a birthin' his young 'un,' midst a smothered and scandalized snigger.
>
> "'Shut yo' mouth, nigger. Ain't you hear de white lady say dis colored woman is trained by gov'ment and State doctors and knows white folks' ways which is bound to be better'n nigger ways? You and John Henry gotter quit yo' projeckin' and act lak folks, not wild Injuns. Look at all de babies you've borned and buried. Cain't you listen to sense?' There was collective and wrathful indignation at this unseemly interruption.
>
> "'When is she coming, lady?' eagerly sought an imminent case. 'Whar she gwineter live?' 'What'll she charge us?' 'How kin we git her?' came from every direction. 'Dar's a heap of womens on dis plantation and de next and next, and we gits young uns lak rabbits. When we wants help we wants it right now,' warned one smiling into responsive faces. 'Ain't it de truf?' All agreed, beaming."

Sixteen years ago, when the Children's Bureau was created, writes Julia Lathrop in *The Woman's Journal*, there was no knowledge of our infant mortality rates for the whole nation, and the situation was studied almost up to the passage of the Sheppard-Towner Act. Eight typical cities were chosen for the study. Women agents, we are told, interviewed the mothers and told them carefully that the Government asked their cooperation but could not compel them to answer. Yet at the end of the series of studies 23,000 mothers had given the interview requested and only fourteen had declined. Similar studies were made of remote rural areas with the same cordial understanding of the Government's effort to learn how to serve mothers and children. Miss Lathrop, who is an ex-chief of the Children's Bureau, a sociological student interested in childhood and a member of the National League of Women Voters, tells us what these studies revealed:

> "On the whole, the evidence was overwhelming that poverty, ignorance, or both, lack of medical and nursing care, unwholesome living conditions, overworked mothers, remoteness from doctors and nurses in rural areas, and other types of inability to give babies needed care were in marked degree coincident with high infant mortality rates. That a vast number of babies and of mothers died needlessly every year in this country was well known to statisticians, doctors, and to some social workers and students, but details as to social and economic conditions under which the parents lived had never before been disclosed or understood.
>
> "Perhaps no more relentless contrast ever presented itself than that in the small city chosen for the Bureau's first investigation. A coal and iron town, with mills on one side and, beyond the mills, the mines; near the mill, a low-lying flat area covered with rough little houses where the workers and their families lived in primitive discomfort. There were many children, boarders and lodgers occupying the beds in shifts, no privacy nor quiet, nor possibility of real cleanliness. Milk—water—sewage disposal—all bad. Across the town on beautiful green hills were good houses. Our house-to-house study showed that in the first area the infant death-rate was two hundred and seventy-one. This was more than five times the rate in the pleasant homes on the hills, where the rate was fifty deaths for each one thousand babies born. Such contrasts reveal themselves when the deaths are 'pinned' on the wall maps, but seldom so clearly to the naked eye of the casual observer."

Now as to what has been accomplished under benefit of the Act which is to end on June 30. Miss Lathrop writes:

> "In 1921, when the Act was passed, the death-rate per 1,000 live births for the registration area of the United States was 76. In 1926 it was 73. In 1927 it was 65. This lowest figure will undoubtedly vary with climatic conditions and possible epidemics. But we have a right to believe that the reduction is the cumulative result of the educational work and demonstrations now in progress. Forty-five States and Hawaii are so far cooperating with the Government, and their detailed reports are contained in publication Number 186 of the Children's Bureau. The combined figures for certain types of educational work are as follows: Over 18,000 talks and lectures reported and 4,403,218 pieces of literature distributed, the greater part going directly to parents and a large amount to isolated rural localities where it was especially welcome. The report states that the files of every State agency administering the Act show that the information was appreciated by the recipients.
>
> "The interest aroused is also an excellent test of whether this work is going well, since the law is absolutely non-compulsory at every point. The report shows cooperation of State administering officers with State parent-teachers' associations in thirty-eight States; with State federations of clubs in thirty States; with State Leagues of Women Voters in nineteen States; with Woman's Christian Temperance Unions in ten States; with American Red Cross in sixteen States. In smaller numbers of States cooperation has been given by the American Legion and the Auxiliary of the American Legion, by State medical societies and dental associations, by State tuberculosis associations and many other bodies, amounting in all to more than two hundred organizations, not to mention the generous help of local physicians and clinics."

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SOCIAL JUSTICE

THE MINISTER OF TO-MORROW must add to the familiar Ten Commandments of personal righteousness ten more of social justice. For in the complicated life of to-day "the old individual morality is not enough," and "religion must adventure forth into the social order." Perhaps, we read further in a bulletin of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, reprinted in the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), the new commandments of social service will read something like this:

I

> "I am the Lord thy God, but thou shalt remember that I am also the God of all the earth. I have no favorite children. The Negro and the Hindu, the Chinese, Japanese, Russian and Mexican are all my beloved children.

II

> "Thou shalt not measure a city's greatness by its population or its bank clearings alone, but also by its low infant mortality, its homes, playgrounds, libraries, schools and hospitals, and its low record for bootlegging, prostitution, robbery, and murder.

III

> "Thou shalt remember that no civilization can rise above the level of its respect for and ideals of womanhood.

IV

> "Thou shalt remember thine own sins and build no prisons for revenge and punishment, but make thy courts clinics for the soul and thy jails hospitals for moral diseases.

V

> "Thou shalt remember that the end-product of industry is not goods or dividends, but the kind of men and women whose lives are molded by that industry.

VI

> "Thou shalt press on from political democracy toward industrial democracy, remembering that no man is good enough or wise enough to govern another man without his consent, and that, in addition to a living wage, every man craves a reasonable share in determining the conditions under which he labors.

VII

> "Thou shalt outlaw war and make no threatening gestures either with great navies or vast military preparations against thy neighbor.

VIII

> "Thou shalt honor men for character and service alone, and dishonor none because of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

IX

> "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor by malicious propaganda or colored news, or by calling him contemptuous names such as Dago, Chink, Jap, Wop, Nigger or Sheeny.

X

> "Thou shalt remember that when thine own ancestors were savages and barbarians other men brought to them the saving and civilizing Christian Gospel. Now that thou art rich and prosperous, beware lest thou export to Asia and Africa only thy science and efficiency, thy war-ships, goods and moving-picture films, and forget to export the Christian message and the Christ-like spirit also."

THE BOYCOTT OF THE SYNAGOG

THE GREAT HILLEL WAS A WOODCHOPPER and Joshua was a blacksmith, but the Jewish working man, or, even more peculiarly, the Yiddish proletariat, is anti-religious, or non-religious, and the Jewish labor leaders are simply not interested in this boycott of the synagog. This is the view of Rabbi Leon Spitz, writing in *The Jewish Tribune* (New York), and one of his interesting conclusions is that, as does the Gentile, so does the Jew—if the Gentile will turn to the Church, the Jew will turn to the synagog. Several years ago, writes Rabbi Spitz, Rabbi Alter F. Landesman made a study of this problem for the Rabbinical Assembly of America, and procured through a questionnaire the opinions of a considerably large number of Jewish labor union leaders. The almost unanimous answer, we read, was: "We are indifferent to the entire question." Only two or three years ago, says Rabbi Spitz, the Jewish Socialists were outspoken opponents of religious Judaism:

> "All manner of proposals have been made at various rabbinical conferences, with the hope of drawing labor into the synagog. About six years ago the present writer read a paper on 'Labor and the Synagog' at an annual convention of the Rabbinical Assembly of America, in which he advocated the following measures: (a) The reduction of the high membership dues in the synagog; (b) preaching sympathy with labor principles from the pulpit; (c) inviting labor leaders to speak at synagog forums.
>
> "Even more striking proposals have been broached, to wit: to organize religious services in labor quarters, to found labor temples, and to designate (*à la* Salvation Army) labor missionary rabbis. Yet, as the critic himself admits, these measures can only be temporary and palliative. They do not strike at the root of things, at the crux of the situation, which, as has already been suggested, is a point of fundamental psychology."

The Jewish proletariat is impulsively revolutionary, says Rabbi Spitz, and he goes on:

> "The class struggle in Russia was linked indissolubly with the political struggle, and the political revolution was being suppress with the aid of the heavy yoke of official religion. The Christian Church purposefully kept the populace in ignorance and illiteracy. The Jewish orthodoxy, too, has done its best to isolate the Jew from modern life. So the young Jew rebelled.
>
> "The emancipation from the burden of all ritual and ceremony, tradition and usage became involved in this all-embracing revolutionary spirit. And the revolutionary epoch has not yet apparently passed away in the camp of the Jewish proletariat, despite the many tokens of respectability and social conservatism. True, the workingman, who has graduated into a petty business, has quite as often made his way into the synagog as a part of the social process, and quite frequently for the sake of insuring the Jewish and social status of his children. But he is no longer a proletariat."

The workingman has caught at something of the worldly view of life, but he has not enjoyed the advantage of an organized intellectual training, believes Rabbi Spitz. "Hence arises his tendency to belittle the older life forms. It is due simply and normally to his half-baked intellect, his unripe cultural acquisition, his undisciplined nature." Then:

> "The conclusion is clear. Let all rabbis become social preachers, let all lawyers and manufacturers resign their official posts in temple and synagog, let the dues be reduced threefold. Salvation will not come. The present generation of the organized socialistic Jewish proletariat will not become Jewish 'church members.'
>
> "The coming Americanized generation of Jewish labor will, it is hoped, be drawn into the synagog. Environment may be calculated to play a significant rôle in this evolution. If the Gentile will turn to the Church, the Jewish youth will likewise turn to the synagog. For the young Jew follows in the footsteps of the Gentile in determining his reactions to the social, spiritual, religious phases of life. He does not seem to be possest of independent reactions in those directions, owing to the stress of environment and to an exaggerated Americanization. Jewish education and the intensification of Jewish nationalism will have their decisive functions to shape the coming Jewish generation of the proletariat as well as of the capitalist. On the whole, the 'second generation' has cast off its class prejudices as well as many of its racial characteristics.
>
> "But at this point the new problem arises: Will there be a Jewish proletariat in the near future, exclusive of lawyers, doctors, and school-teachers? This is clear: the American synagog will function for years to come as a capitalist stronghold."

MOTHER CRY

By PATRICK J. CARROLL, C.S.C.

I WILL not care at all that you come back empty handed
  To my hill cabin the sea wind blows above.
There a fire is very warm, poor dear, and a chair for yourself,
  Where you can perch and be rested, my own love.

Sure God is never hard on a young bird's foolish flight,
  When wings are sprouting and the small heart stirred.
Call softly in at the window, sweet mouth, without any fear:
  'Tis myself will be waiting for you, wild, wild bird.

My little cabin, builded of wattles and brown clay,
  Is snug as a felt slipper for you to rest.
Fly in for the door is always open for you, my birdeen,
  And fold your poor wet wings above my breast.

—*America, New York.*

A SOLDIER ON PEACE

ANTI-MILITARISTS OFTEN TAKE POT-SHOTS at the fighting forces in the belief that because they are professionally trained in the art of war they are unwilling to work for peace. As a matter of fact, however, some of the military leaders are the strongest supporters of a program looking to international peace, but are unwilling to give up means of self-defense until they are proved no longer necessary. Let one of them speak to the critics.

A distinguished British soldier, Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier, C. B., writing in the Glasgow *Herald*, thus answers the question: "What should be the attitude of the fighting men toward international peace?"

> "It would be a bad day for the Empire if the fighting services began to tackle their jobs in a spirit of peace. Their job is to be efficient for war, to have great morale, fighting spirit, and sound military knowledge, in order that any country who dares to molest Britain or the Empire may be quickly checkmated.
>
> "The duty of the private citizen is otherwise. Having found out that war now leads nowhere, that in modern war neither side really wins, and that the aftermath of war inflicts immeasurable misery on international humanity, it is the duty of each one of us to see that everything that can be done to avert future war is done. In other words, moral disarmament must precede material disarmament.
>
> "The united Christian churches of all countries have now a chance which will never come again to lead the world along the path of peace. Will they take it? Christianity spells peace, as peace was and is the message of Christ. To assert that the Christian churches were behind the last war is correct, but they were on opposite sides! That is not good enough. There must have been something vitally wrong. . . .
>
> "It has been said by Mr. Lloyd George, that once a movement has the support of the united Christian churches, it is irresistible.
>
> "Therein lies our hope for world peace.
>
> "But do not let us confuse the issue. If we want perpetual world peace we must work for it and make the necessary arrangements for substituting something for a war policy—namely, security and arbitration. We can not have it both ways, so if we can not accommodate ourselves to methods of peace, we must be prepared to fight."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

In spite of the fascination of John Erskine's *Helen*, it is probable that more middle-aged *Helens* are like this in "Many Devices" (D. Appleton & Co.):

TO HELEN, MIDDLE-AGED

By Roselle Mercier Montgomery

I

The strife on Ilium's windy plain is still;
Cool, now, the blood that in the veins of men
So madly coursed to view your beauty when
The Greek and Trojan fates hung on your will;
Unkindling, eyes that could not look their fill
Upon the wonder that was Helen then.
They will not wake to burn for you again,
Those thirsting fires that drove mad men to kill.

Now ships and towers are ashes on the wind;
And Paris, dead, your spring-time shepherd lover . . .
Here by your side, your lawful liege leans over
To smooth, mechanically, your graying hair
And say, in that calm voice, forever kind,
"Please, dear, a stitch, my tunic has a tear!"

II

You take the garment from his hand and smile . . .
"That hand struck Paris!" you think suddenly
And all the facile floods of memory,
Unsealed, pour over you. Your hands, meanwhile,
Are dutifully busy, as your lord
Relates to you the details of the chase;
You listen, with a half-averted face,
And give him back an absent-minded word.

For far away a cool, clean wind is blowing
High on a hill, and you are there again;
Your Paris is beside you; green, the spring,
And warm the young blood in you, leaping, flowing;
His lips are on your throat—*and then, and then*
You are this Helen, here, remembering!

III

The tunic mended, with a "Thank you, dear!"
Your Menelaus takes it from your hands
That, snow and rose-leaf once, laid their commands
On kings and kingdoms in a long-gone year.
Transparent, fragile, but unwrinkled still,
The small, domestic tasks engage them now . . .
Strange, that to-day you should remember how
Young Paris crushed and kissed them on a hill.

And yet, not strange. You are not first, ah, no!
Of sister women, nor will you be last,
To summon spectres from the passioned past
While you sit quietly and listen so
To your lord's tale—tasting the tempered joys
Time leaves to Helens who outlive their Troys.

The implication here is that the famous old song "Drink to me only with thine eyes" is a bluff—unless the contributor to *The Lantern* (Brooklyn) is too timid:

THE UNADVENTURER

By Winifred Adams Burr

The draught divine is heady wine—
And love leads fools to trip:
Then would I of the foaming cup
Take but a sip!

The flame of love may leap the sky,
Climbing high and higher:
Give me a little candle lit
With that strange fire!

Tall crests may sweep the ocean's breast,
And love may be the gale:
But I in a land-locked harbor
Would set my gentle sail!

Contemporary Verse prints this tribute to the city's indifference to the problems of its children:

RENDEZVOUS

By Virginia Stait

No, not by dear paths, but along the street,
Where the surge of the crowd is dense;
And there are no birds to repeat each pledge
For reference.
Yes, say what you please to the far-off gaze
Of a thousand indifferent eyes;
For there are no leaves to murmur it back
When murmur dies.

Vow again white things that I once believed,
For there is no incoming sea,
To mock me with words from the year-long tides,
Assaulting me.

In spite of its somewhat Jabberwockian lilt anything that shows a new facet to the character of one of our early fathers is interesting. So this with an explanatory note from the New York *Sun:*

A poem written by Thomas Jefferson, in manuscript, was found by John J. Madigan, collector and dealer in rare autographs, in a private collection of historic documents, and he has loaned it for an indefinite time to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation at 115 Broadway, it was announced today.

Mr. Madigan says holograph verses by Jefferson are extremely rare.

There are sixteen stanzas of what obviously was a longer narrative, the chief portion being that which tells how one Sir Valentine captured a forest wild man for the King of France.

The knight's triumph is related in the following verses:

SIR VALENTINE

By Thomas Jefferson

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the haste he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A-rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round;
His eager eye all fiery glow'd,
His face with fury frown'd.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnished brand;
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasped the silver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;
His eyeball flash'd with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury shook,
And all his heart was ire.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield;
Sir Valentine at length prevailed
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding straight his conquered [foe]
Fast with an iron chain,
He tyes him to his horse's tail
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring:
And, kneeling downe upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

Poetry (Chicago) gives us a picture of a modern mind in revolt, whether for good or ill:

OUTLAW

By Frances Beatrice Taylor

I

I hate little towns
And small pale villages—
Little towns like this town,
Pale as a ghost;
Your house and my house,
And all our busy neighbors
Eager at their labors,
Wan at their play;
All these quiet gardens,
Very small and orderly,
Sown with gillyflowers
And faint mignonette;
All these little shops
Where people go buying
Worsted and tin-ware,
(Queer, what winds are flying
Over the chimneys!)—
Nothing to remember,
Nothing to forget.

II

Fold my hands for a little praying,
(God, how the streets of Heaven must flame!)
Fold my eyes for a little sleeping;
Last night, last night, last night there came
Under my eyelids,
Purple and crimson,
Name on name!

III

Athens like a white flower
Tunis like a red,
Venice like a veiled bride
For all the world to wed;
A tall town with a tall tower;
Pointed like a star—
Oh, the singing sweep of the
Curved scimitar!

(Tired clock by my bed
Marking the hour!)

Rome, Rome, Rome,
On hills that are seven,
Deeper than Hell,
Higher than Heaven;
Perished Moscow
And dark Stamboul;
Benares, Benares
With her holy pool;
Four gates, Damascus;
Four walls, Zion;
And a sea-girt fortress
With a small stern Lion.

(Dreams behind my eyelids
Make no clamor!—
Free from grief or glamour
My neighbors are at home.)

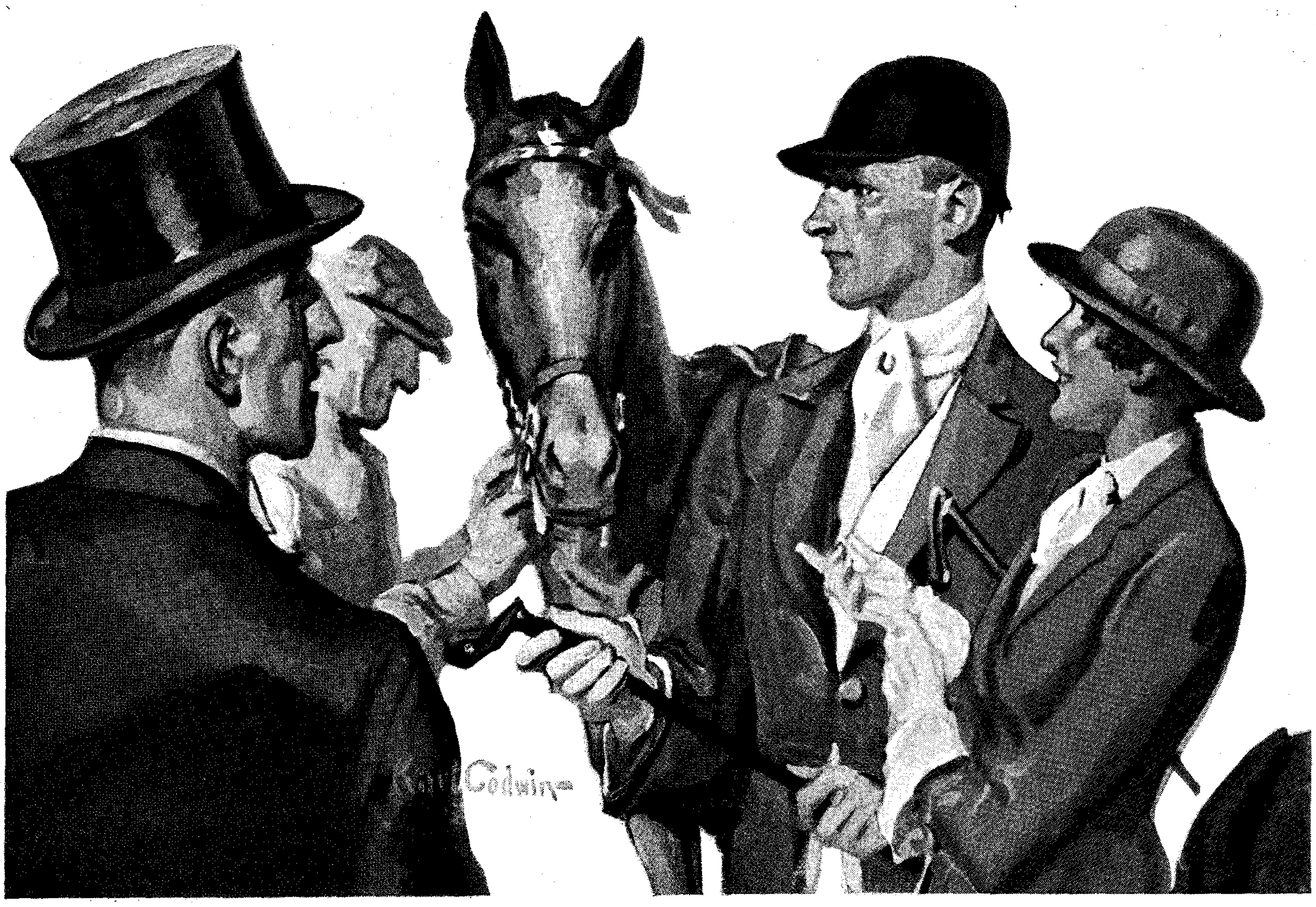
IV

But oh, the thousand pities—
The little pale villages!
Oh, the flaming cities!
(All of them sleeping
In little tidy villages!)
And I, like a lost soul,
Creeping, creeping
Out from the window,
Out from the garden,
Out from the town!

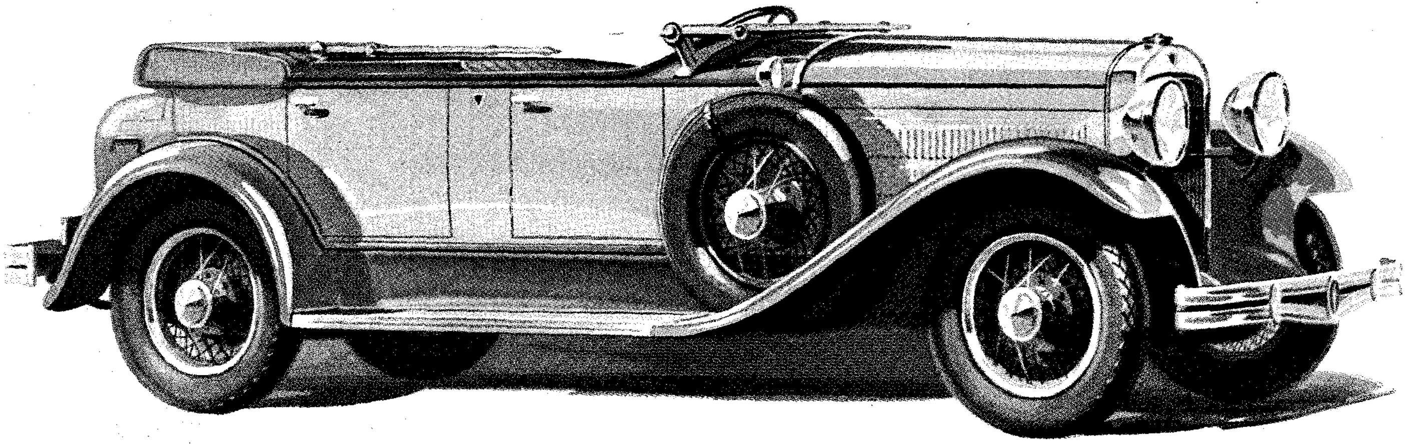
I, like a saved soul
In jewelled raiment—

(Stir not an eyelid,
Stir not a hand!)—

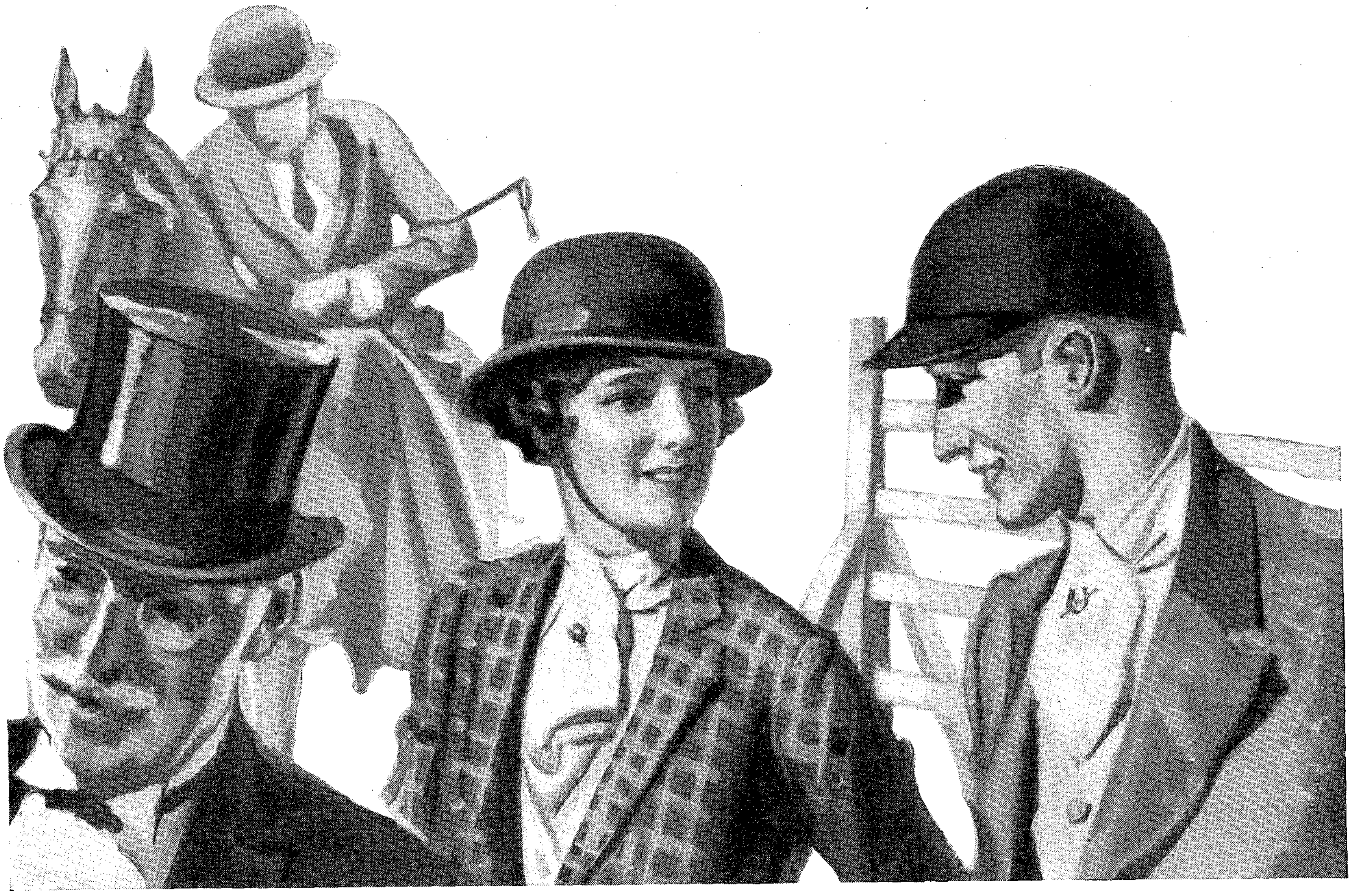
Yucatan—
and Cadiz—
and golden Samarkand!



THE GREATER



The Greater Hudson Five-Passenger Sport Phaeton
92 Horsepower—above 80 miles an hour



HUDSON

Pride of ownership..the highest award

All motordom joins in awarding first place to the Greater Hudson, but of special significance is the way Super-Six owners everywhere lead the acclaim.

Never before was this pride of ownership so pronounced and so deserved. Thousands upon thousands, fresh from examining and driving the latest cars of the day, declare the Greater Hudson the supreme performer of their experience.

They compare its beauty, luxury and *finesse* in body detail only with the costliest cars. Throughout its brilliant performance range there is effortless ease. There is no motor labor—no sense of the mechanical. And its riding ease, they declare, is scarcely conscious of the road, whether in city travel or fast going over country highways.

64 improvements include

There are 64 improvements in the Greater Hudson and standard equipment includes: 4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge on dash—radiator shutters—double action 4-wheel brakes—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium-plated.

The Greater Hudson is Furnished in Fourteen Body Types on Two Chassis Lengths

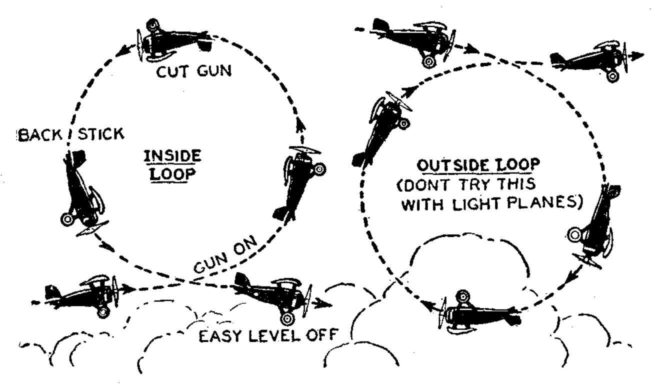
$1095 AND UP... AT FACTORY

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

STUNT-FLYING, TOLD IN AVIATION SLANG

PILOT GENE SHANK, who once held the loop-the-loop record, tells in *Modern Mechanics* (Minneapolis, April) how to perform all kinds of aerial "stunts," and tells it in the peculiar "argot" affected by aviators, which now almost rivals the verbal technique of baseball. Writes the pilot:

"First let's take a look at the different tricks of air acrobatics. I'll tell you about the loop, the Immelman, the history of each, and what they are good for. Then we can slide along and see how they are done.



THE INSIDE LOOP

Is a common tho thrilling stunt and safe if gently maneuvered. The outside loop is extremely difficult and only a few dare it.

"To begin with, let's look at the loop. I can speak with a little authority on this, because I set the first real honest-to-goodness quantity-measure loop-the-loop record last year. Went up one afternoon in a Waco nine, OX5 motor, and slid around the inside of the barrel till I ran out of gas. Bein' which condition of the motor, I decided not to loop any more, and came down. About 561 times—that's what they told me. I lost count.

"This looping stunt isn't difficult after you get used to it. It is a good war-time and military maneuver, and holds the crowds breathless at county fairs. I guess they figure you will spill out and get badly scattered as you go over the top. But loops to the fellow who is doin' 'em are pretty much like straight flying. The world seems to go around and around crazy-like, while you just bat along as tho you were pretty much flying straight away.

"To loop, the ship is dived to gain speed. At the same time it is dived, the motor is cut so that it does not speed up measurably. Then, as the stick is pulled slowly way back, the motor is gunned wide out. When the world is standing upside down, the gun is cut to little better than idling speed. The stick is straightened up a bit, so that when she regains diving speed you will have something left to pull her back with.

"The main idea is to keep the wings level and the ship looping in a true circle instead of as along a screw thread.

"Not so hard.

"The outside loop is an angel-maker if there ever was one. I have seen fellows try to do it, and I have tried it myself, but you can't try it with a ship which is very stable like a Waco or a Jenny or a Standard. For one thing, the normal wing-loadings are reversed. You throw all the stress on the landing-wires, which are only single. The only thing which will throw you around the loop is speed and plenty of it. Given speed and only one set of wires to carry a reversed load, and the wings of most ships would be near the cashing-in point. Stay away from the outside loop until you own a Curtiss Hawk, or something with non-bustable fighting wings on her. Then, with plenty of nerve, and about 2,000 air-hours' skill behind you, you might get by with it.

"Now for the Immelman turn.

"Old man Immelman was a German ace, who preceded most of the now-famous flyers. How he came to invent his Immelman turn, which is now being sadly corrupted by calling it a wing-over turn, is hard to imagine. I doubt if he deliberately invented it. He probably got caught in a hot-box during some engagement, and found he had to go some place in one sweet heck of a hurry or get peppered.

"It is the turning maneuver par excellence, and was used to fool the enemy by a quick reversal of direction.

"It is started by a slight dive, when the engine is throttled so it will not speed up much. Then it is gunned for all it is worth, and the ship slowly jerked into the first half of a loop. Doesn't matter which way the ship is rolled over, but if you roll it the opposite way the prop is turning, it will come over quicker. The trick is to get her right side up while you have flying speed, just before she stalls upside down. To do this, you will have to start sticking her over when you are about one-third up the loop, so she will be rightside up with care when the burble point is reached—which it shouldn't be. That is, the burble point, or a stall, should never happen, or come to pass. The ship should sort of spiral up the half of the loop, coming out at the top half in normal flying position, going the other way from what it was when the turn started.

"However, you ain't seen nothin' till you've 'bar'l rolled.' That's a trick for the books!

"The roll is started when you have gained plenty of flying speed in a gentle glide with the motor all out. The wing is flipped over and kept that way. Then the rest of the trick lies in keeping the ship in the line of flight. The tendency will be for the tail to whip, and you will have to diddle the rudder and the elevator to keep the old mill banging along a direct path.

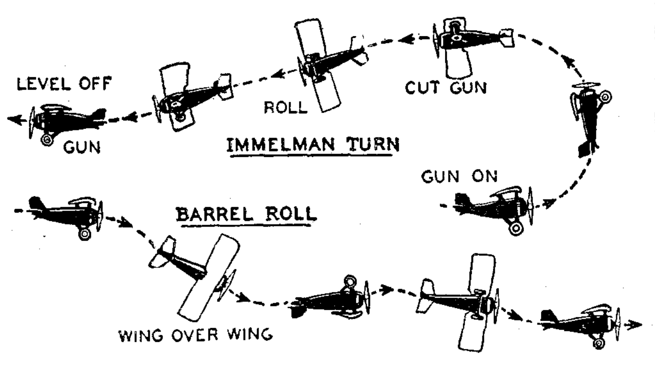
"A variation of the roll is the falling leaf, so called because that's what it looks like to observers on the ground. The ship is sort of stalled, and as it falls, the wings are whipt from side to side, first up and then up on the other side, with the line of flight normal. It is like the barrel roll, except that the roll is never completed. The plane swings back and forth like a crazy pendulum.

"Then there is the ordinary zoom, the stall, and the nose dive, side slip, and tail spin yet to cover.

"All but the last are simple as pie. The zoom is merely a sort of a hedge hop. You use up the excess speed and energy stored up from a dive to kite the old wagon skywards again. Only don't make the mistake of trying it too fast too near the ground. Early in the Pulitzer series of races an Army captain dove for the starting line, planning to jerk the ship out of the dive and scuttle along with screaming speed for the finish line.

"He got fooled. The wings bit all the air they could chew—they carried their maximum load and held, but the plane was a powerful, heavy one, and small. The wings slid through the air, carrying full load, which was not enough to stop all the energy which had been stored by the dive.

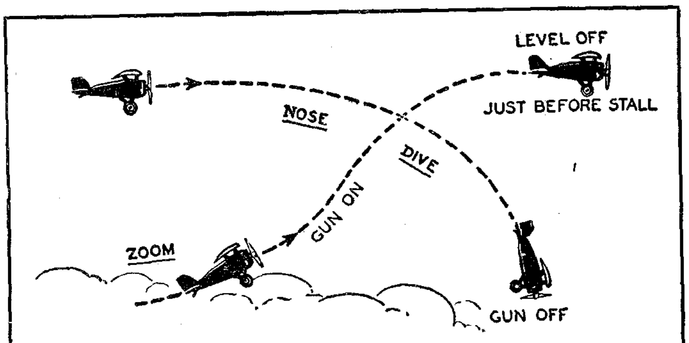
"The result was blotto for the captain. A few minutes later he was flatter than a pancake stept on, and his friends were picking him up on blotting paper. If that had happened higher up, the speed would have been finally damped out, the wings would have caught hold and, instead of churning through solid air to the ground, helpless and hapless, the captain would probably be flying to-day, like all careful pilots are.



THE IMMELMAN TURN

Or wing-over turn, was a war-time maneuver and is about the prettiest of all stunts. The ship is half looped, rolled at the top, and leveled off with a slight dive—gun wide out.

"Nose dive? Nothin' to it! These ten-thousand-foot dives



A "ZOOM"

Is a sharp climb—almost a dive upwards. Excess speed is gathered in a dive and the plane is zoomed to the stalling point. Motor should be cut in a dive. Don't try it too fast too near the ground.

with power full on were myths of the war. The ship couldn't have been pulled out of such a dive, for the flying wires would have pulled through the flimsy spars that war-time ships were powered with. But there's no pilotin' needed in a nose dive, except to pull her out of it gently, and to throttle the engine so it won't throw a con rod or the prop.

"Side slip? Best little altitude killer known when coming in for a landing. Nose dives are faster, but they give you speed which you can't kill, and you are apt to over shoot the field.

"Tail spins are a subject in themselves.

"Tail-spinning has often been called nose-spinning, which is really more accurate, but as in the case of the Immelman, usage has leaned to the descriptive side rather than to the accurate technical side.

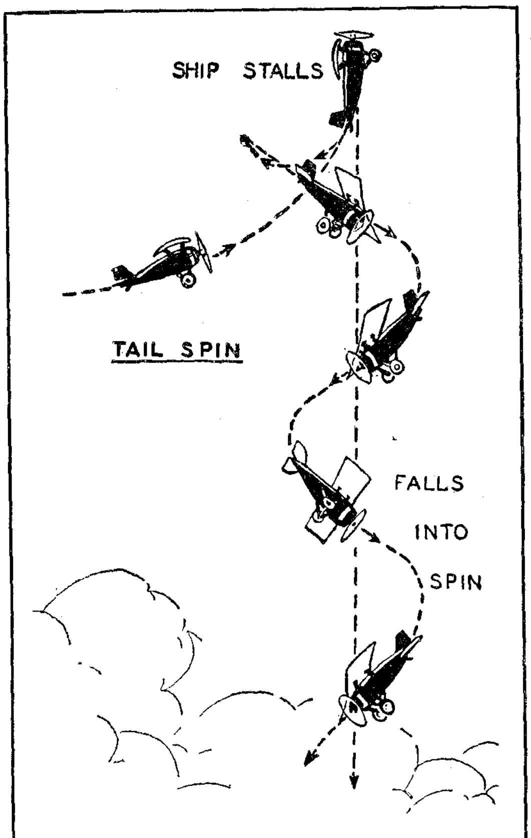
"Tail-spinning is safe enough if done at great height, and is decidedly the quickest way of losing altitude without gaining too much speed. It requires very great skill, but there is much confusion between nose-spinning and 'spiral dives.'

"Tail-spinning is primarily a rotation on an axis, not in line with the body, but passing through the nose, merely because the side pressure at the front is the air force causing the spin. But this movement is quite distinct from a corkscrew twisting of the airplane on its own axis, due merely to rolling the wings end over end.

"Some ships will go into a spin just after a stall with the engine on, and will come out by shutting off the engine.

"A dangerous feature of spinning comes in where there is too much side-fin surface in front of the center of gravity, as this stiffens the airplane, making it harder to get out. As a rule, ships with long tails will come out of a spin easily. Short ships spin readily.

"As a matter of fact, tho, the airplane can be brought out of the spin or any of these positions by merely bringing all controls to neutral, and just holding them there courageously for a definite time. Then, by pushing forward into a diving position, and holding them there for a length of time to regain air control on the flaps, the ship can be flown out of her predicament."



THE TAIL SPIN

Often called the spinning nose dive. The ship falls flatly, rotating about its center of gravity. Set controls at neutral, or counter rubber.

FIGHTING TERMITES WITH CALOMEL—Tactics employed successfully in Mexico against these pests are described as follows in a letter to THE DIGEST by W. L. Pierce, an attorney of Ventura, California. He writes:

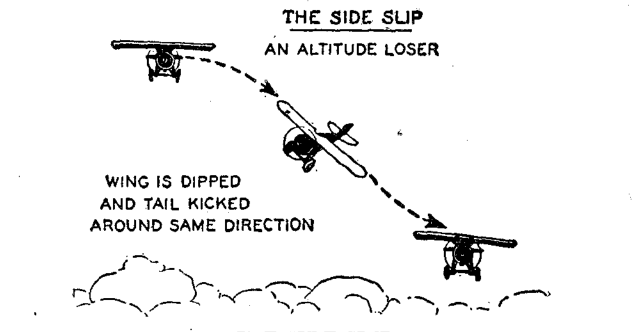
"I used to live in the Canton of Minatitlan, State of Vera Cruz, Mexico. We for a time were greatly troubled with these pests. They would tunnel through nearly all kinds of wood, and when they came to something they could not bore through, they would build tunnels around and by, until they came to something they could penetrate. We had there two kinds of timber they could not or did not tunnel. One was called by the natives 'Packey.' It was a very heavy, solid wood; would sink in water. Another kind was similar to oak, but I can not remember what it was called. A man whom I employed in building a narrow-gage railroad on the plantation, also something of a naturalist, informed me that by making a small opening in one of the outside tunnels, tamping in a small quantity of calomel, and then closing the aperture with gummed paper, the ants would eat the calomel, die, other ants would eat the dead, and so on *ad infinitum*. I procured the calomel, and he administered it in that manner. It worked completely. We thus destroyed every colony that appeared."

RESTLESS BABIES

LACK OF NERVOUS BALANCE is often the cause of restlessness in young children, and is relieved by direct treatment of the nerves, according to a recent authority. This condition, we discover, may be more serious than it seems because of its effect on the future well-being of the individual. Says *The British Medical Journal* (London):

"A restless baby may be suffering from indigestion or from an unfastened safety-pin, and such common causes are generally first considered. At the annual meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. Hyman S. Lippman considered restlessness in a much more scientific manner. Restlessness is one of the symptoms of the baby who is 'hyperactive, fussy, and restless.'

"The cause is not known, but it appears that modern views favor either 'congenital imbalance of the autonomic nervous system' or some unsettling factor in the post-natal environment, such as feeding or the emotional attitudes of the parents. Lippman has studied a group of sixty-three infants with an average age of seven weeks. In this group the gain in weight was less than in normal children; and restlessness and crying occurred in 82 per cent. during the day and in 51 per cent. during the night. Various measures were tried, including change of diet, complementary feedings, temporary removal from the breast, holding the infant over the shoulder to relieve air-swallowing, and keeping the infant in a quiet, darkened room away from visitors. Fifty-nine of the experimental group were then given atropin, and in forty-four of the infants definite improvement was noted. Five infants were relieved within two or three days, but in most instances it was necessary to give the drug for a week at least. Eleven failed to show any improvement, and in these it was believed that other factors were present, of which the most important was air-swallowing due to restlessness while at the breast. Lippman points out that restlessness in infancy often leads to emotional difficulties in the older child, and he stresses the importance of the correct balance of the autonomic nervous system from the earliest days of life."

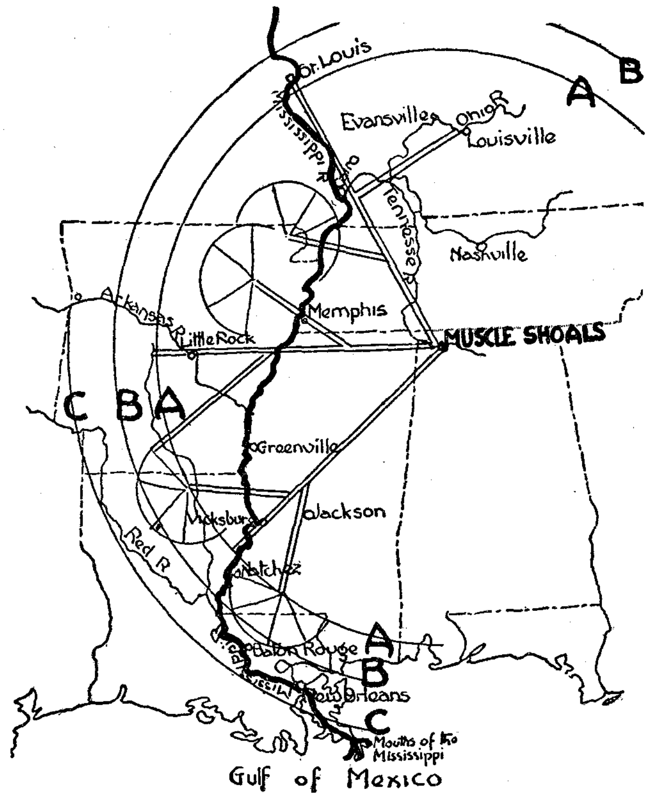


THE SIDE SLIP

Is a favorite as an altitude loser because it is easily recovered from and will drop a ship quickly.

HARNESSING MUSCLE SHOALS TO THE MISSISSIPPI

WHAT SHALL WE DO with Muscle Shoals power? How shall we stop the Mississippi floods? Two big problems taken separately; but considered together they are no problem at all. Each helps to solve the other. So, at least, believes Walter B. Pitkin, who proposes, in an article entitled "Putting Old Man River to Work," contributed to *The Survey Graphic* (New York), to set the power generated at Muscle Shoals to dredging the Mississippi and building levees, perhaps even to digging a straight canal from the Gulf to St. Louis, transforming that inland city into a seaport. All this could be done, Mr. Pitkin avers, without spending more than the sum already appropriated by Congress for flood-relief alone. We quote the essential features of Mr. Pitkin's plan. He writes:



HITCHING MUSCLE SHOALS TO THE MISSISSIPPI

Transmission lines from Wilson Dam would reach practically the whole flood area within a radius of 300 miles. This is shown on the map by the curving line A-A, running from Mobile, which is outside the valley, to a point a little north of Natchez, thence through Monroe, Louisiana, onward to a point some 30 miles west of Little Rock, Arkansas, and northward in a long sweep to within 10 miles of St. Louis. At the northeast, it passes through Louisville. With transformers, the power can be delivered effectively some 40 or 50 miles further, as shown by the arc B-B, which skirts the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, barely misses Baton Rouge, and includes all of the flood regions of Arkansas that do not fall within the 300-mile zone.

"I propose that the Federal Government and the States of the lower Mississippi Valley combine in a project to run 220,000-volt power lines from Muscle Shoals to the entire section of the flood areas lying within three hundred miles of Wilson Dam. I propose that the power be used to operate electric dredges and scrapers and graders, for digging new channels, raising levees, and cutting drainage ditches wherever needed.

"The Mississippi is a geological fact. But, fortunately, so are Muscle Shoals. One will last as long as the other.

"How much power can Muscle Shoals hurl against Old Man River in the course of half a century? And what can engineers do with that power?

"Leaving wholly out of our reckoning the 450,000,000 kilowatt hours, which are available only during the twenty-five days of peak flood every year, we find that about 2,920,000,000 kilowatt hours will flow from this titanic source. Consider first its cash value.

"The Army engineers have reported on the operations of their Mississippi hydraulic dredges operated by steam from small portable boilers. The cost, as admitted by all engineers, runs between six and eight cents per cubic yard of earth removed.

"Here then is the absurdity. Our Army officials sell Muscle Shoals power to the Alabama Power Company for two mills per kilowatt hour, and then buy steam-power for dredging the Mississippi at six to eight cents per kilowatt hour. If we delivered our own Muscle Shoals power to ourselves along the Mississippi River, at a cost of not over four mills per kilowatt hour, we would be saving $26,000 per million cubic yards of earth dredged. On the single job of raising the levees, as planned under General Jadwin's program, this would mean a saving of $914,000 in power costs, using the present sizes of machines; nearly $1,750,000, were we to adopt super-dredges and super-scrapers.

"How much power can reach the job, and what can it do there? The vast bulk of the flood-control work will be done within 250 miles of Wilson Dam, much within 125 miles. So take as the average transmission and transformer losses for the entire region about 12 or 13 per cent., which means that Muscle Shoals can hurl against Old Man River some 2,500,000,000 kilowatt hours every twelve months. That is, this energy will reach the dredges, ditchers, and scrapers. And, if we wish, it will reach them for ten, fifty, or a hundred years; and the longer we spend it there, the more we shall get for our money. For, as the channels improve, so will the conditions of work.

"Now, just what will these inconceivably vast energies accomplish? They will utterly conquer the Lower Mississippi from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico. They will utterly conquer the Ohio, as far up as West Virginia. Let us see how.

"If all the available power from Muscle Shoals were to be used exclusively in dredging with the equipment I shall soon describe to you, our engineers would take out of the river channels and near-by lowlands 2,500,000,000 cubic yards of soil every twelve months! They would dig a Panama Canal once every forty days. Two immense projects can be and probably ought to be integrated. One is flood control, the other is a deep waterway from St. Louis to the Gulf. These projects interlock and must be treated as one.

"Suppose that, after our dredges had dug the canals with their levees, they were put to work making a single airline channel from St. Louis to—let us say—South West Pass, on the Gulf of Mexico. Suppose the dredges had to attack the dry land and chew straight through it. They would remove 3,333,333 cubic yards per mile. This would cut a channel 600 feet wide and 21 feet deep; or one 600 feet wide and more than 28 feet deep. All save the very largest ocean steamers could then dock at St. Louis. And, theoretically, this canal could be dug in one year! In practise, of course, it would surely spread over several years.

"One more hypothetical procedure. Suppose the power were all used to deepen and widen the major rivers, and to build up their levees to such a height that no flood could even approach their tops. Suppose that the dredging be confined to the 3,000 miles of navigable water in the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, White, Arkansas, and Red rivers, where there now are eight or more feet of water in the channels. Channels 1,000 feet wide could be deepened an average of four feet three inches. Their levees could be raised twenty-one feet above present levels, and made 200 feet thick. No drainage engineer believes this should be done. Many considerations make it unsound. I describe it merely to illustrate the power of Muscle Shoals."

Congress has voted $325,000,000 for flood control alone. Suppose we were to use it for our threefold project, what could be done with it? This, says Mr. Pitkin:

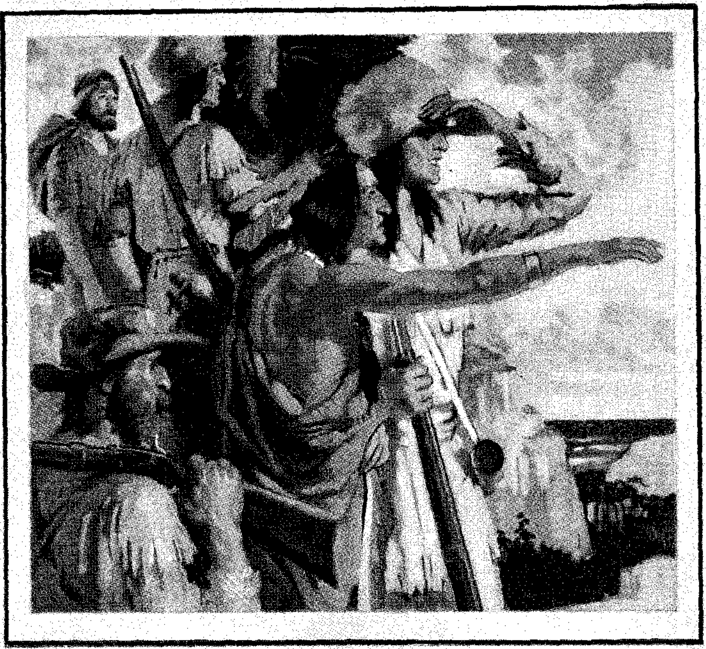
"Make whatever allowance seems right for surveys and other minor costs, and you will find that the balance remaining in the present flood-control appropriation will pay for five, six, or perhaps even seven years of electrical dredging, ditching, and grading, twenty-four hours daily.

"What would six years do? Well, we might have six deep waterways paralleling the Mississippi from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico, each of twenty-eight-foot draft and accommodating ocean-going steamers. Or, if that seems foolish, we might open up 6,000 miles of the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, and White rivers into immense oceanic waterways, up which almost any Atlantic liner might steam. Or, if that is unsound, we might dig 150,000 miles of drainage canals and levees, converting the entire Mississippi Valley into a super-Holland, with little barge canals instead of streets, and motor-boats buzzing everywhere as taxicabs; a land worth five times as much per acre as it now is, and ideally adapted to the large-scale farming and forestry of the future.

"In a word, six years of such relentless digging, with all of Muscle Shoals driving away, would accomplish more than the most radical dreamers of projects have as yet dared to suggest, still less to prophesy. And all on an outlay for equipment much less than the Control Board proposes to spend for new revetments alone!"

PACKARD

Packard has pioneered as boldly in modern industry as earlier Americans in opening a western empire to progress



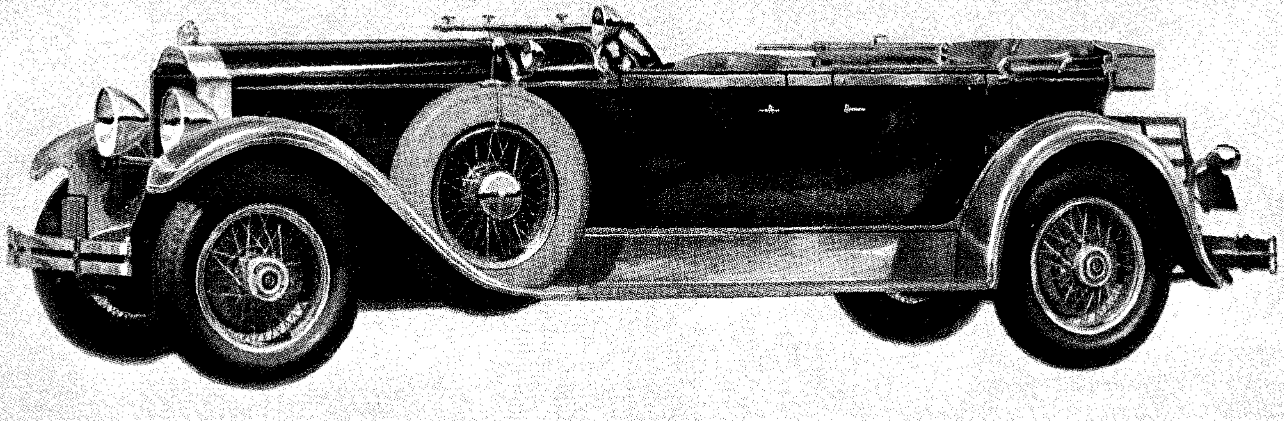
Packard has ever looked beyond the boundaries of accepted practice to new horizons. A policy of pioneering research, established thirty years ago, has guided not only designing engineers, but those charged with the development of Packard manufacturing methods.

Packard technicians have provided the specialized tools and machines, the new steels and the advanced processes for fabricating materials, which translate the original creative engineering into practical usefulness.

Packard engineers have refined and improved the famous straight-eight motor, with its nine-bearing crankshaft. They have perfected the new and unique Packard Shock Absorbing System. And Packard designers have enriched the fundamental beauty and distinction of Packard bodies.

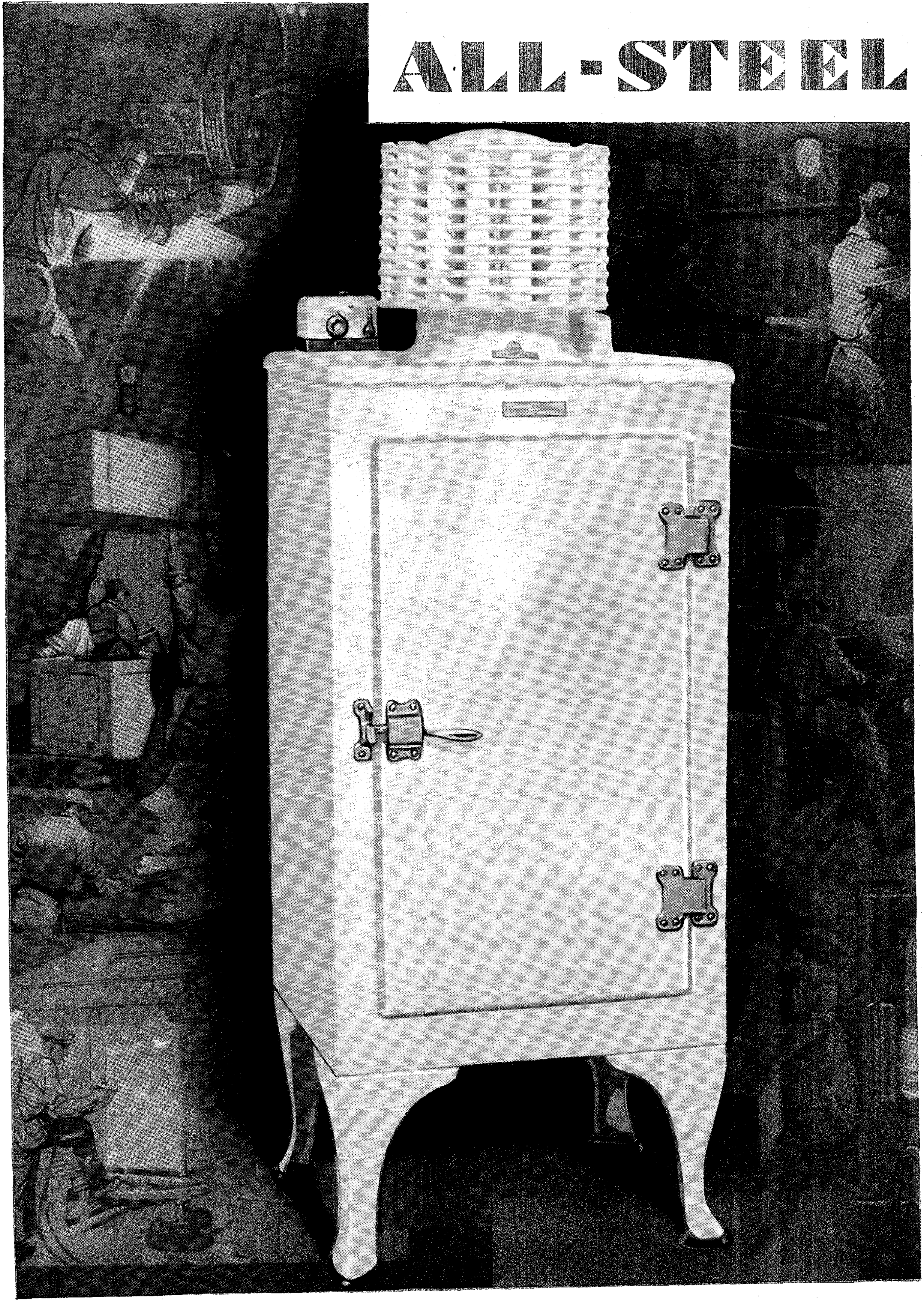
The latest refinements and improvements which have added to Packard's supremacy in the fine car field are the natural result of a spirit never satisfied and an intent ever to excel.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



General Electric

ALL-STEEL



DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

presents the first REFRIGERATOR . .

A new small-family model at the very low price of

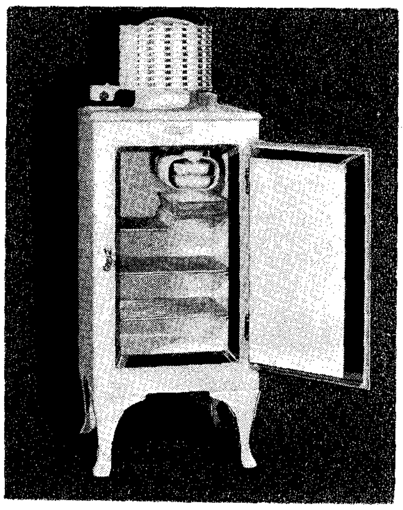
$215

ANOTHER chapter has been added to the achievements of the engineers and scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratories. The same group of men who, after fifteen years of painstaking endeavor, perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator, have now designed and built the first all-steel refrigerator cabinet. ℚ This achievement marks the greatest improvement made during the past thirty years, in the design and construction of household cabinets. It means that new and even greater value has been built into the already unrivaled General Electric Refrigerator.

MASS PRODUCTION CUTS THE COST . . After the engineers of General Electric had perfected the design of this all-steel refrigerator, there remained for the manufacturing experts an equally important and difficult task. They had to design and build the giant presses which were to cut the steel, bend it into shape and weld together the folded forms. ℚ General Electric has made a large investment in new machinery. But it has achieved its purpose. Its aim was, by mass production, to build the best refrigerator ever produced and offer it to the small families of America at a price easily within their reach. Never before has it been possible to build a single refrigerator model in such quantities or by such efficient, economical methods.

$215—WITH CONVENIENTLY SPACED PAYMENTS . . Proper refrigeration of perishable food is vital to the health of the nation. The new all-steel General Electric makes such refrigeration possible for every home. Its price is remarkably low—$215 f.o.b. factory. Only a small down payment is required. The balance can conveniently be paid over a period of time. Just a few dollars a month will do it.

FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING MARCH 22nd. The only way to appreciate the durability and the beauty of this refrigerator is to see it. You will then readily understand why General Electric announces it so proudly and why it has been called "the refrigerator of the future." It will be on display by dealers everywhere on and after Friday, March 22nd. Be sure to be among the first to see it. Write for an interesting descriptive booklet to Section D-3 Electric Refrigeration Department of the General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.



All steel, with electrically welded joints. Heavy hardware, bolted into the steel. Black faced door edges, self-closing latch, gliders to protect linoleum . . . . and many other unique features.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

WORLD'S GREATEST SEDAN VALUES!

GREATER BEAUTY ✓ LARGER BODIES

WITH ALL their many improvements, the new Superior Whippet Four and Six Sedans are still notable for their startling low prices. They hold their place as the world's leading values in four-door enclosed cars.

Longer bodies, graceful lines, rich, distinctive colors, higher radiator and hood, sweeping one-piece full crown fenders and perfection of detail mark the new Superior Whippet as the style authority created by master designers.

As the mechanical triumph of leading engineers, the new Superior Whippet possesses the important advantages of silent timing chain, full force-feed lubrication, aluminum alloy invar-strut pistons, remarkable new "Finger-Tip Control"—and, in the Six, a seven-bearing crankshaft. Long service will prove Whippet's dependability and economy of operation.

"Finger-Tip Control"

—a single button, in center of steering wheel, starts the motor, operates lights and sounds horn.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WHIPPET 4-SEDAN

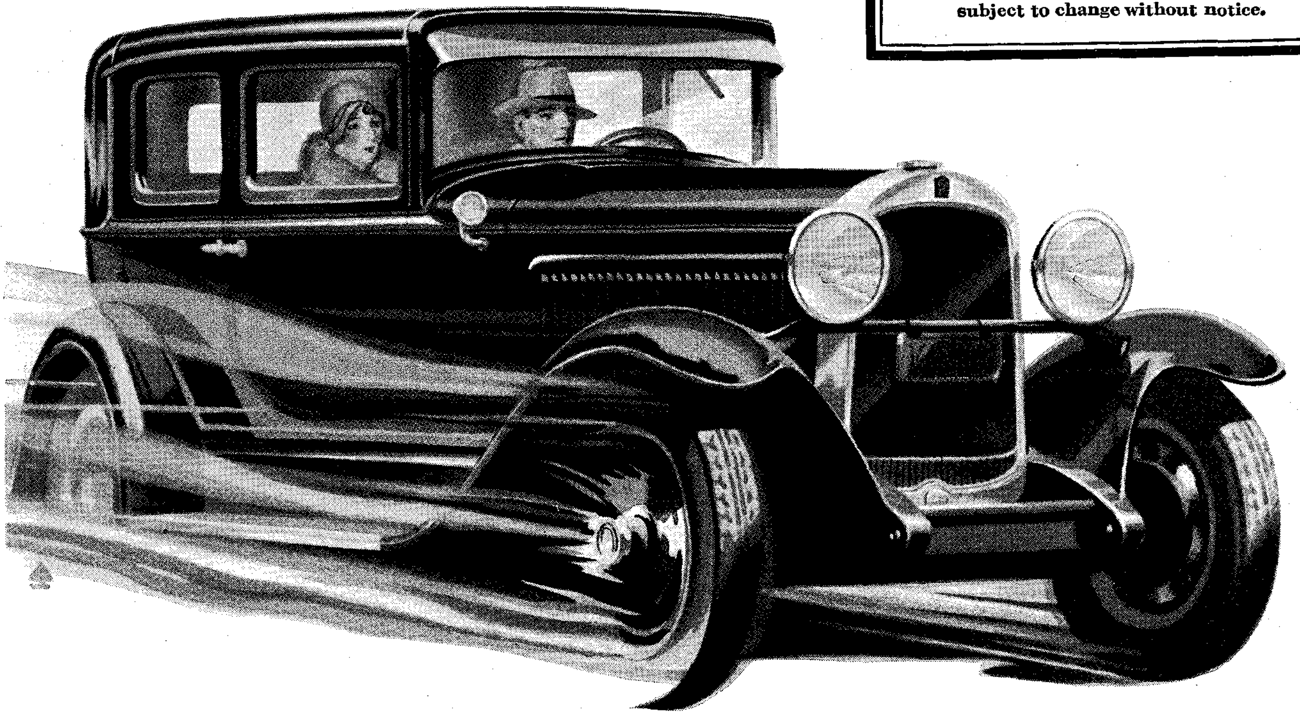
$595

Four-cylinder Coach $535; Coupe $535; Roadster $485; Touring $475; Commercial Chassis $365.

WHIPPET 6-SEDAN
7-Bearing Crankshaft

$760

Six-cylinder Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.



NEW SUPERIOR Whippet FOURS and SIXES

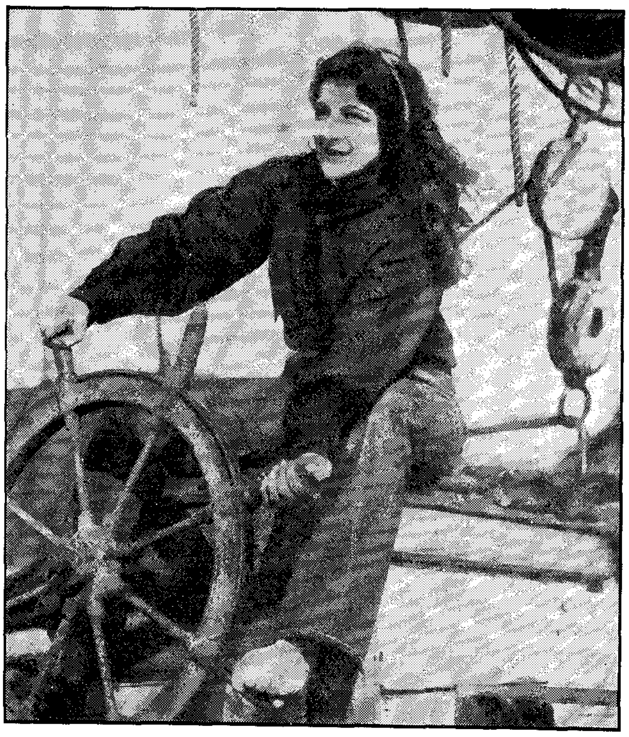
PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

"AND THE SKIPPER HAD TAKEN HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER"

THE EYES OF OLD "STITCHES," the sailmaker, nearly popped out with joy as the head and shoulders of the little girl appeared above the deck railing. A minute later she was over and standing on the deck of the *Minnie A. Caine*, a four-masted, windjammer-rigged schooner lying in San Francisco harbor.

"I knowed the Old Man wouldn't let you stay ashore. I knew he'd bring you back," "Stitches" repeated over and over like a chant.

"He didn't bring me back. I ran away." She did not ask "Stitches" not to tell, but he aided her stowaway plot, and hid her in the lazarette in a bed of old canvas. The Jap cook brought her bread and soup. There little Joan Lowell stayed all day, we read in "The Cradle of the Deep" (Simon and Schuster), an account of the years Miss Lowell spent in the South Seas on her father's trading vessel, emulating the little sunshine of the schooner *Hesperus*.



"AND THE WHEEL'S KICK, AND THE WIND'S SONG, AND THE WHITE SAIL'S SHAKING"

Joan Lowell knows it all, from the standpoint of an able-bodied mariner, so she had no trouble in posing as above on a schooner in New Orleans harbor, to please her publishers, Simon & Schuster.

But at 6 o'clock she heard a well-known and angry voice. "I'll break every one of your necks if you don't tell me where she is." Joan heard the crew stalling. Evidently her project of running back to sea was not working out so well. "I know she came back here. She wouldn't go no place else, so out with it. Where is she hiding?" Joan heard her friends of the crew denying her presence on board; and then she heard a scuffle. Her father, the captain, was beating the information out with his hard fists. So she climbed out on deck to face an angry parent.

"What's the idea?" he yelled at her, but she felt that he was less angry than he tried to appear.

"If I let you give me a good licking, can I stay?" she bargained. She got the whipping with the rope's end, but her father took her back to the family home in Berkeley.

Altho her attempt to go back to sea by running away was thwarted, Joan did go back within the next few days, and with her parents' permission, for her father realized how lonely he would be without her on the ship, and her mother saw how unhappy she would be on land.

Joan's father had taken her to sea with him when she was a year old. The eleventh child born in her family, she was weakly, and her father believed that the ocean would make her "the pick of the puppies." At least, she concedes, she became the huskiest. But as she began to grow up, her father decided that she should go back to shore, to their home in Berkeley, California. She was unhappy there, however, for reasons which we shall see later, so unhappy that she even tried to run away to her beloved ship. She stayed after that until she was seventeen.

"The Cradle of the Deep" is the story of her life at sea. The ship was her nursery, a flour-bag her first night-dress, a canvas hammock her bunk, and the ship's sailmaker, old "Stitches," whom we have already met, her nurse. She was reared on milk from a Norfolk Island goat, traded for some dried apricots and an old alarm clock. When she was six she jumped into the ocean to capture a sea-horse. She saw cannibals, and mastered fourteen South Sea dialects. She learned about sex by dissecting a female shark. Six years ago she came back to shore, and since that she has been a stenographer, a waitress, a switchboard girl, nurse, garage worker. She acted with Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," and became a stock-company star. She is now acting in New Orleans, and is the wife of Thompson Buchanan, the playwright and director.

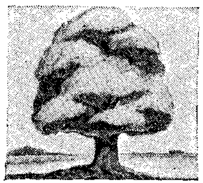
Joan experienced all the delights and perils of life at sea. She went through white squalls with a shanghaied crew, as she tells us in one of the most exciting chapters of her story. This was after her father's unsuccessful attempt to accustom her to life on land. In her first sentences she splurges almost into the heart of her tale:

> We set sail for the Gilbert Islands with a load of trading articles to exchange for pearl shell. In our crew were just three old members: Bulgar, the Swede, and Axel Oleson. The remaining men were shipped aboard at Sydney.
>
> There was a labor strike on in Sydney at the time, and to find a crew of non-union men willing to ship for the voyage was impossible. Father was up against it, but a crew he had to have, and he was never a man to be balked by seeming impossibilities.
>
> Now there is a wide-spread belief that "shanghaiing" as a common practise flourishes only in the stories of Jack London, Conrad, and other writers of sea tales, but deep-sea captains and sailors know better. So father in his difficulty sought out a "sailors' runner," a ratty-faced little crimp familiar with the waterfront, and made his deal—five pounds a head for a crew.
>
> "I'll want them aboard ship by five o'clock flood tide. I'm goin' to sail to-night without waitin' for any pilot and tugboat," he said to the crimp, and returned to the vessel.
>
> About four-thirty that afternoon a launch sputtered alongside, and the mate and two sailors lowered a Jacob's ladder, over the side. The man on the launch yelled up at them:
>
> "Put over a cargo boom. These beggars won't come to until you hit the Equator."
>
> I looked over the side and saw eight lumps of flesh, eight dead men, so it seemed, sprawled over the bottom of the launch like so many sacks of wet wheat. With every roll of the launch the bodies pitched from side to side in grotesque rhythm. Our men rigged up a cargo boom and tackle, and the man on the launch slipt a running bow-line around one of the limp hunks of flesh.
>
> "Take it away!" he grunted, and the sailors, with my help, pulled up the load.

(*Continued on page 42*)

THE DIFFERENCES THAT GIVE LEADERSHIP

CHRYSLER MOTORS



© 1929, Chrysler Corporation

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER "75" · CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

THESE are the *differences* which make Chrysler Motors products each far and away the head of its particular field.

First, the *difference* in *appearance.* Chrysler distinctive and individual style and beauty—in no sense a chance creation—trace directly to those canons of classic art which have come down through the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged.

Next, the *difference* in *performance.* Chrysler Motors engineers introduced more than five years ago, smoothness and speed and acceleration, which obsoleted all previous conceptions of what a motor car could and should do. Chrysler Motors performance—and that includes as well, Chrysler ease of handling and control, safety, dependability, economy and long life—out-distances all others today just as far as the first Chrysler was ahead of the cars of its time.

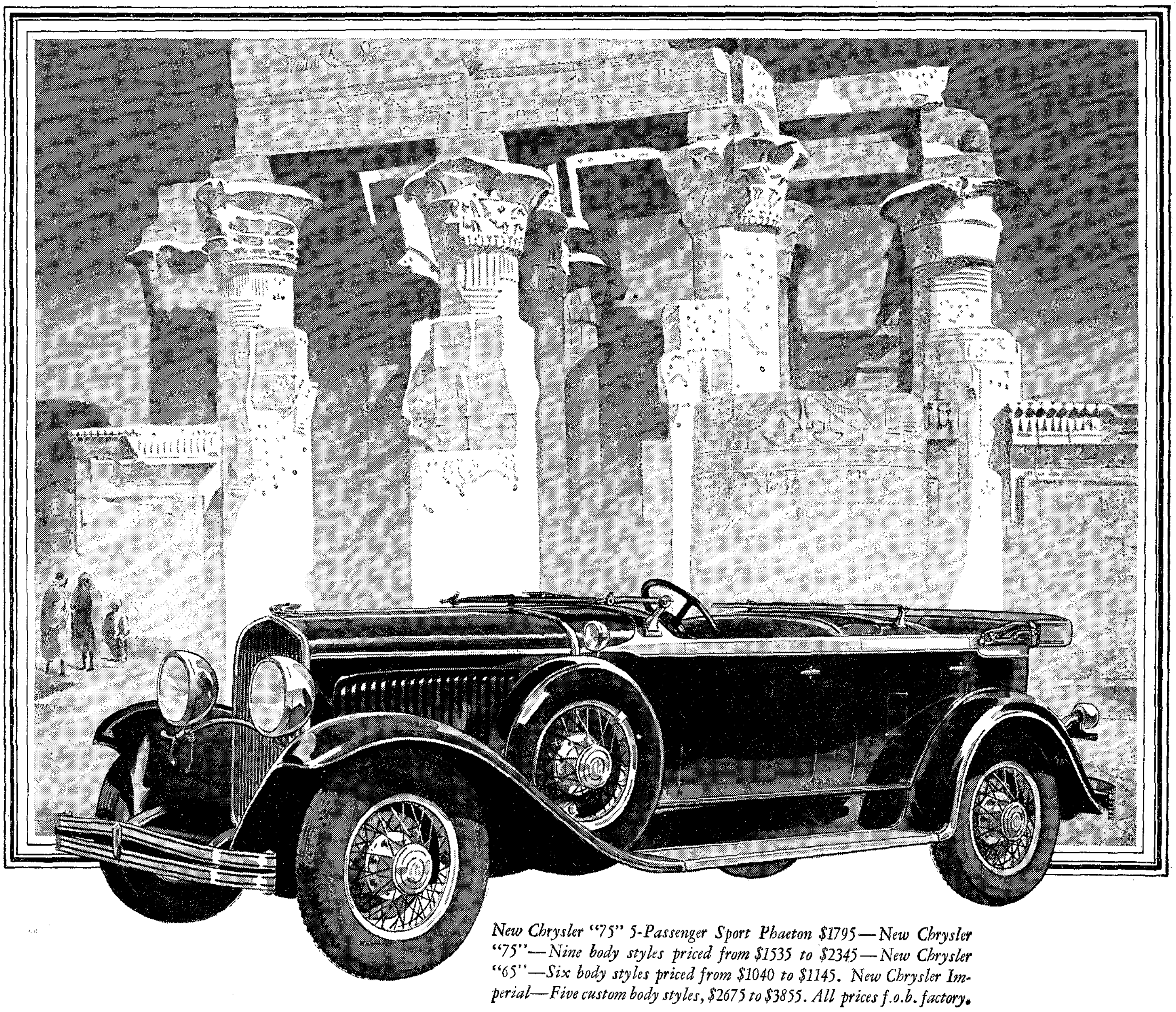
The genius of Chrysler Motors engineers, with the myriad of developments and betterments they have pioneered and perfected, maintains this leadership secure.

Further, the *difference* in *value.* The means to that end is the pooling of all the human, mechanical, manufacturing and financial resources of all the units of Chrysler Motors, under one personal head, with the one object of attaining a common standard of high quality, holding down overhead, sharing the results of research, experiment and engineering, increasing efficiency, and, *above all, giving greater value to the buyer.*

It is because Chrysler Motors cars are better-looking and greater value both in performance and in price, that public acceptance identified Chrysler Motors as the vast new economic force in the automotive industry.

The motoring world has indorsed by generous patronage Chrysler Motors accomplishment of a *better public service.*

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

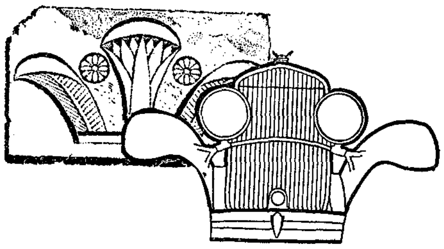


New Chrysler "75" 5-Passenger Sport Phaeton $1795—New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345—New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145. New Chrysler Imperial—Five custom body styles, $2675 to $3855. All prices f.o.b. factory.

CHRYSLER *Leads Not Alone in Style But in Safety, Ease of Handling and Value*

It is not claiming too much to say that a most significant factor in bringing to America the automobile style leadership of the world is the original mode which Chrysler introduced.

Chrysler beauty—no chance creation—but tracing from the origins of classic art, as applied by Chrysler to the modern motor car—is universally conceded to be the most striking new thing in automobile design the world has seen.



The Chrysler front elevation indicates the influence of the Egyptian lotus leaf—still found in all its pristine beauty on the ruins of the great temples at Karnak. Modified to its modern application, it is perfectly proportioned, and applied with consummate artistry in blending beauty and utility.

This new Chrysler smartness and obvious style authority thus attained have done much to make Chrysler cars so attractive to women, as well as to men. It is particularly the natural desire of women that in the appurtenances of their daily life they shall be surrounded with things that reflect the newest of new fashion.

Chrysler cars have not only this striking new style that re-styles all motor cars but a superior ease and safety of performance and handling which makes Chrysler cars in any phase of operation trouble-free and dependable.

Because of this leadership in style, safety, performance and value, Chrysler cars are today inevitably in demand by people everywhere. Chrysler invites your closest inspection and severest test.

(*Continued from page 39*)

It was a blonde, husky Scandinavian. His body landed on the deck with a dull thud.

"Is he dead?"

LAND 'HO!

Another posed photograph in which the author proves that she has not forgotten her seamanship.

The mate only looked at me contemptuously—as if anything could kill a Swede—and threw back the tackle for the next load of flesh. Over and over again they repeated that process until a row of eight bodies was on deck. The mate told me to call my father. I went below, almost sick, for I thought the men were dead. However, I was better trained in the code of the sea than to let any one see I was affected by the sight of eight men laid out like corpses on the deck of the schooner.

I brought father back with me. He reached down and picked up the foot of the first man and let it drop back with a lifeless thud on the deck.

"He'll be a good man on a halyard," he said, and passed on to the next one. He was a dirty, uncouth-looking person, so black with coal-dust that he looked negroid.

"What a mess this is to soak me five pounds for," and he passed on to the next and the next until he had felt the muscles of each one. Satisfied that he had a good load of "beef" to pull on ropes in a storm or pump ship if a leak should spring, father signaled the launch to cast off.

Turning to the mate, father said:

"Take these so and so's forrard to the fo'c's'le and lock them in, then come aft and stand by. We'll sail out to-night anyway and sign those" (indicating the unconscious sailors), "on the ship's articles when they come out of it. You, Joan, take the wheel. I'll lend a hand to set enough sail to get out of here."

I was just short of sixteen at that time, husky, and as strong as most men, and I felt myself to be as good a sailor as ever held a ship to a course. I went up on the poop deck to the helm, unleasht it and pulled with all my strength on its spokes.

"Hard over," called father, and I slowly turned the big wheel.

"Hard over" means to turn the wheel completely around. Under my hands the wheel didn't turn as quickly as it should have, and father let out a volley of curses at me that made the sky blue, but it also put vitality into me, or scared some more strength into my arms, for I pulled the helm around as the wind caught the topsails, and we glided out for the Gilbert Islands.

It was a hard week, that first one out, for the men were so drugged and beaten that they were slow in regaining consciousness. Three sailors, father, the cook and myself navigated that big schooner, which in fair weather ordinarily required sixteen men to handle. I took the helm in the daytime, the sailors stood by the fore and mainmasts and the cook tended the jibs. Father slept in his clothes.

On the fourth day out we ran into the electrical storms off Lord Howe Island. Lord Howe is a barren island off the Australian coast, around which all the fury of the China Sea, Indian Ocean and South Pacific gathers. I'll never forget it—lightning so blinding and near that it made our eyes blur with blue shadows! Thunder which rattled so loud and so close that it reverberated on the deck!

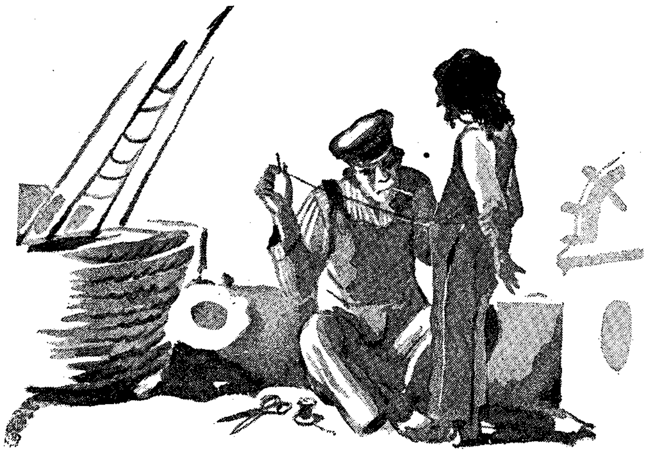
And then, right in the midst of the thunder-storm the wind suddenly veered from southeast to north-northwest and "we had to tack ship to keep from running aground," says Miss Lowell, continuing:

The mate went aloft to free a tangled block from the mizzen topsail. He had reached the crosstrees and was straddled on them to balance himself as he freed the rope from the block. The lightning rods on the tops of the mast were alive with fire—they looked like huge gas-jets aflame on the top of each spar. I was at the wheel, tied there by two ropes to keep from washing overboard in the seas that were sweeping over the poop deck. Father looked up to see if it was all clear aloft so he could let go the mizzenboom to tack over, when a streak of lightning made him cover his eyes with his hands to keep from being blinded. At the wheel I put my face down in my overalls' bib, and I guess the other men hid their eyes from the fiery onslaught of streak lightning, for not one of them saw just what happened. The mate aloft must have touched a ring bolt of steel on the mast and received the full shock! He dropt from the crosstrees to the deck, and his body was crusht into a mangled pulp by the fall. Before any one could reach the spot where he fell, a green sea swept across the deck and carried him overboard! It was too horrible—too gruesome! I crumpled inside. I don't know what would have happened to me if a sea hadn't washed over the poop and almost smothered me with water, bringing me to.

The ship was "around" or tacked, and we were trying to hold her head up to the wind and keep her out of the belly of the swells to avoid capsizing. We couldn't possibly hold out much longer, as the terrific strain had told on her strength. There seemed only one thing to be done as a last resort—revive the shanghaied sailors.

Father went into the fo'c's'le and attempted to rouse them. They only moaned and turned over and slept, or didn't move at all. It was four days later, exactly eight days from the time they were sent aboard ship that they regained consciousness. The crimp had made a good job of them. He had first drugged them and then his gang beat them to lifelessness. Of the eight only two were sailors; the others were not worth their beans at sea as a crew. One was a waiter, another a truck-driver, another a coal-passer, another a cattle-man, and still another a hopeless dope fiend. The crimp had had a hard time finding heads to make up his blood money of five pounds apiece, so he had raided a water-front saloon and made a wholesale slaughter of the available men he had found standing at the bar. All of them except the two sailors were seasick and cowardly of the storm.

With the mate dead and a bunch of landlubbers for a crew in one of the worst storms of the South Pacific, father turned into a savage. The men had to sign on the ship's articles as seamen. It is maritime law that every man voluntarily sign his own name to the articles, and in doing so, he becomes liable to obey the laws of the sea as dictated by the master of the ship. Once those men had put their signatures to the articles, father had them! They didn't want to sign, but when he invited them to sign or get off and walk, they wrote their names willingly.



From "The Cradle of the Deep." Simon & Schuster

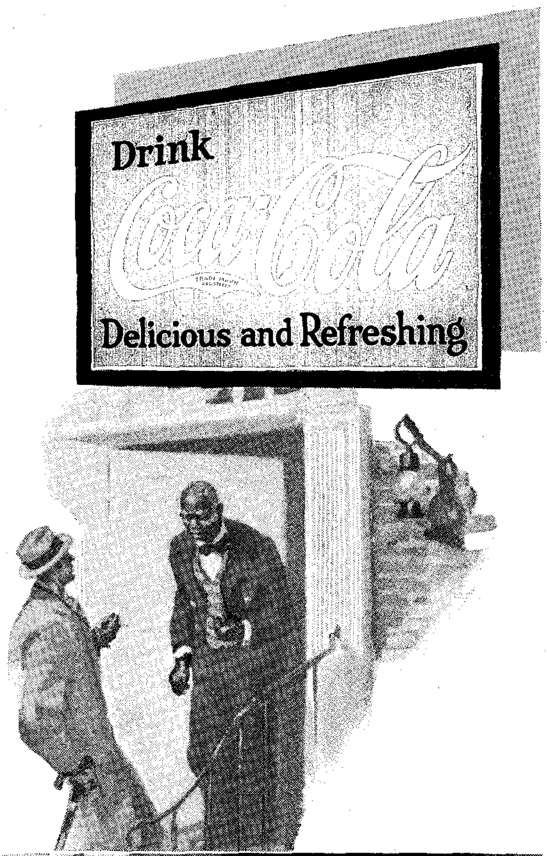
"STITCHES" DOES HIS STUFF

The old sailmaker, who was Joan's nurse on the *Minnie A. Caine*, makes some hurried repairs on the overalls that were among the sailor lass's first garments.

Immediately after signing, the coal-passer and cattle-man made the mistake of refusing to go aloft to shift the topsails in the storm. Father took his revolver and pointed it at them.

"You dirty blank so and so's, you're sailors now. Get aloft and make fast those sails, or you'll go over the side. Swimming

Enjoy refreshment and be refreshed for enjoyment



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SOME part of each day is spent in waiting, when time drags and dulls the edge of anticipation. Then is the time for a refreshing drink—to enjoy refreshment and be refreshed for enjoyment. ▼ ▼ ▼ "Refresh yourself" has come to mean "Drink Coca-Cola." That tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment have made it the one great drink. All the world knows that its natural purity and wholesomeness are protected by the highest standards of manufacture. Enjoy it at home as millions do at soda fountains. Order from your grocer and serve it ice-cold from the family ice-box.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Vacation in the land where some day you may live

CALIFORNIA*

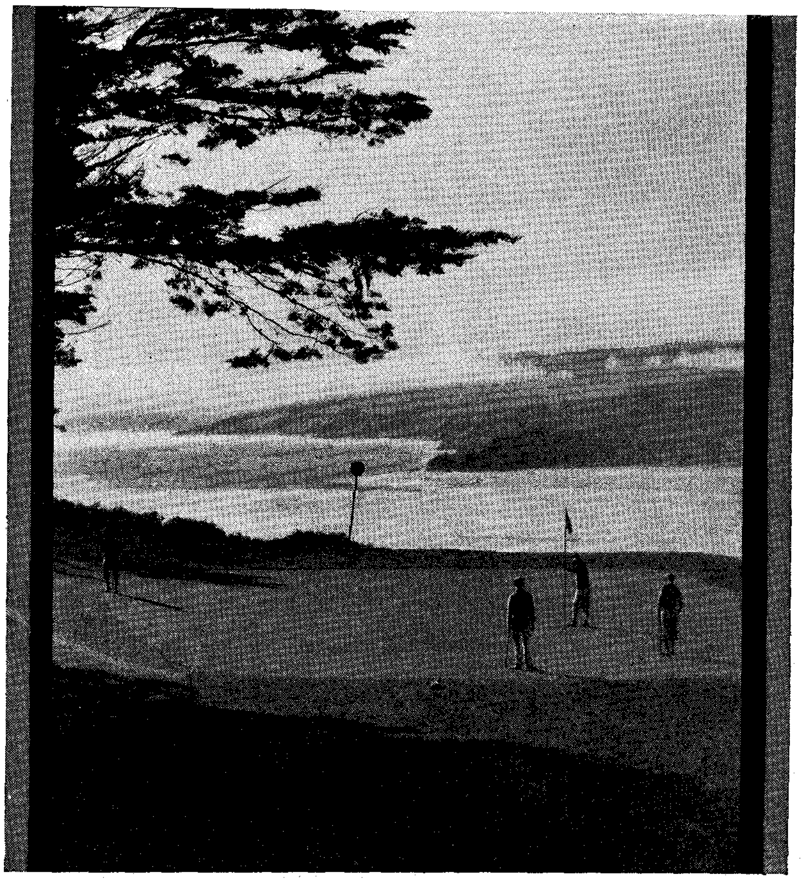
In the back of many people's mind is the thought: "Some day I would like to live in California."

In the meanwhile, why not see California? Why not make a summer trip, while the highways are gay with holiday travelers and the railroad excursion rates are low? This is a state of immense variety.

Eight hundred miles of it lies along the sea,—a distance as far as from Massachusetts to Virginia. Its two mighty mountain ranges contain streams stocked with trout; thousands of square miles of national forest for camping; five national parks. The cities, the hotels and resorts, and the radiant agricultural valleys are knit together by scenic rail lines and smooth motor highways.

Here is every climate; golf and all outdoor sports; and somewhere—who knows?—the personal business opportunity which you have dreamed about, and which may let you live permanently here "where life is better."

To make the utmost of your far western vacation, buy your ticket, book your passage, don your helmet or turn your front fenders for



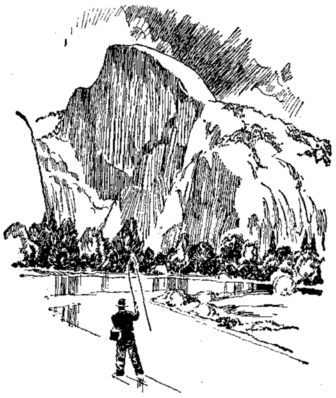
The Public golf course at Lincoln Park, San Francisco, overlooks the Golden Gate

SAN FRANCISCO

Central gateway to the whole Pacific Coast vacationland. This is America's coolest summer city (average summer temperature 59°, and no *rain*), and is one of the holiday cities of the world.

Here is the largest Chinatown outside of China, quarters where English is almost never heard, gay theatres and restaurants, picturesque hills; smart shops; summer symphonies; and two great universities offering summer courses. San Francisco is the business capital of the West.

Let Californians Inc., a non-profit organization, send you a sumptuously illustrated travel book of 32 pages, describing San Francisco's haunts and scenes, and the California vacationland. It is free.



Yosemite, famed valley playground, seven hours distant from San Francisco.

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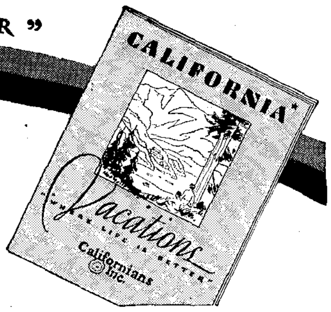
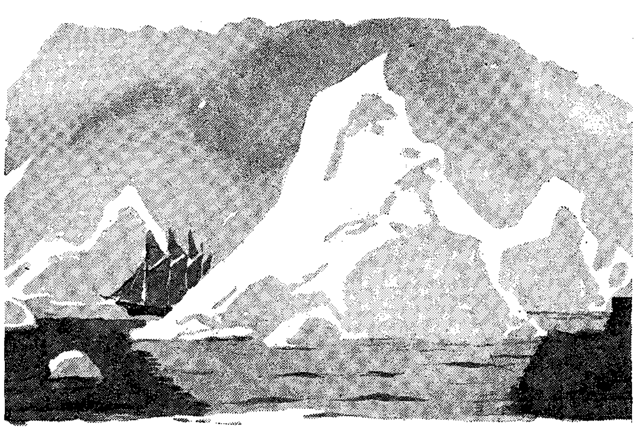


isn't crowded around here," and he pointed to the seething ocean to windward. They went aloft.

The entire trip up through the islands was like that. Father was captain, mate and part of the crew, and I was chief helmsman. The crew were unwilling prisoners, and they made life aboard a lively hell for us all.



DODGING THE PERIL OF ICE MOUNTAINS

The dauntless ship slips slyly among the Antarctic bergs and away from the menace of destruction.

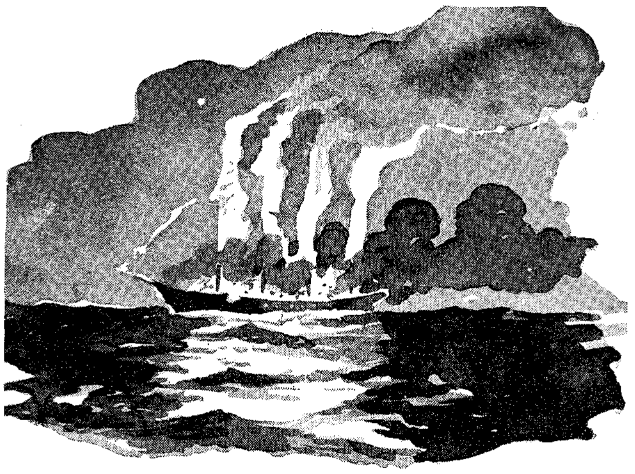
As a result of poor seamanship and adverse winds, it took us ninety-three days to reach Papua. The ship was a mass of wreckage on deck—broken pieces of booms and rigging cluttered the scuppers. There was never any time during that trip that we had an uneventful day.

The little girl, when she was first alone with the men on the ship, had to devise her own amusements. Naturally, she was lonely for other children. Of her little girlhood on the *Minnie A. Caine* we read:

Just because I was the only girl on board I was not accorded any privileges that sailors didn't get. I went without food as they did when we were on a long trip and the provisions ran short. I stood my trick at the wheel steering, pulled at the ropes when we tacked, manned the pumps when the ship sprang a leak, said "Yes, sir" to my father, and was taught to obey as a sailor obeys the master of a ship. Above all I was taught the code of the sea: never to squeal on any one, take punishment without a squawk, and be ashamed to show fear.

I had no other children to play with, no other woman-thing on board, so my playthings were sea birds, little toy ships, and a life-boat, which was made fast to the deck, and was seldom used. I would get in that life-boat and pretend to row. I measured my strokes, and counted a thousand strokes to the mile. In my life-boat, strapped to the deck, I used to row away on long picnic trips by myself to places where I would find children to play with, children like I had seen playing around the docks in port. And what games we had! The games played with those imaginary children always involved something to eat.

You see, on a sailing-ship bound on a voyage of one hundred and twenty days, the food is rationed, so many ounces per persons per day. Because I was little, my rations rated one-half of a grown sailor's share. That was probably an excellent thing for my health, but there was never a day when I couldn't have eaten four times as much—so food and playmates were my dreams of unattainable bliss. At my picnics we would set tables with piles of wonderful foods and I would eat all the things I wanted to. The only food I knew about was rough ship food, such as lentils, rice, salt beef in brine, dried fish, and dried fruits. The sailors told me about delicious vittles that people on land had for every meal—fresh juicy apples, and cakes, and chickens stuffed with raisins, and lots of sugar and real milk. Of course I thought the sailors just made up those things, so I pretended I really had them on my dream voyages. The children—and there were always thousands of them—would play with me. I had long conversations with them about pretty dresses and mothers, and living in one house for a long time, and waking up in the same place every day. I had these conversations out loud, but no one ever paid any attention to me, because the crew and father were too busy all the time to notice what I did. When my games were over I pretended the children were sorry to have me leave, and I would promise to row back the next day and play with them again. But no matter where I went, or how far, I had to count my strokes carefully, because if I made a mistake how could I ever get back to the ship? When my picnic was finished I'd climb back in the life-boat and begin carefully counting my strokes for the return voyage until I had reached the proper number and knew it was safe to disembark from my stationary life-boat to the deck of our



THE LAST OF THE *MINNIE A. CAINE*

An illustrator's conception of the fire at sea, which finally ended the ship's career and drove Joan back to land.

The perfect boss

SOME men never seem to have any trouble in keeping stenographers. They're pipe smokers, too, but they've discovered Sir Walter Raleigh, the mildest, mellowest smoke that ever came out of the South. Stoke that strong old briar with Sir Walter Raleigh, men, and not even the sniffiest steno will object to it. By the way, we line the tin with gold foil to keep Sir Walter fresh and fragrant to the last pipeful.

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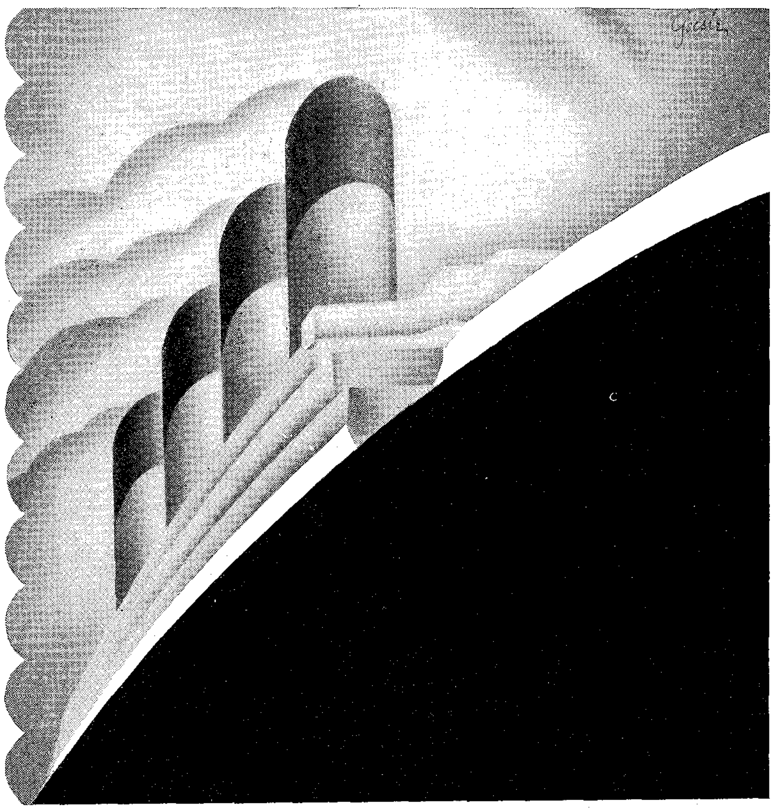

THE BACKGROUND OF MODERNITY

Our present modern life wouldn't be so vibrantly brilliant without the background of Europe. European art and culture make the woof of its sophisticated fabric. And it's just as essential in the background of a private life. When you go, travel correctly—on either a White Star, Red Star or Atlantic Transport liner. That is a fitting entree—mingling with men and women of the world—people you enjoy knowing. Being identified with their social and sports life on board is fascinating in itself.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

schooner, once more just a sea captain's daughter.

Our trips usually took from eighty to one hundred and twenty days at sea without sighting land. Through storms, calms, waterless days—when our water-casks ran dry—scurvy, and head winds, we traveled from port to port. If I ever felt fear, I knew better than to express it. My father and the sailors had taught me a faith that made me hold on, no matter what happened. They believed there was God in the sunsets, in the storms, in the whiteness of an alabatross's wing, and in the winds that blew our ship along.

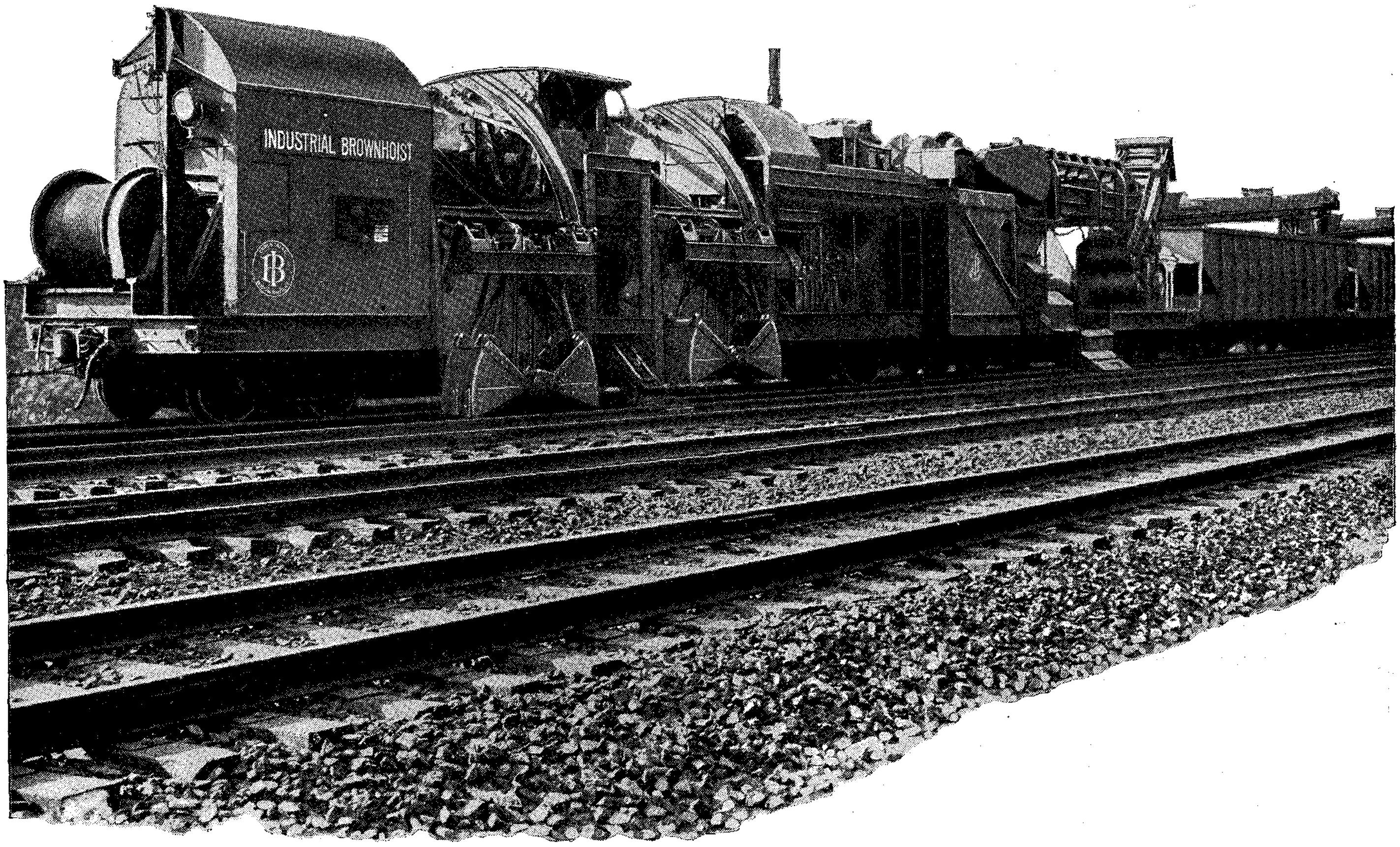
Joan faced the peril of Antarctic icebergs at a time when she could be of use on board. The *Minnie A. Caine* had sailed from Adelaide, South Australia, with a load of salt for the States, she explains. They had gone below Tasmania and circled the South Island of New Zealand, when they ran into thick fog. The return of the echoes of their fog-horn warned them that some danger was imminent. Her father, Joan continues, dashed to the fo'c's'le head and peered into the thickening mush of fog that enveloped them. Then:

"Drop the topsails," he bellowed, "bring her around." With a violent jerk, the ship came up in the wind and stopt. Ahead of us, not more than five hundred yards away, loomed a giant iceberg. As we watched it, it sank deep in the black water and then, as if it were some living beast, it heaved high out of the sea. The swish of the water around it, the suction of its movements, made a dangerous current. We began to drift nearer to it. Our ship had no power except that of the sails, and the wind had dropt and left them limp and powerless.

"Throw over the kedge anchors," father ordered. Kedge anchors are small, and used for emergency cases. The men rushed aft and threw one over each side of the vessel. They gave weight and pulled us back from drifting head on to the iceberg. For a few minutes they held, but the water around us was a seething mass of cross-currents. Other bergs, larger and deeper, were in the offing. We had run into a whole nest of them. A steamer could have backed away, turned around, and left the place of danger, but our ship was helpless to move. The bergs made deep valleys, and whatever wind there was was cut off by their height. The water sounded as if it was boiling around us. The mate threw over a chip of wood to see which way we were drifting, but the chip just whirled around and went down. A typhoon would have been a welcome visitor then, for at least its wind would have carried us away—but just being becalmed, waiting for the jaws of the iceberg to finish us was like a terrible nightmare.

The cabin-boy and the Jap cook crouched behind the galley, pale and shaking with fright. Father's face was set grimly. A frozen death awaited us. Things at sea seem to take on human qualities. The perversity of the wind was the curse of some dead sea captain, and baffling calms were from the souls of lost sailors. That

THIS IRON MONSTER



"vacuum cleans" the roadbed • •

for the smooth, swift run of the trains

LIKE A GIANT BULLFROG, it hunches itself along the railroad track, gobbling up stones. It's more talented by far than Mark Twain's famous "Dan'l," which, brim-full of shot, could scarcely "h'ist his shoulders."

If you caught a glimpse of this strange monster through the window of a Pennsylvania train, it might look to you like some prehistoric animal.

You would never think of it as affecting your own comfort. Yet its "mighty gobbling" is one of the chief reasons why you ride so smoothly.

As this huge machine moves steadily along the track, it scoops up the stones which ballast the roadbed. It shakes and sifts them clean of dirt. It dumps them out again and smooths them to the proper level . . . all in one operation!

Stone ballast must be most carefully cleaned and laid. Otherwise it would not drain well. Soft spots in the track would result; and these would tend to increase the swaying and vibration of moving cars. Clean, well-laid ballast means comfort in riding. Until a few years ago, ballast cleaning was slow and difficult work. It involved several separate operations. Now, after years of research and experimentation, this new machine moves over the rails, cleaning and re-laying the ballast in one continuous operation—and doing it at the rate of 1,200 feet an hour!

DAY AND NIGHT, over 30,000 Maintenance of Way men are working to perfect and condition the Pennsylvania's roadbed. In 1928, the purchase of 300,000 tons of steel rails was authorized—and 260,000 tons more in 1929. Much of this huge purchase is used for replacing the present heavy rails with yet heavier ones, so that the trains may glide even more smoothly . . . Like the Pennsylvania's whole army of 176,000 employees, the Maintenance of Way men are united in an effort to reach ever better standards of service.

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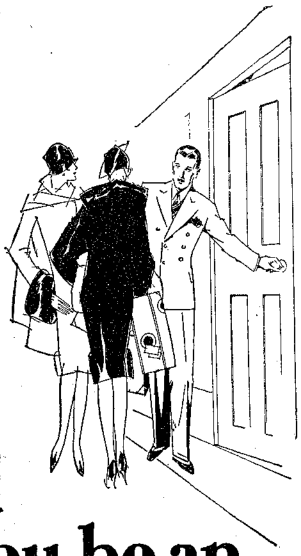

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

nearest iceberg was like a sea beast gloating over us as its prey.

"All hands on deck!" went the cry from father, and it was repeated down the fo'c's'le. The men came scrambling up, buttoning their oilskins and sou'westers around themselves closely. When they were all ready father turned to them:

"You've got one chance in a thousand to get out of here with your lives. Throw overboard the cargo."

In a flash the crew were tearing away the battens off the hatches. If the heavy cargo was thrown overboard, the ship would ride lighter and higher on the waves, and the impact from a smash would be lessened. The curses of the men in the hold as they chucked up sacks of salt beat a staccato on the still air.

"Joan, you and the cook and cabin-boy load up the life-boat. Put tins of hardtack, a keg of water, and a tarpaulin in it." With those instructions he took his post at the fo'c's'le head and watched our ship go nearer the bergs.

Two frigate birds with long spiked tails hovered above, continues Joan, and "a frantic little mother-carries-her-chicken bird," which the curious reader will doubtless identify as a Mother Carey's chicken, "flew around and around in a dizzy circle near the stern." Reading on:

And father just waited! With each roll of the ship we came nearer. The crew worked, throwing out the sacks of salt like men possest, and the ship lightened.

Father ordered the rope bumpers put out, and two cork buoys lowered over the bowsprit to break the crash if we hit the iceberg. The ship wouldn't answer to the rudder, for the currents were more powerful. Just as we braced ourselves for the destroying collision, we were caught in an eddy that lifted us high on the water and sent our ship dizzily about one hundred yards past the iceberg. Our relief was so great that we didn't mind the loss of cargo. All night long we drifted in the ice-floes, miraculously avoiding being crusht by them.

The following morning we found ourselves afloat in a world of white icebergs and thick mist. It seemed as tho we were at the end of the world. It was difficult for father to figure out our position, as there was no sun, and to navigate to dead reckoning was useless, as the log line couldn't register how much we had drifted in the cross-currents. For a week that continued—breathless days and nights that were ghostly in those white canyons of frozen water.

Whenever any real danger was upon us my father used to whistle or sing, or play his old water-soaked violin.

He sang often in the two weeks that followed as we blindly picked our way out of the iceberg region. The first time the sun shone after that was about three hundred miles southeast of New Zealand. A stiff breeze cleared the sky, and our sails bellied out tautly under it.

Yet Joan was unhappy when her father gave her a taste of shore life. Her mother had a boarding-house in Berkeley, and there she was taken with her pet cats and sea-gull from the ship. The experiment was a dismal failure, some of the reasons for which we shall consider. Joan was puzzled when she saw her mother for the first time in several years. Thus:

What did daughters do when they met their mothers?

Father threw his arms around mother and lifted her from the floor. He hadn't seen her for five years! I felt a twinge of jealousy at being left out. I had always been most important to father, and mother was usurping my place. She left father's arms and gathered me to her. Her hands were so soft and smooth they felt funny as they petted me. She seemed so weak compared with sailors. Her arms didn't have as much strength as one of my toes. Physical strength was my ideal, and she did not have it. I knew she was somebody wonderful, but she was going to have to prove it.

"Speak to your mother," father said.

I eyed her up and down, from truck to keel, before I answered:

"Are you going to let me have my sea-gull and cats here?"

Mother laughed and said:

"You can keep them in the back yard."

With that compromise settled, I let down my barriers of hostility. I don't know whether I was thrilled at being in a house that was a home, or whether I was terrified. I remember I felt shut in and cramped, and my brothers and sister standing around staring at me as if I was a mirage instead of a real person didn't put me at my ease.

"Joan, you change your dress because it is dinner time. We have dinner for the boarders at twelve o'clock," was the next thing mother said.

"I haven't got any other dress," I answered. My voice, attuned to the open sea boomed like a cannon in that small room.

"Don't talk so loudly," cautioned mother.

My mother, to help make both ends meet, kept boarders from the University of California.

"They are professors, dear. You can sit at the same table with them."

"Are professors all men?" I wanted to know. Mother said they were men, the ones that lived at that house.

"Because I don't like women," I added.

My sister retired from the room. She was a very proper young lady, and she didn't approve of me at all. That noon I met the boarders. They were introduced to me, and then they began firing questions at me from all sides. I thought they were nice, friendly men who were interested in the sea, until they took sides against me.

"In our civilized world to-day there is no such thing as slave trading." The bewhiskered professor across from me brought his hand down on the table with a smack as he said it. He was trying to show me up, and it got under my collar.

"The h— there ain't!" I cried back at him just as hard, and so much louder that he drew back in his shell.

"Sssh! Joan!" It was mother's voice from the head of the table. I guess she thought I would drive away her boarders.

"I won't sssh!" I cried just as loud as ever. "He's trying to make me out a liar. Ask father, he'll tell you."

"Sure there is slave trading to-day," said father grudgingly. "It's called blackbirdin' in the South Seas. Some sea captains on sailin' ships take cargoes of natives and 'contract' them for a pound apiece for five years to the planters in

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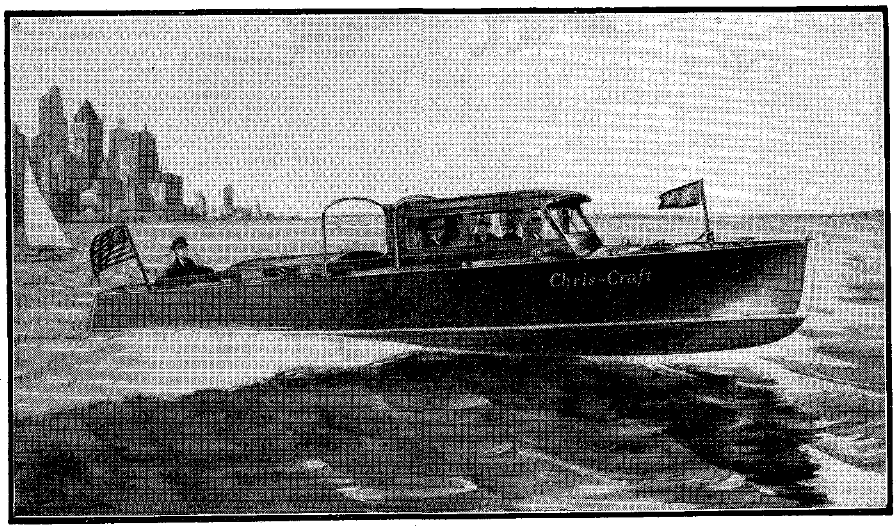

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Northern Australia. When the natives have been worked almost to death, the planters pay the sea captains to take the natives back to the islands they stole them from. Instead of taking them back to their own islands, the captains dump their loads of blacks on the first handy island that lies in their course. That's why now you hardly ever see a pure breed of native in any tribe—the blackbirders have mixed them up."

"Astonishing!" was the comment of the learned questioners. "Astonishing!" Mother didn't tell father to sssh! They didn't dare openly dispute father, so they turned on me. First they asked about storms at sea, adventures on our voyages—then they disbelieved them. The professor of economics was the worst.

"You are a very interesting study, little girl." He rose from the table leaving me feeling like a germ under a microscope. I could see that navigating wasn't going to be so easy with those landlubbers.

That night Joan slept for the first time in her life in a regular bed. The sheets "felt so tickly and cool and the mattress was soft. But," she says:

I couldn't sleep. The house was so still, and it didn't rock! The stillness made me feel seasick. I couldn't hear the noise of feet on deck above me. My bird and cats were in the hold, or, rather, what is called on shore, the cellar of the house. And so I lay awake most of the night pitching and tossing and wishing the house would just rock a little bit so I could go to sleep.

The following morning I was up at daybreak. I drest quickly and ran through the house calling:

"All hands on deck. It's four bells!"

Father came out of his room and caught me by the back of the neck.

"Pipe down, you. There's folks asleep," he said. It was time to eat breakfast, according to ship schedule. The boarders were awakened by my cries. Mother served them their breakfast as soon as she could prepare it. When she called breakfast, I dashed to the table and grabbed the biggest portion of scrambled eggs and a stack of pancakes, and began scoffing them.

"Where are your manners?" It was mother speaking as she took my self-helping away from me.

"I got here first," I protested, "and it's first come first get!" But mother just couldn't understand.

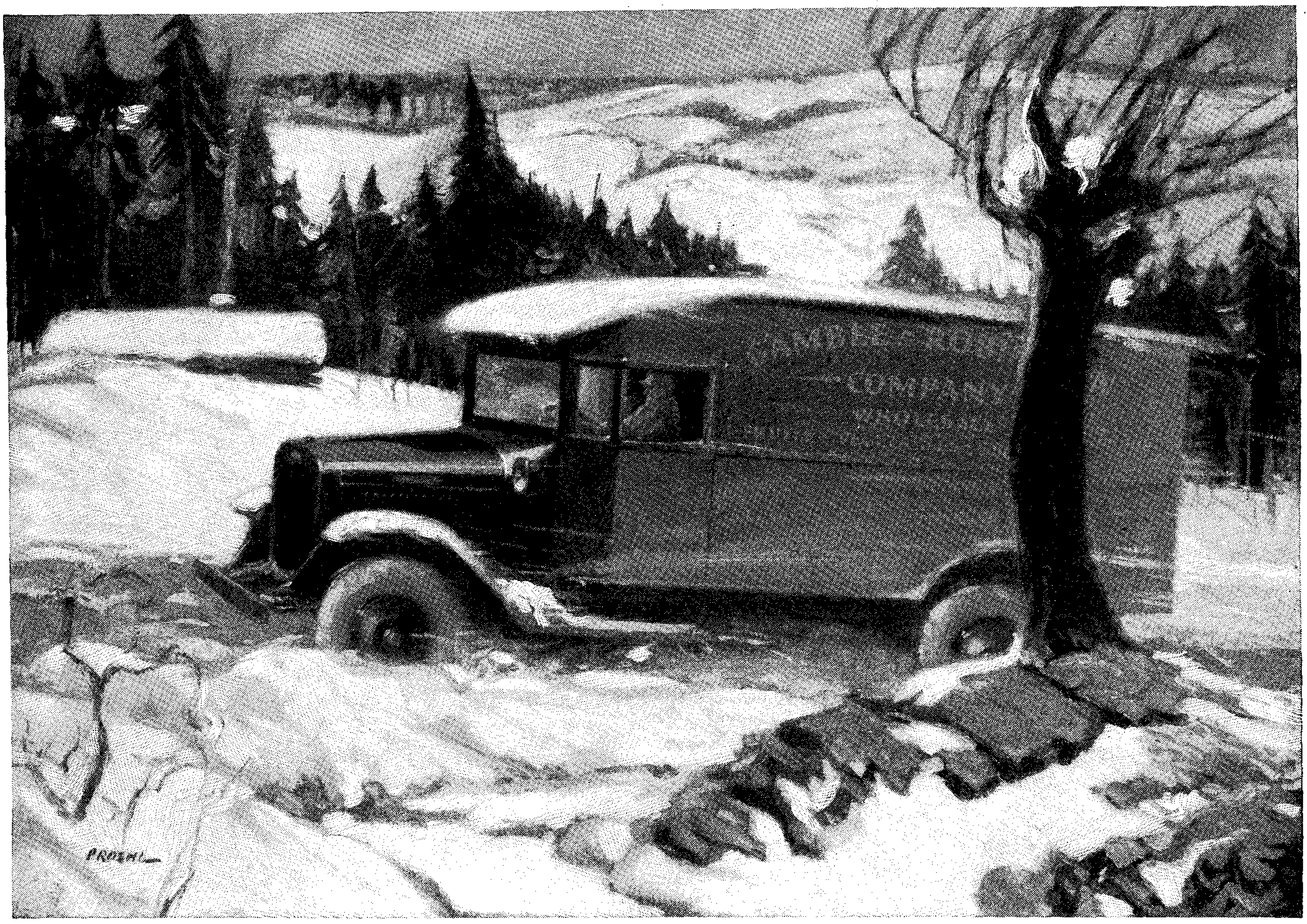
There followed a series of days full of bewildering problems for me. The other children on our block, instead of playing with me as I used to dream children would, drew away from me.

"She swears bad words," I heard one girl tell another.

"That girl off the ship is too rough, my mother says," confided her little friend. And so it went. Why didn't they like me? Here were children my own age, and I didn't know how to play with them. Everything I said or did sent them away from me. My own sister and my brothers found excuses to take them away to their friends, leaving me behind. Running her boarding-house kept mother constantly busy, and father was at the ship all day long. When he came home in the evenings it was mother he naturally turned to. I seemed forgotten.

"Your service could not be duplicated"

says the Gamble-Robinson Company *and with* 80 Internationals they should know!



Perishable fruits, vegetables and groceries come from all over the world to the Gamble-Robinson Company of Minneapolis. They do a tremendous wholesale business in delicacies that must be delivered promptly. And so they operate a great fleet of trucks out of 62 distributing points spread over 7 northern states and into Canada.

For 15 years the Gamble-Robinson Company has been using trucks. Many makes have been tried, to find the one that would best stand the strains imposed by the severe northern winters —*and now* 80 *trucks of the fleet are Internationals.*

Here is a letter from this concern:

> "In sending you a photo of our latest International we wish to express our appreciation for the efficient service which your organization has rendered us through your various branches in the Northwest and Canada, assisting us to operate our fleet of eighty International Trucks on a most economical basis during the year. We believe that the type of service you have rendered us could not be duplicated by any other truck manufacturer."

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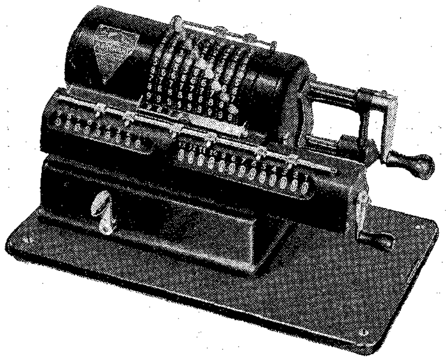

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HOW TO MAKE A MUSICAL COMEDY

THE old play hardly knew itself by the time the adapters were through turning it into a musical comedy. Originally it had been a Broadway success dealing with a minister's daughter who, after her father's death, had gone to New York and become a housemaid in a bachelor's home. But, in the course of its transformation into a musical show, fearful and wonderful changes were made by the gentlemen who compose such entertainments. The charming actress engaged for the leading part was English, we are told by George Middleton, the dramatist, who writes in *The Elks Magazine* on how musical comedies are made; so, because of her accent, her birthplace was changed from Ohio to Ottawa. But that was only a starter. Let us hear Mr. Middleton on what happened after that:

> Unbeknown to the author, the manager had engaged a Dutch comedian, who had consequently to be pried into the script. The manager, misunderstanding, perhaps, the nature of another part, had engaged a droll, slow-talking small-town comedian of the highest quality for a fast-talking society rôle; so it had to be completely rewritten to suit his tempo. Then the actor felt like a fish in another social world; so he was shifted to a minor rôle which was built up to suit his importance. Meantime the former society part was restored to its original Fifth Avenue haberdashery. When the play opened, the Dutch comedian was thought to be out of key; so he was given his notice and an actor with a Scotch accent was substituted. Finally the play didn't draw as expected, due partly to the absence of names, so a famous male star was engaged, and a new part was written into a completely altered script. The daughter of the minister, who had been a servant, now became a cabaret girl; her parson father, who had died even before the comedy was written, was brought to life as a comedy sot. Three or four of the original cast survived, some of the music, part of the scenery, and most of the authors. Naturally it takes not only an expert dramatist to be able to do this, but also a gymnast. And that, too, is really why most musical comedies are written among a small group of authors whom the management trusts, and who themselves know what to expect when each production gets under way.

All this is hard on certain illusions about how musical shows come into being. But Mr. Middleton goes even further, remarking that it is a popular idea "that when a manager is inspired to produce a musical play, after finding one already written with proper words and music, he then engages a cast to act it. This almost never happens." Mr. Middleton asked an author, who has made over $500,000, how the average "musical" gets written. And this is what he was told:

> "Well, I never begin a show till I know who the actors are. It's generally they who draw, not the play; tho they must have material. A manager will ring up and say, 'I need a play next year for Marilyn Miller. I've got Jack Donohue under contract.' Often I've been given five actors already signed by the manager and told to write a play to fit them. Every one must be 'taken care of' with 'numbers' and scenes. After you get it worked out the manager may engage somebody else. Some actors can dance and not sing, while others can't do either, but are great on 'drunk' scenes. That's why the actual script is seldom ready in advance, since so much of it is written during rehearsals to fit cast changes. Often thousands are invested by the manager before I begin my second act. What's the use? He may decide to lay it in Mt. Vernon and not in Venice, as originally planned, or may suddenly recall he could use a $30,000 set in his storehouse. Sometimes a script may be written and then cast; but nowadays making a 'musical' is an industry with laws all its own."
>
> Once, when a promising ingenue was to be turned by him into a star, this author deliberately listed, as he would his stocks, the things she could do best. She was a "soft-shoe dancer," had a nice sense of burlesque and mimicry, could carry a love story on her beautiful eyes, but couldn't carry much of a tune. The play and part were then deliberately tailored to suit her; and the author, thus selling her personality to the public, gave her the chance to score a big hit, become a lasting "draw," and land among the constellations. Playing up the qualities and soft-pedaling the defects of an actor is an old playwright trick.
>
> Of course, no author supplies all the "gags" and "nifties" in such a piece. Here is where the comedians get in their fine lines; for many not only roll their own, but write them. Once, an inexperienced author complained that such a comedian never spoke the text he had written for him; so the actor used the original lines and there wasn't a laugh in the part! When one hears of the large salaries paid such actors—often between $2,000 and $3,000 a week—it is partly because they contribute to the wit of the play, and thus help put it over. These men are known as "writing comedians." In "front" scenes, a sort of "working routine" may be mapped out by the author, and each night the comedian tries new lines till the best are found. Many of these actors will only whisper their "gags" and stories at rehearsals, for fear somebody in the wings will steal them; they also often have an understanding with the management, that when they leave the show their lines, like Mary's lamb, go with them.

After the chorus is assembled the four-weeks' rehearsal grind begins in earnest. As we see:

> While the director of the book is working with the principals in some near-by lodge-room, the dance and music directors peel their coats for action. The lyricist now comes into the picture to distribute the printed sheets on which are the words of his songs. Most audiences never understand what the chorus is singing anyhow; but the girls must have something to learn. They drape around the piano and like little children at school repeat the words and tune together. Then the dance director takes hold; the girls are divided into three groups; the little girls, or "shorts," the "mediums," and the show girls. They are measured and given numbers. The men are generally selected for size, dance ability, and with the hope they will look well when made up. It's very mysterious to see how

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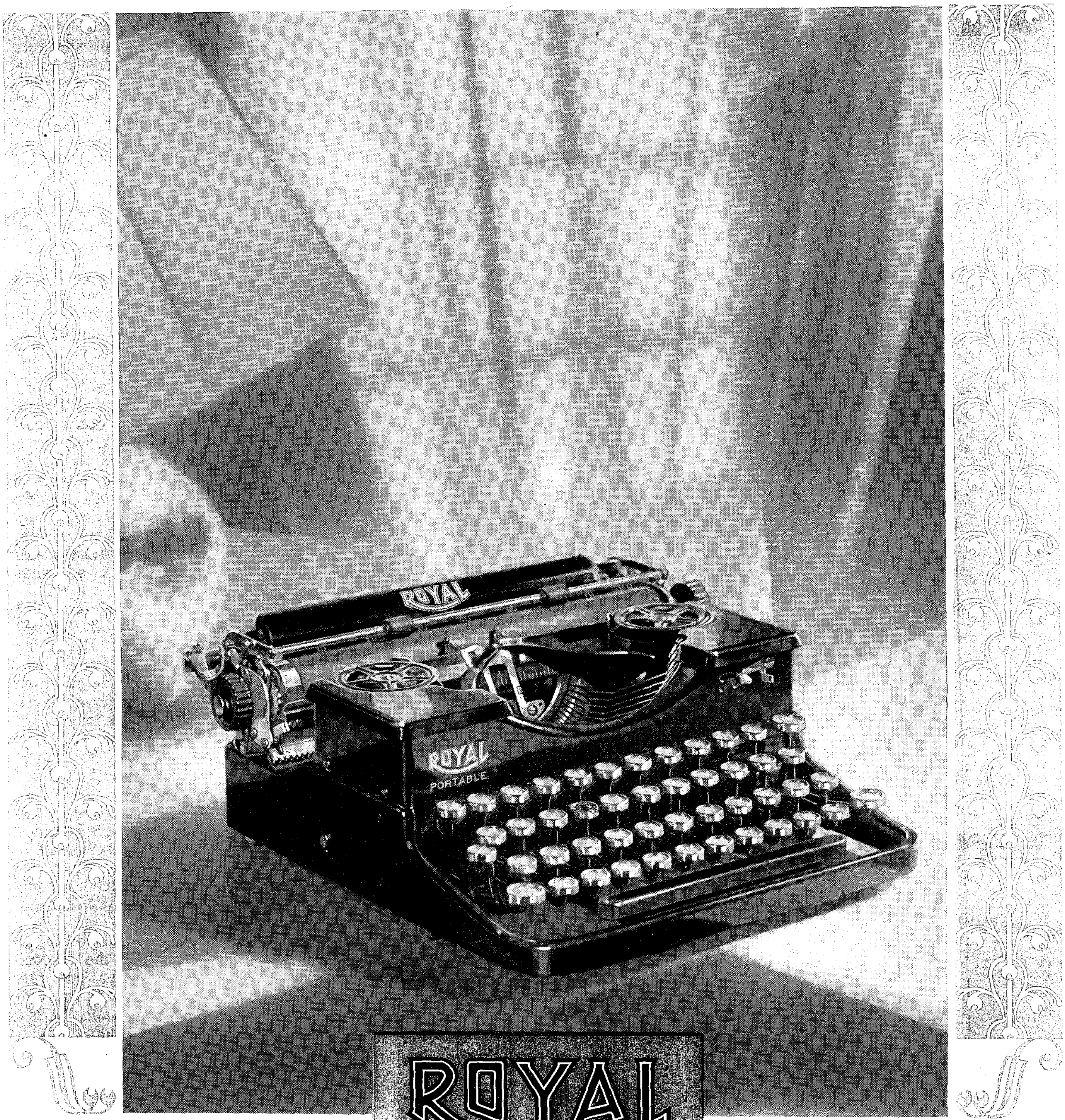

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

they are made to weave in and out, with every sort of complicated step and figure. Somehow the director never seems to get mixed up as each dance is put together in sections; tho once, I heard a director say: "I got the quartet in on this dance, but I don't know how to get rid of them." "Why don't you give them their notice?" the manager ventured.

Maybe more than once during the strenuous drill, the ribbon counter may seem like heaven, we are told. For instance:

Here are a few expressions used by the picturesque director at one rehearsal I attended. "For a big man you are the dumbest I ever saw." "Stop chewing that gum; you'll drag what little brains you've got into your mouth." "Sing louder; sing as loudly as you talk in the wings." "Fine; but I didn't understand a word." "Travel, travel; you dumb-bell. You don't know what to do unless some one gives you a push." All of which was said as he sat on the top of a chair with a big club in his hand loudly beating time, while eagerly watching to detect the slightest false step or variation from his instructions. Sometimes he blew a traffic-cop's whistle, and all stopt dead in their tracks to see what was going to hit them.

At these rehearsals the composer, or music-director, begins to fit his "score" to the needs of the chorus. Often the dance-director says, "I must have a few more bars to complete this figure and take 'em off, and I need a crash in the middle so they can hold the picture before it breaks." So bars and crashes are supplied while you wait. The music thus, like the dialog, becomes adapted to the physical needs of the movement. The composer also begins to change the tempo of his tunes; a march song when repeated as an encore becomes a waltz for sake of variety; another number must be resynchronized for the quartet so that they can "support" a song which the chorus men haven't enough voice to "put over."

Gradually, too, the principals begin to rehearse their numbers with the chorus. Here the dance-director maps out the steps which the leading lady is to do, and the whole number takes shape. This must be so built that the ending has a climax destined to win applause. And, while all these rehearsals are going on, strange isolated figures, off by themselves in back, are repeating the steps and movement of the chorus; they are the understudies who are thus prepared literally to step in, should any of the chorus fall out. And during the pause, when the music is being fixt or the girls are given a short rest, one doesn't easily forget the picture: some of them using their lipsticks, some stretching their legs against the wall to limber up, and others rushing to finish the interrupted game of cards with the boys on an improvised table, while the tired piano-player takes up her cross-word puzzle again, thinking of six-lettered animals, to keep from going mad. Here and there some are avidly reading *Variety*, other theatrical papers, sundry mystery novels, and even Voltaire and Tolstoy! During these pauses, too, come the "auditions," when other "acts" are tried out, or when sad sopranos and tired tenors are given a chance to show their "goods."

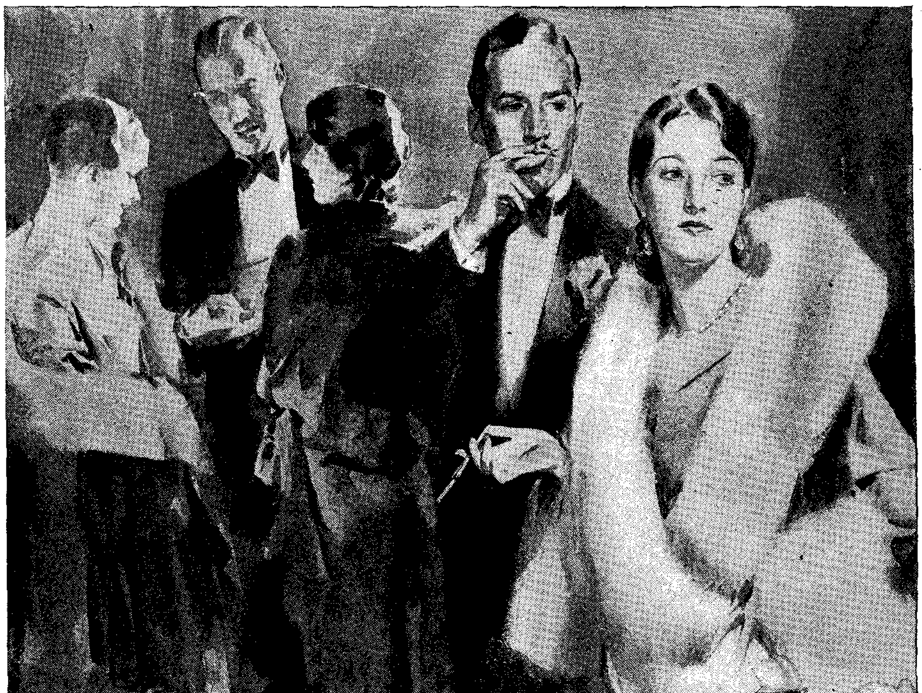
There is no fixt civil law to make the

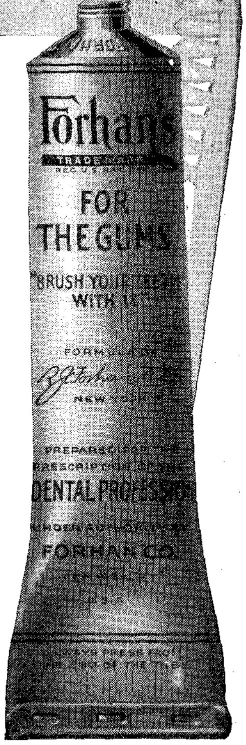
words and music of a song marry, the author remarks, adding that each couple seems to have its own special custom. Quoting further:

> Whether the tune or the lyric comes first is like the hen and the egg—a grave problem. One famous musician never consults his lyricist at all: he writes out the tunes and then dares the lyric-writer to do his worst. Another composer himself writes a "dummy" lyric in a gibberish, whose syllables fit the tune; then an expert comes with a dictionary, and puts it into comic-opera English. Some few write both words and music; but it is more often done by teams used to each other. One will sit at the piano till the theme comes, and the other then urges words and music into a perfect wedding. A famous pair of brothers work the other way about; the lyric is often written first and from it bubbles up the tune. Others write a catchy refrain, and then hunt for a first verse to see what it is all about. There is thus no rule.
>
> Finally, the day arrives when the show is "put together." It is here where book and chorus meet for the first time amid much rewriting. The most important need is to see how the numbers are "cued in," for the dialog must be so prepared in approaching a number that it seems to grow naturally out of what has been said. And if this can be done on a laugh, so much the better. The chorus or show girls now get some lines. Often a dozen such "bits" are saved till this great moment, and some proudly walk off with a "So glad you're here, Mr. Van Alston." But everybody isn't always happy, as I heard one girl complain because the sentence given her was too long. The dance and book directors now begin to hate each other more than ever. The entrances and exits of the principals arranged by one director may be exactly opposite those planned by the other; and the one must have furniture in which to play scenes, and the other must have a bare stage for his chorus numbers.

The immense cost of musical-comedy production is well known. Here Mr. Middleton passes on to us an authority's estimates:

> One manager, with whom I was seated in the orchestra, after several hours of agonized watching, finally became philosophical. "The good old days are gone forever. Now I take strychnine before I look at what all this is costing me. See that set? Years ago I could have had it painted for $700. That 'Castle in Spain' now costs nearer $3,000. You can figure out for yourself what six of them will cost if we splurge as we must to meet the competition. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a mild sum for a small affair, and most of my productions are nearer $80,000. They expect it of me! And they thought I was just as extravagant when the same show cost about $15,000. Why, I'm paying $2,500 for artificial flowers I used in the first act, and I once sneaked a whole road show on for that! You see that green gown the star is wearing? That cost, with the imported feathers, more than all the costumes in one of my early shows. And look at it. They tell me I've got to store it away in camphor because she can't dance in it without tearing off all the rhinestones!
>
> "These dresses the girls are wearing cost $150 each; there are five changes and thirty girls. I'd have even more of a headache working out how much that adds up





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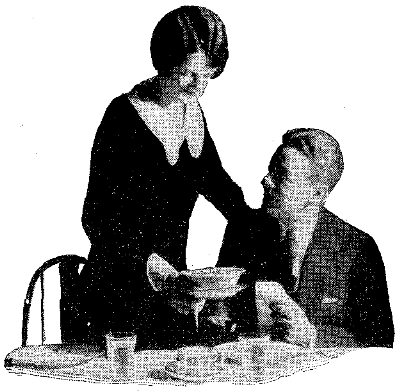

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

to than paying it when the time comes. My last operetta cost me about $75,000 just to costume, and I haven't heard the last of this one, as I don't know what country the author may decide to put the last act when he rewrites it. That young juvenile's salary has beat the rise in radio; he used to get $250, and now he's only added a mere thousand because he made a hit, and the talkies want him. The 'bull' market has struck salaries all along the line. That bunch you see performing so gallantly cost me just a bit under 7,000 'bucks' each Saturday, rain or shine. And years ago $2,000 for the same would have made everybody question my sanity.

"And what you see here is only the half of what's happened. The rent of this theater is now over $7,000 flat, and once it could have been had for $2,000. The electric signs I use take exactly $100,000 a year out of the firm's pockets, and that third-act set has 3,000 electric bulbs playing on it. Edison ought to thank me every night. The press agent who tells a new lie each day about me and the show is just double his old salary, and what the musicians get, besides pay at rehearsals, would have made Offenbach see he was born in the wrong century. I won't go into what the newspapers are now soaking us for their advertising; but if we don't 'play the game' some of 'em may forget to give us all that 'free' space for our feature stuff on Sunday.

"Do you realize this dress rehearsal will cost me just about $10,000! Before we even open my preliminary bills will be about $25,000. What for? Well, off the bat, besides this rehearsal I'd say typewriting parts and scripts; rent for the rehearsal halls, legal expenses for incorporating—a little precaution in case I go broke—and cartage of scenery, which will run about $3,000 a show before we get set in New York. And then there's your author's expenses on the road, and I never saw such appetites as you develop when I'm paying the bills—and then there's—oh, hand me a pistol—that comedian is terrible and I've given him a five-year contract."

Yet, in spite of his groans this man has made a fortune from such plays, we are assured. And here is the reason:

> It is not uncommon for musical comedies to attract each week to the box office forty or fifty thousand dollars, especially with well-known stars. Even the smaller type of show averages nearly thirty, or it can not live. So that, while the expenses are heavy—in some cases for a year, the cost of production is not made and only small weekly profits are put aside—the collateral earnings in the long run from the road, the sale of foreign rights, and the like, bring large fortunes. The Australian rights of one success were sold outright for $50,000. English options on American successes often bring as high as $25,000 only as an advance on royalty. "Rose-Marie," for example, is reputed to have made Arthur Hammerstein nearly $3,000,000, and in one week recently a profit was made of over $10,000—and this after four years. No one can count up high enough even to guess what "Show Boat" will earn. To-day along Broadway, the majority of theaters are occupied by musicals, and the average of success is greater than the

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legitimate plays now gasping for breath with "talkie" competition in de-luxe picture houses. Soon, too, the talkie rights of the big musical hits of the past—now that the actual music can be employed on the screen without the expense of travel and orchestra—will unquestionably increase the value of all previous and future productions. It is this financial lure, tho the money thrown upon the table must be greater, which makes many a manager turn to this type of play for his daily bread and Rolls Royces. Many are called and lots of them go broke; but a true gambler, which most theatrical managers must be, always plays on percentages.

For the author and musician also fortunes may be made. The average contract carries about 6 or 7 per cent. of the gross receipts, which is to be divided among those who make it. On a $40,000 week, there is thus about $3,000 royalty paid. The composer, if well known, generally gets the lion's share—from 2 to 3½ per cent., sometimes giving the lyric writer ½ to 1 per cent. out of his share; tho often it is the manager who takes this responsibility. The author of the book also, if in demand, obtains 2 per cent. With large sums to divide, it is not unusual to find contracts dealing with the 32nds of 1 per cent., and the manager's bookkeeper soon knows more about arithmetic than a stockbroker's clerk. When the musical comedy is based on a Broadway play, the manager must pay 1 to 2 per cent. for its use and, depending on the original contract, this is generally divided between the original producer of the play and its original author. Many a dramatist has found that his old play, after lying asleep for years, suddenly wakes up and begins bringing him in a few hundred each week like manna from heaven.

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"Mah husband," was the reply.

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"No, Ah don't!" Mrs. Johnson exclaimed. "Ah wants fire assurance. Dat nigger's been fired fo' times in de las' two weeks." —*Goblin.*

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Foresight and Hindsight.—VISITOR—"Does your husband know much about horses?"

WIFE—"Rather; the day before the race he knows which horse is sure to win, and the day following he knows why it did not." —*London Passing Show.*

Made a Wish on It?—A film actress was recently married on a motor-boat. It is understood that she had never been married on a motor-boat before.—*London Opinion.*

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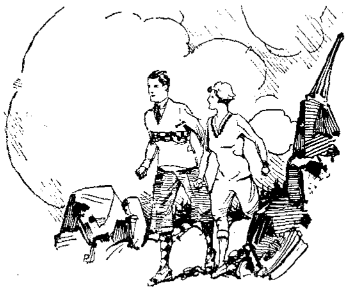

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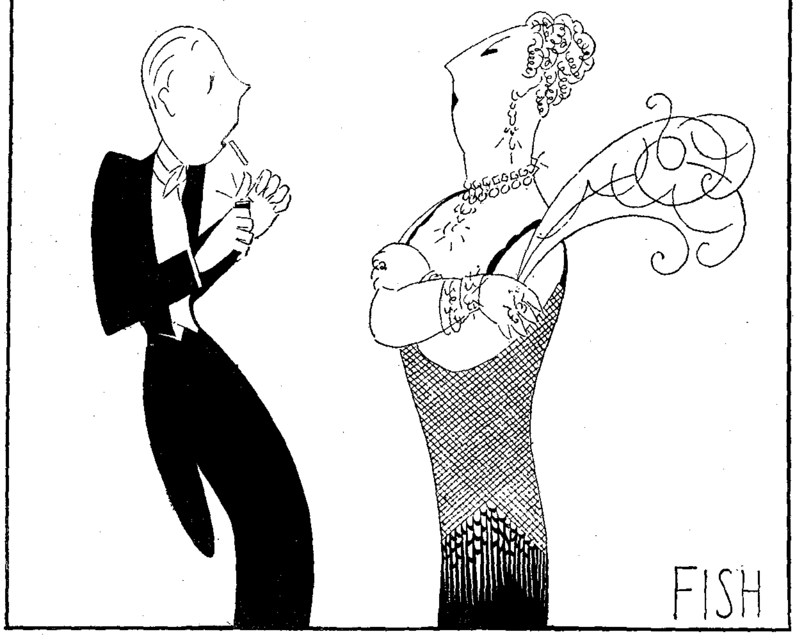

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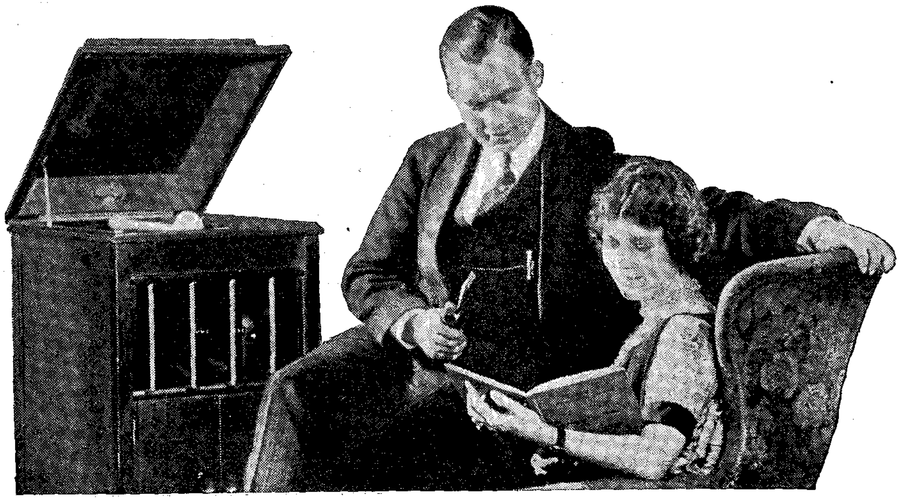

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

THE LAW OF THE AIR

PROPERTY owners who assert that their rights keep on, straight up to the Dumb-bell Nebula, will get scant comfort from a discussion of the subject contributed by Hiram L. Jome to *The Journal of Land and Public Utility Economics* (Chicago). Mr. Jome notes that the popularization of the airplane and the radio has squarely raised the practical issue as to property in the air. He writes:

An airplane by its noise or shadows frightens domestic animals, causing great damage to the farmer. An aviator is forced down by a storm, attracting numerous visitors, who ruin fences and trample upon the vegetation. Owners of the land adjacent to airdromes construct buildings so high as to interfere with the ascent of aircraft. The experimenter with delicate laboratory equipment finds his operations disturbed by radio waves. The Federal Radio Commission refuses to grant a license to a station proprietor who has been operating his apparatus long prior to the passage of the Radio Regulatory Act of 1927. The Commission forces another to shift to a new wave-length and a different power.

Tho the law of the air has been slowly evolving, these precise questions have not as yet been subjected to much litigation.

For centuries the problem of property in the air was concerned with the area near the ground. Such questions as arose involved shooting, or the stringing of a wire, or the projecting of eaves, or the spreading of a tree. These were generally held to be trespass on the theory that the landowner has a property right in the air above his holding.

Then came the balloon, the radio, and the airplane. A use of the air even above the tallest structures or trees was discovered. The trespass, if such it could be termed, came now from above, and not from the adjacent land. The proprietor of the radio station operating on a preempted or assigned wave-length regarded himself as the possessor of squatter's rights. Tho many owners had invested tens of thousands of dollars, while holding a license from the Government, their investment has been practically destroyed by interference, with an uncertain remedy either at law or in equity.

As to the problem of the ownership of the air-space in relation to aviation, the difficulty seems to center about the meaning of the Latin common-law maxim, formulated in the sixteenth century, "He who owns the soil, owns it up to the sky." Some law writers conclude that anybody who passes, or sends his agents over another's land, at whatever height and regardless of damage, commits an actionable trespass.

Other authorities argue that the subjacent landowner has no property whatever in the air-space. Balloonists, smoke, sounds, carrier pigeons, and the like have for a long time passed over private property and never yet has the subjacent owner recovered damages for their passage. This group regards the air as common property.

A twofold solution of the problem is possible. The first is to admit that the landowner has in theory full proprietary rights to the air-space, but to point out that

> "exclusive" does not mean "absolute." According to this argument, he holds the airspace subject to a right of passage by aviators, wireless waves, and other agencies of commerce. If a machine should land, regardless of cause, or should fly so near the ground as to damage property or business, or terrify or sicken people or animals, or inconvenience or imperil or actually injure them, the person affected would have the right to damages.
>
> According to this view, the right to fly does not carry with it the right to land, except perhaps in emergency. Neither will the right to fly carry with it the privilege of repeated passage. An air-transport company operating a hundred machines per day, unless they flew at an unusually great altitude, might be regarded as a nuisance.
>
> Moreover, the argument continues, ownership and title imply the right of occupation, use, or possession. The upper airspace does not have these attributes. Furthermore, the maxim was originated at a time when neither the airplane nor the radio was known and the balloon was not seriously regarded. Its purpose was to protect the landowner in what he possest rather than to extend his rights over space which at that time was not used.
>
> An easier and more satisfactory but unorthodox method, which arrives at the same conclusion as to the rights of the aviator, is to inquire into the exact meaning of the common-law maxim. What was the sky (Latin *cœlum*)? The word was commonly employed to refer to the lower airspace, the area in which the birds fly and the clouds drift. It is only up to the beginning of this that the landowner owns. Apparently, according to good Latin usage, the *cœlum* was a space which began only a short distance above the surface of the earth.
>
> A strict translation of the Latin will, accordingly, eliminate the need of proving only a limited ownership of the airspace. While in normal flights the status of the aviator will be governed by the law of nuisance, not trespass. If an aviator's plane casts shadows or makes loud noises which frighten a farmer's animals, the flyer may be held to be operating a nuisance, and may be required to fly higher.

After noting that the same broad notions of property in airspace may be held to apply also in the use of radio stations, and citing numerous instances where American and foreign courts have taken this view, he sums up as follows:

> The law is an evolutionary product. It must, and does, change to meet new conditions. Several centuries ago the problem of property in the air was merely academic; to-day it is practical. The solution of this question will come only after a delicate balancing of the rights of the individual and of society. The individual must be protected, but his "bundle of rights" should not necessarily be so enlarged as to jeopardize the development of new industries. On the other hand, while in our advancing culture the common rights of society are likely to be enlarged, due heed must be given to the individual who may find his property and business rights irreparably damaged. In this balancing process, the particular legal rule governing use of the airspace should be varied according to the peculiarities of different uses, as in the cases of transportation and communication.

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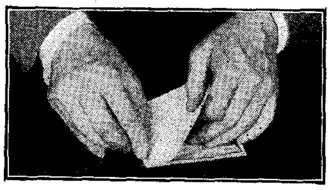

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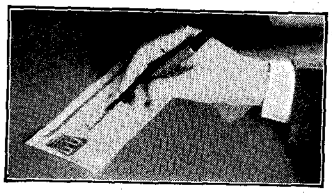

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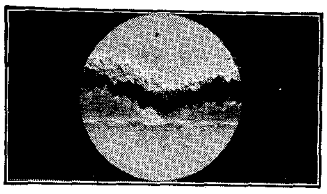

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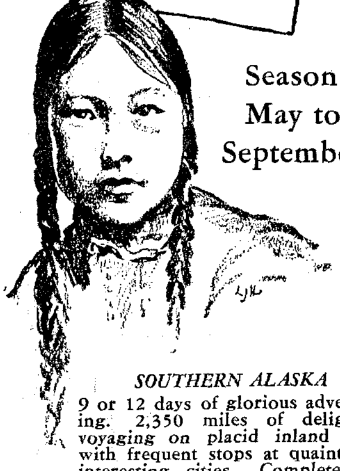

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

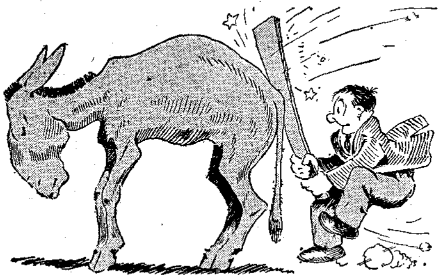
MIND=MATTER?

Are mind and matter just two aspects of the same thing, after all? The philosophical school calling itself "Monism" has asserted this for many years. The scientific world has generally agreed, holding that mind is merely a manifestation of matter. In other words, our thoughts are the product of interactions among our brain-cells. The contrary view, that matter is only a manifestation of mind, has also had its adherents, but chiefly among philosophers and some religious bodies. Now comes an authority on physical science, and one of the most modern of them all, who appears to hold this latter view, and who defends it in a book on "The Nature of the Physical World" (London). The author, Prof. A. S. Eddington, who first advanced the substance of this work in his Gifford Lectures at Cambridge University, would doubtless be censured by the critics of Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes, for mixing up science and religion; but if he is right, these two subjects can not well be "unscrambled"—their subject matter is identical. He writes:

> If we search the examination papers in physics and natural philosophy for the more intelligible questions, we may come across one beginning something like this: "An elephant slides down a grassy hill-side. . . ." The experienced candidate knows that he need not pay much attention to this: it is only put in to give an impression of realism. He reads on: "The mass of the elephant is two tons." Now we are getting to business: the elephant fades out of the problem and a mass of two tons takes its place. What exactly is this two tons, the real subject matter of the problem? It refers to some property or condition which we vaguely describe as "ponderosity" occurring in a particular region of the external world. But we shall not get much further that way: the nature of the external world is inscrutable, and we shall only plunge into a quagmire of indescribables. Never mind what two tons refers to: what is it? How has it actually entered in so definite a way into our experience? Two tons is the reading of the pointer when the elephant was placed on a weighing-machine.

E. T. Whittaker, who reviews the book in *Nature* (London), remarks of this:

> Similarly for the other data of the problem. Thus by the time the serious application of exact science begins, we are left only with pointer-readings. Science is simply the linkage of pointer-readings with pointer-readings.
>
> The Victorian physicist felt that he knew just what he was talking about when he used such items as matter and atoms. Atoms were tiny billiard balls, a crisp statement that was supposed to tell you all about their nature in a way that could never be achieved for transcendental things like consciousness, beauty, or humor. But now we realize that science has nothing to say as to the intrinsic nature of the atom. The physical atom is, like everything else



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physics, a schedule of pointer-readings. e schedule is, we agree, attached to some known background, but what it is we not know. Only in one case—namely, pointer-readings of our own brains— we an insight that is not limited to pointer-readings: and that insight shows t they are attached to a background of sciousness.

Why not, then, suppose that the unown background of all pointer-readings something continuous with our mental ature, something of the nature of consciousness? Why should not the stuff of the world be mind-stuff? What knowledge have we of the nature of atoms that renders it at all incongruous that the assemblage of atoms constituting a brain should be of itself a thinking object?

The doctrine that ultimate reality is of the nature of mind, or thought content, is as old as Plato; but Eddington's approach to it is original and bears not much resemblance to that of the idealist metaphysicians. His lectures, coming from a physicist of the front rank, will penetrate where philosophers have never found a hearing; and how much need there is for teaching such as Eddington's may be realized when we compare him with (for example) Bishop Barnes, who, in his objections to the Catholic doctrine of the Sacraments, still seems to be dominated by the nineteenth-century physicist's conception of matter as something necessarily and entirely unspiritual.

Having swept away one of the two principal causes of tension between science and religion—namely, the association of science with materialistic philosophy—Eddington now turns to the other, namely, the deterministic character which has hitherto been attributed to physics, and the difficulty of reconciling scientific determinism with doctrines of human free-will and responsibility. Here the solution is one that could not have been dreamt of twenty years ago—it is nothing more or less than a total denial of determinism in physics itself.

"On the scientific side," he says, "a new situation has arisen. It is a consequence of the advent of the quantum theory that physics is no longer pledged to a scheme of deterministic law. Determinism has dropt out altogether in the latest formulations of theoretical physics, and it is at least open to doubt whether it will ever be brought back. . . . The future is a combination of the causal influences of the past, together with unpredictable elements—unpredictable not merely because it is impracticable to obtain the data of prediction, but because no data connected causally with our experience exist."

The position is that the laws governing the microscopic elements of the physical world—individual atoms, electrons, quanta—do not make definite predictions as to what the individual will do next. These laws indicate several possibilities in the future and state the odds on each. In general the odds are moderately balanced and are not tempting to an aspiring prophet. But short odds on the behavior of individuals combine into very long odds on statistics of a large number of individuals; and all the successful predictions hitherto attributed to causality are traceable to this.

In conclusion, we may express our satisfaction that Eddington has avoided two pits into which many other travelers in these regions have fallen. The first is indicated in his own words:

"A besetting temptation of the scientific apologist for religion is to take some of its current expressions, and after clearing away

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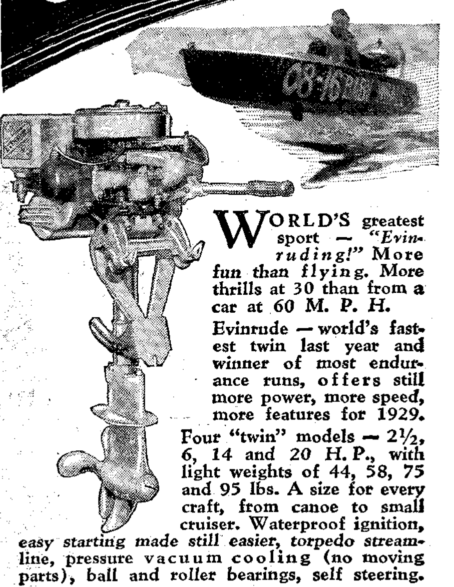

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

crudities of thought (which must necessarily be associated with anything adapted to the every-day needs of humanity) to water down the meaning until little is left that could possibly be in opposition to science, or to anything else."

If the Christian religion had meant no more than some of its modern expositions, need the early Christians have suffered martyrdom?

And the other, also in his own words:

"The religious reader may well be content that I have not offered him a God revealed by the quantum theory, and therefore liable to be swept away in the next scientific revolution."

UP-TO-DATE TRAFFIC CONTROL

CITIES are endangering traffic control by employing wrong practises, declares the final report of the Committee of the American Engineering Council on Street Traffic Signs, Signals, and Markings, made public recently at a meeting of the Council's Administrative Board. After making surveys in thirty-five States, and analyzing the returns from more than a hundred cities having a total population of over 33,000,000, the committee, headed by W. B. Powell of Buffalo, New York, asserts that traffic-control methods may be defeated through loss of public respect. Says the report, as quoted in a press bulletin issued by the Council:

> Some outstanding tendencies justify an emphatic word of warning. It is clearly obvious that some cities are making two fundamental errors in installing street traffic signs, signals, and markings. These errors are:
>
> First, placing traffic-control devices without adequate study of the conditions which their use is intended to improve, or of the evil effects produced at some intersections resulting from the attempt to correct undesirable conditions at one particular intersection.
>
> Second, employing traffic-control devices at places and times not justified by the conditions.
>
> If these tendencies continue, the inevitable result will be a public recognition of the errors and a consequent neglect or unfriendliness toward street traffic signs, signals, and markings.

This neglect will lead to the ultimate defeat of useful and effective methods of traffic control. Such fundamental errors can be avoided by obtaining expert engineering advice before any system of street traffic signs, signals, and markings is established.

The density of traffic in many cities emphasizes the need of the standardization of traffic signs, signals, and markings. In these cities the safety of every one depends upon the instant and full recognition of the meaning of the message to be conveyed by traffic-control devices, but the diversity of use and meaning that now prevails causes great hazard and delay. Moreover, the use of more uniform traffic-control devices will insure large economies.

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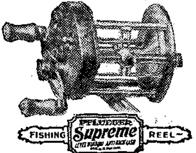

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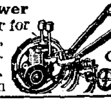

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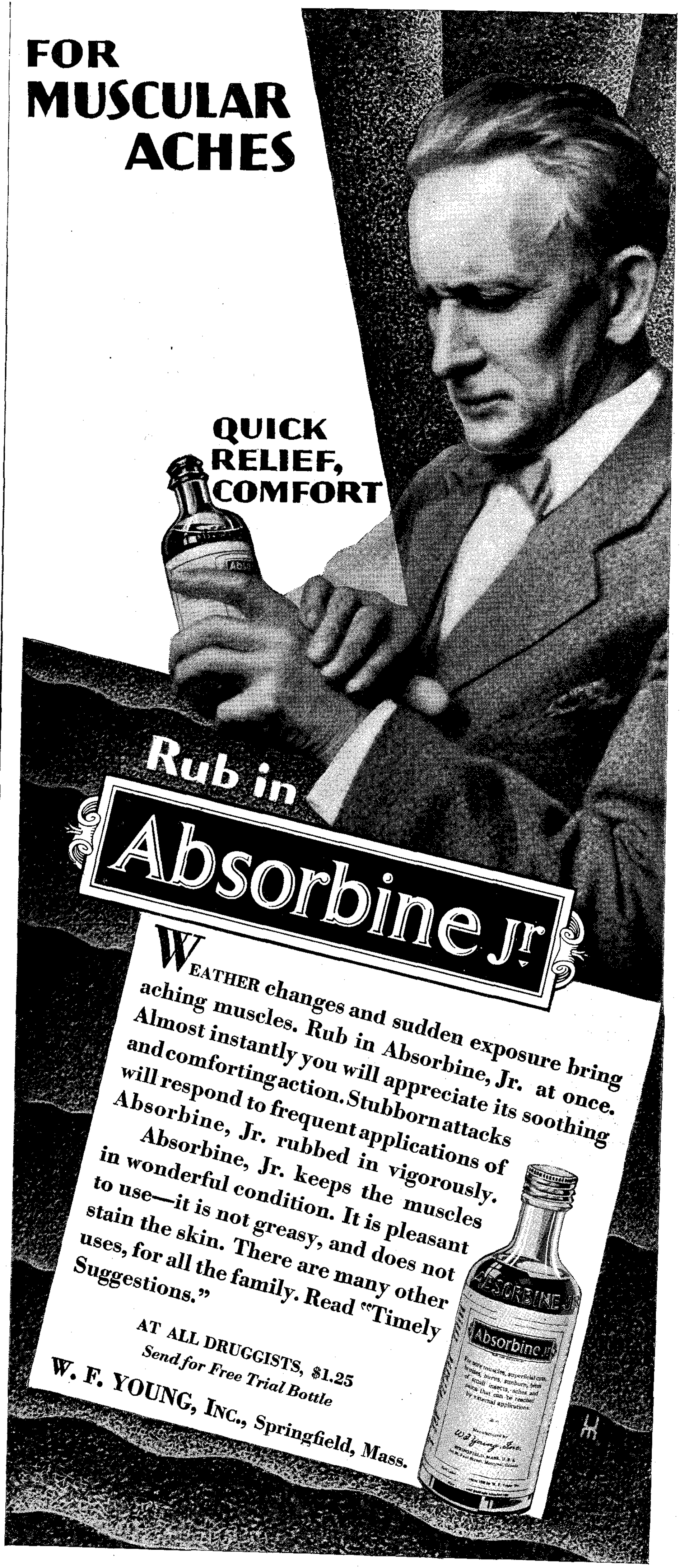
> placement, and maintenance of traffic signs. The practise is so diverse that no general statement relating to it can be made.
>
> The principal reasons why signals to control street traffic should be installed are to increase the safety of pedestrians and vehicles at congested intersections, to facilitate the movement of traffic with a minimum of delay, to provide for the continuous movement of traffic throughout a heavy route, and to interrupt a heavy traffic stream at intervals so as to afford opportunity for cross traffic to move.
>
> The most generally effective mechanical device used to increase safety and to facilitate traffic at intersections on city streets is the automatic traffic-control signal, but there is a tendency to use traffic-control signals unnecessarily.

Impatient and reckless drivers disregard an unnecessary "stop" signal, remarks the writer, and their habit threatens the usefulness of all such signals, the value of which depends upon the public confidence based upon their supposed general observance. Moreover:

> There is likely to be a general diversion of traffic from main thoroughfares to unsignaled side streets, which would increase the volume of traffic and the danger of accidents there, especially to children.
>
> Where expedition of traffic rather than safety is the paramount consideration, unwise regulation will retard rather than expedite traffic.
>
> Some signals installed to control the peak traffic at certain hours of the day, or on Sundays and holidays, should not be operated at other times.
>
> A proposed solution of this problem is by means of a timing device that will automatically pass a small volume of traffic as fast as it approaches, and will automatically go into a fixt cycle when the volume increases sufficiently to require the signal.
>
> The flexible progressive system is the best for the coordination of signals along a single street and is the only one that is well adapted to the control of signals on a number of adjacent streets that form a district. Its only limitation is that the complete cycle of changes must be of the same duration for all the intersections controlled. It has the following advantages:
>
> It permits the continuous movement of traffic at approximately a predetermined speed on both through and cross streets.
>
> It makes possible the adjustment of the timing of each signal to the variations in the flow of traffic at any particular intersection controlled.
>
> It discourages speeding, because it forces the driver of a vehicle to make frequent stops if he exceeds the speed determined for the system.
>
> It permits modification of the timing throughout a considerable area to adjust it to the differences in the movement of traffic at different hours of the day.

As to colors, the committee says that the general practise in traffic-control systems in the United States is to use three colors, but in some cities only two colors are used. It advises:

> If a three-color system is used, the colors shall be displayed in the order—red, green, yellow. The display of yellow after red is not recommended because it is likely to be interpreted by the waiting driver as an invitation to start before the green appears. Therefore, the red should be shown until the change is made to the green, and the yellow should be displayed after the green.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FOR INVESTORS

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Certain well defined rules of investment are helpful to the investor who wishes to get better than average returns from his money.

The effectiveness of investment plans based on such a code is strikingly demonstrated in the record of investment plans submitted in BARRON'S prize contest three years ago.

One of the lists already shows an increase of more than fifty per cent in both principal and income. The author of this plan governed his selection of securities by ten definite rules.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

PROGRESS IN EASTERN RAIL MERGERS

THE cause of railroad unification is looking up, *The Wall Street Journal* is convinced, in spite of inaction at the last session of Congress and the failure of many voluntary schemes that have been talked about in the press. This opinion is shared by a number of editors as they contemplate the application of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Chesapeake and Ohio to take over additional lines, and the Interstate Commerce Commission's conditional approval of the New York Central's plan for consolidating a number of the roads it now operates. And yet there are others, like the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, which feel that the number of false starts in recent years make skepticism pardonable, and "those who believe no major changes will be made in the railroad map in the next decade can readily substantiate their positions." One reason for this attitude, we read in another editorial in the same newspaper, is the fact that the action of the B. & O. and the C. & O. indicates the inability of the managers of those two systems to get together with the Pennsylvania and the New York Central to arrange for the consolidation of the railroads of the industrial Northeast into four great systems. As a writer in *The Magazine of Wall Street* puts it, these steps mark the renewal of "the battle of the East."

To the average citizen these proposals for rail consolidation look like some complicated game, remarks the Philadelphia *Record*. Sitting in are the four great railroad companies looking after the interests of their stockholders, with the Interstate Commerce Commission as referee—

> The game had been in progress for nearly nine years, since the passage of the transportation act. It was then in the form of solitaire, and the I. C. C. was the sole player. But the commission could not make the cards fall as was hoped, so the deck was passed and the four-handed game began. Hand after hand has been dealt and reshuffled. Now the B. & O. has opened a new pot, and the Van Sweringen Nickel Plate system has chipped in. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania are still studying their cards.

It is not so much a game as a war, in the opinion of another Philadelphia paper. Says *The Evening Public Ledger:*

> The imperial moods of the Dominant Powers of this earth are vividly duplicated in miniature by the dominant railway systems in the Eastern field. Each has ancient pride and impelling traditions to fortify it in a sense of its right to first place in the sun. Each wants to be master of its own destiny, and each feels that it should not be denied a right to profit and grow through such advantages as the evolution of commerce and the kindness of the high gods of transportation have thrown in its way. As the British hesitate to relinquish their implied claim to mastery at sea, and as the Congress of the United States refused to see the identity of the United States shadowed in a League of Nations, so the more august of the trunk lines oppose any suggestion that might conceivably lessen their pride or their strength in the rich industrial areas of the East.
>
> Each feels chosen for leadership. Thus the new application of the B. & O., just registered with the Interstate Commerce Commission, means in effect that the battle of the trunk lines for advantageous privileges in the general scheme of rail-mergers has begun all over again.

Bills were introduced at the last session of Congress intended to facilitate rail mergers by modifying the requirement in the present law, that they must be consistent with some general scheme for nationwide consolidation to be worked out by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But no action is expected before the next regular session meeting in December, and several newspapers feel that the Commission may be able to act under existing laws in view of the new attitude of the Eastern roads, which are putting their plans before the Commission first, instead of doing their buying up beforehand. This, in the opinion of the Boston *Post*, "tends to smooth the way and eliminates the objection to stock-jobbing, which featured several of the earlier projected mergers."

The plan submitted by the Baltimore and Ohio calls for the unification of 14,141 miles (including trackage rights) of road in the Eastern territory, with capital worth $2,192,036,343. It comprises outright control of ten railroads, including the Reading, New Jersey Central (giving access to New York), Western Maryland, and Wabash; joint control with Pennsylvania, New York Central, and C. & O., of five small roads, and trackage rights over a portion of the Pennsylvania.

The day after this plan was submitted, the Van Sweringen Brothers of Cleveland presented, in the name of the Chesapeake and Ohio (recently authorized to absorb Hocking Valley and Pere Marquette), a scheme for adding to the C. & O.-Nickel-Plate-Erie combination, the Wheeling and Lake Erie, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, Virginian, and Lackawanna, and three small coal roads. The plan involving 13,148 miles of road, and about $2,500,000,000 of capital, calls for joint interest with the other three great Eastern systems in the Delaware and Hudson, and seven other small roads; also joint control with New York Central and B. & O. in part of the Pittsburgh and West Virginia, and halfinterest with B. & O. in the Detroit and Toledo Short Line. Finally, the Van Sweringens want trackage rights over a number of roads which they will not control. Both the B. & O. and C. & O.

asked the Commission to pass on whether the groupings are in the public interest, and to approve methods of financing the mergers, and of taking over various short lines not mentioned in the petitions.

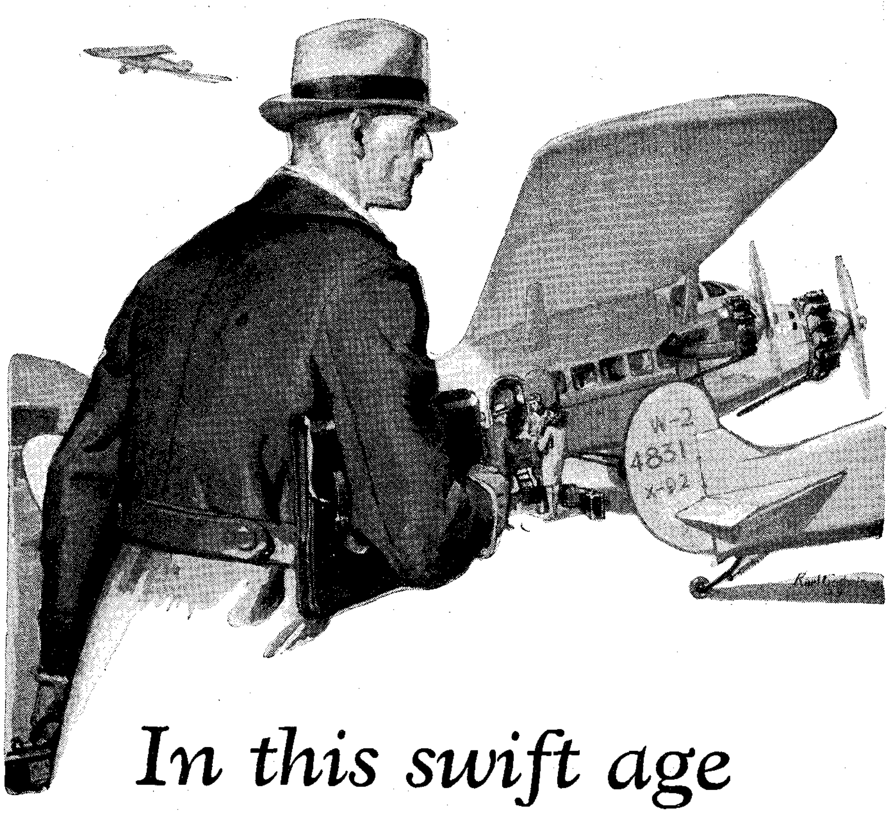
These plans, say press writers, are in line with a four-line merger plan submitted informally to the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1925, the advantages of which are thus stated in the B. & O. petition:

> First—Nearly all of the principal producing and consuming centers of the territory may be served by two or more, and in many instances, by all of the systems.
>
> Second—Each of the systems may, and may be in a position to, contribute to the wide-spread distribution of the traffic of the territory.
>
> Third—Each of the systems may have adequate access to the sources of fuel supply, and each may participate to a large extent in the commercial distribution of coal.
>
> Fourth—Each of the systems may have access to at least two of the five principal North Atlantic ports, tho no one of them may have access to all of said ports.
>
> Fifth—Each of the systems may have substantial access to the lower lake ports, and thus participate in the transportation of the large volume of coal and ore traffic passing through these ports.
>
> Sixth—Mileage, property investment, gross earnings, and resulting net railway-operating income may be more nearly equalized than would be possible in the case of the larger number of systems.
>
> Seventh—The systems may, generally speaking, have equality of opportunity to serve the public throughout the territory, to provide adequate facilities, and make necessary extensions from time to time with reasonable expectation of securing additional traffic.
>
> Eighth—A greater amount of actual and effective competition in service may be assured by four systems well articulated than by seven or eight systems, more or less incomplete.

After the presentation of these petitions, the roads took a step in conformity with them by a swap, whereby the B. & O. took the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh from the Van Sweringens and the Van Sweringens took the Wheeling and Lake Erie from the B. & O. and New York Central.

The filing of the two plans, writes Pierce H. Fulton in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, is likely to hasten the lagging cause of rail consolidation:

> Prominent railway executives feel quite strongly that, whatever may be the outcome of the B. & O. and C. & O. applications, the I. C. C. must regard them as real plans, and act upon them accordingly. Assuming that this will be the attitude of that body, the customary procedure would be to set hearings for sixty or ninety days hence. This would mean that those gatherings would not start until about May 1 or June 1. Because of the radical change in procedure in the filing of the kind of plans that they have, the paramount importance of the features of railroad consolidation that they present—not to speak of the big questions of "public interest" and protection to security holders, and the effect upon the market for securities, the hearings would be protracted. At the best a decision could not reasonably be expected



In this swift age

save yourself investment time and worry this way

An airplane rushing a busy executive to an emergency engagement is but an outward indication of the fast tempo at which we live today. In other ways—less dramatic, perhaps—you try to make every working hour count for more. But possibly you haven't realized how much time and worry you can save in the all-important matter of investing your money. The National City Company, for instance, maintains offices in over 50 American cities to furnish quick investment contact with busy men. At any of these offices our representatives will gladly help you check over your present holdings or select additional investments. Their recommendations are backed by over 115 years of National City experience and all that this implies in the way of financial knowledge and sound judgment.

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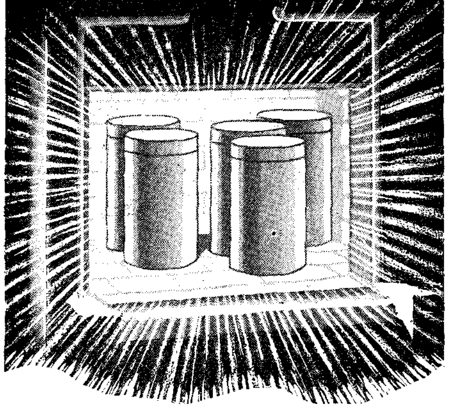

WE wish every pencil user could see the ingenious furnaces in which Mikado leads are tempered.

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In these specially designed kilns they glow for hours *at white heat*—at the exact, unvarying degree of heat that makes them toughest and most enduring.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

until near the end of this year at the earliest.

Both the B. & O. and the C. & O. assert that the combinations they propose will enable them to compete on more or less even terms with the New York Central and Pennsylvania, both of which have, in recent years, been unifying the roads they control. It will be remembered that a few years ago the Pennsylvania made one system of its hitherto separate East and West lines. Some time ago the New York Central incorporated the Lake Shore to make a single line between New York and Chicago, and last winter the Interstate Commerce Commission gave the Central permission to take over on lease the Big Four, the Michigan Central, and several small lines, on condition that it acquire certain short lines within six months. Calling attention to these facts, Mr. Fulton thinks it too much to expect that the Pennsylvania and New York Central "will offer no opposition to the applications of their two competing systems in the East." They may act either by filing plans of their own or by making arguments at the hearings on the B. & O. and C. & O. plans. Moreover, we read, in considering the opposition the Taplins and their associates must not be overlooked:

> They are in admitted control of Pittsburgh and West Virginia, and are known to have a substantial interest in Wheeling and Lake Erie and Western Maryland. Out of these roads, and perhaps a few smaller lines, they are ambitious to form a fifth system in Eastern Territory.
>
> This group has opposed all that New York Central, B. & O. and Nickel Plate have attempted to do in connection with Wheeling and the others.

Such is the current stage of railroad consolidation; prospective future stages are thus outlined by W. M. Kiplinger and J. H. Libby in the New York *Times:*

> Presentation, first, of the New York Central plan for unification, and, subsequently of the Pennsylvania's plan.
>
> Hearings on all four plans by the Interstate Commerce Commission, consideration of objections, and a final decision by the Commission in the light of public interest, for the whole Eastern region rather than for each system individually.
>
> Perfection of financial plans by the railroad systems, preparatory to acquiring control of the subsidiaries for which application shall have been approved.
>
> Meanwhile, probably next year, enactment by Congress of a new railroad consolidation law, which will facilitate the working out of financial aspects of consolidations, and abolish the requirement that the Interstate Commerce Commission work out a model plan of its own volition.
>
> Meanwhile, also, the presentation of plans for unification in other parts of the country.
>
> Thus, railroad consolidation is moving along, but it is still a long way off.

A LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY FOR FARMERS

ONE of the most important business ventures undertaken by the farmers of Illinois, say Danville dispatches to Chicago newspapers, is the underwriting of the Country Life Insurance Company by the Illinois Agricultural Association. The organizers say they already have pledges for the purchase of more than $13,000,000 in policies, and this venture into high finance reminds more than one editorial writer of the organization of labor banks a few years ago. The Chicago *Journal of Commerce,* moreover, believes that the Illinois farmer, through participation in the new venture, "will come to have a little more appreciation of the difficulties of those businesses which they have been accustomed to find fault with." Says this business daily:

> More than one of the labor banks learned in time what the farmers in this company ought to understand at the outset; namely, that they need men as directors who really know business, and that they need just as experienced management as the companies competing with them. Overconfidence is usual in the organizers of such an enterprise as a labor bank or a farmers' insurance company. In the optimistic attempt to do big things in a big way and do them immediately, they may lose sight of caution.
>
> The theory, which gave rise to labor banks, is that such a bank can give intimate service to the group that sponsors it—that it can give special attention to the financing of activities which labor is interested in. It does not appear that a similar theory can be applied in the case of the farmers' insurance company. Its requirements for reserve will be about the same as those of the average company of that class; its rates and service will be about the same. So there does not seem to be a special, direct benefit which the farmers can get from this company and no other.
>
> It is declared, however, that there is an indirect benefit. The organizers say the insurance company will help the general agricultural cooperative movement. If a reasonable degree of success is obtained in the insurance enterprise, the farmers will have experience and confidence for participating in the greater cooperative ventures which are expected to be made in the next few years, particularly in the marketing of farm products. The insurance project is viewed as a part of a greater, more ambitious scheme of farmers' cooperative activity.
>
> The attempt is certainly interesting. Other insurance companies view it without alarm, knowing as they do that relatively few of the business projects attempted cooperatively by farmers have succeeded; that large sums have been lost by farmers' cooperative ventures into the businesses of packing, warehousing, and owning and operating small railroads and rural telephone systems.
>
> It is to be hoped that losses will be avoided in the new insurance project. If the enterprise wins a moderate success, there will still be plenty of business for other legal reserve stock companies. Insurance is a constantly growing business. Often new competition, by setting new ideas in motion, creates greater business for all the companies in the field.

"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"

THE mining journals are doing their part in fighting fraudulent and worthless stock promotions, and *The Mining Journal* (Phoenix, Ariz.) prints on its editorial page this bit of satire in the shape of an imaginary mining-stock prospectus:

Wonderful Investment Opening Offer
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Capital stock unlimited—No par value, nor any other kind.

This company expects to begin business shortly—with Other People's Money. We expect the stock to be oversubscribed in a few weeks. Send your remittances, at 10 cents a share, for what you want. If the presses wear out, we can't print any more. Better wire . . .

Every person who sends a remittance for stock in this company will receive a receipt for his money, together with a green-backed, printed certificate of stock. There are no blanks. Every investor gets both a receipt and a stock certificate.

These deep-green stock certificates, if pasted on the wall, or placed under the glass top of your desk, are guaranteed to take the sap out of high-powered bond salesmen selling "bonds" in overmortgaged industrials, apartment houses, and stock salesmen with wildcat oil or imitation mining companies. Remember the name "CAVEAT EMPTOR MINING COMPANY." Buy while the buying is good. You'll never want to sell this stock, and couldn't sell it if you wanted to.

References: Any bank or banker in the U. S. The Attorney General of New York, the Blue Sky Commissioners in all States that have such an animal. The Postmaster-General, and any of the 560 postal inspectors, or any accredited mining engineer, or the editor of any financial or mining magazine or paper in the world. (Can you beat that for references?)

OUR OFFICERS

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OUR VICE-PRESIDENT was once a Chicago politician, well known in the tenderloin districts as Jimmy the Dip. Later he was appointed on the police force, where he made a fortune in a few years at five-dollars-a-day salary.

OUR TREASURER is a lawyer and an honest man (only one man, not two). That's the only thing that sounds "fishy" in this advertisement.

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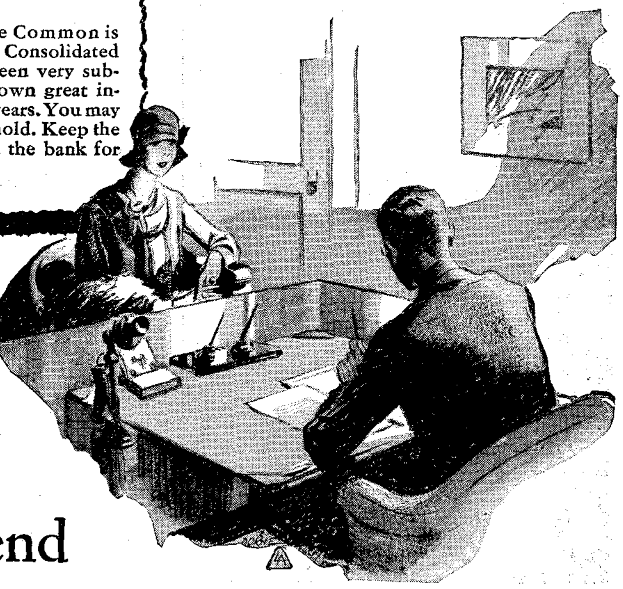
OUR FIFTH DIRECTOR is an old prospector, known all over the West as "the paper-hanger in the Waste Lands" from the fact that he has stuck up location notices on more "waste land" and "lizzard pastures" in the vicinity of other mines than any man in the West.

CAVEAT EMPTOR MINING COMPANY



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Ans.—Cities Service Common is favorably regarded. Consolidated net earnings have been very substantial and have shown great increases during recent years. You may buy fifteen shares to hold. Keep the rest of the money in the bank for emergencies.

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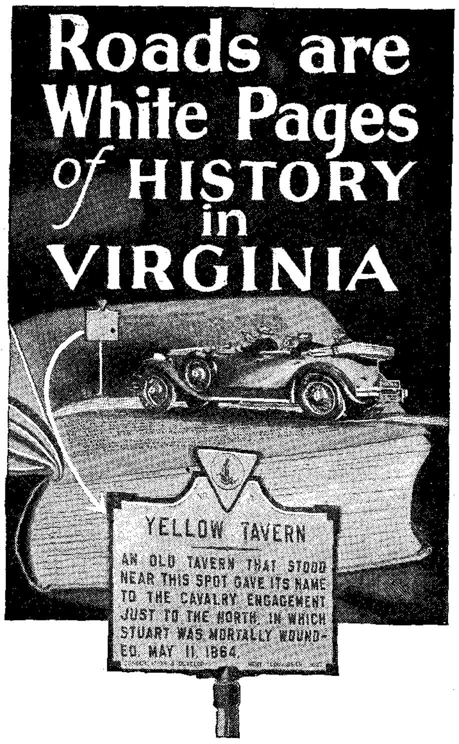
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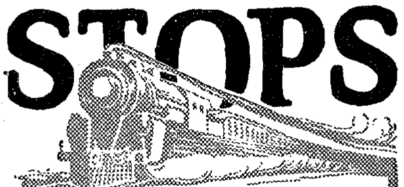

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 6.—Mexican Federal troops recapture Monterey, capital of the State of Nuevo Leon, from the rebel forces under the command of General Escobar, and retake Cordova.

The Honduran Government is reported taking strong measures to suppress a minor revolt under Ladislao Velasquez, near the Salvadorean border.

March 8.—Juarez is captured by the Mexican rebels after a five-hour battle, and three hundred Federal soldiers cross the Stanton International Bridge into American territory, and are interned at Fort Bliss. The casualties include two American citizens in El Paso, killed by stray bullets.

The Rev. Geoffrey A. Studdert-Kennedy, chaplain to the King, and during the World War a noted chaplain in the British Army, in which he was affectionately known as "Woodbine Willie," dies at Liverpool of influenza.

March 9.—The Council of the League of Nations adopts a resolution directing the committee of legal experts to consider at its next meeting a method of opening to the United States a way to membership in the League of Nations, and to make suggestions facilitating such membership.

Secretary of War Calles heads a Mexican Army of 18,000 to put down the revolt in the strongholds of the northwestern States of Durango, Chihuahua and Sonora.

March 10.—In an address to 5,000 Fascists holding key positions in his régime, Premier Mussolini reviews the record of Fascism's achievements, hails the accord with the Vatican, and says that it will not interfere with other religious cults in the exercise of their free development.

Former King Amanullah is reported to have begun a march from Kandahar to Kabul to attempt to recover the throne of Afghanistan.

March 11.—Mexican Government troops capture 135 of the troops of the rebel Gen. Francisco Urbalejo at Torreon, Coahuila. Former Gen. Simon Aguirre is also captured by Federal forces and held for court martial. A small group of revolutionists take Ojinaga, on the Rio Grande.

March 12.—More than one-fifth of the 5,000 rebel troops in Sonora, under General Olachea, go over to the Federal forces and seize the town of Naco. President Portes Gil declares the revolt is virtually broken and that no more volunteers for the Federal Army will be accepted.

DOMESTIC

March 6.—The Seventh United States Cavalry is ordered out for duty at the International Bridge, at El Paso, Texas, as a precautionary measure.

Complete elimination of discrimination against women in the membership and government of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America is proposed in an overture adopted by the Presbyterian General Council at Philadelphia. The overture must be presented to the General Assembly at St. Paul, Minnesota, beginning May 23.

Appropriations for the coming fiscal year made in the last session of the Seventieth Congress total $4,663,554,342, or

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Funk & Wagnalls Company, Pubs., 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

close to $50,000,000 above the appropriations authorized at the previous session, it is announced.

March 7.—Col. Robert W. Stewart is ousted from the chairmanship of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana by the proxies held by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

President Hoover summons Congress to meet in special session, beginning April 15, to effect agricultural relief and limited changes in the tariff.

Wearing only the regulation Navy clothes and mechanical lung, two men rise safely from the escape lock of the submarine *S-4*, submerged 200 feet from the surface off Key West, Florida.

March 8.—The purpose and scope of the law-enforcement commission he is soon to appoint, announces President Hoover, is to consider critically the entire Federal machinery of justice, simplification of its procedure, the better selection of juries and a more effective organization of the agencies of investigation and prosecution.

Mexico will be free to purchase arms and munitions in the United States, it is announced from President Hoover's first Cabinet meeting.

Admiral William D. Pratt, Commander of the battle fleet, is appointed Commander of the United States fleet, succeeding Admiral Henry A. Wiley, who is to be assigned to new duties.

March 9.—President Hoover appoints Davis S. Ingalls, of Cleveland, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aviation, and Joseph M. Dixon, former United States Senator and ex-Governor of Montana, as Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Ten thousand Enfield rifles and about 10,000,000 rounds of ammunition are to be sent to the Mexican Government from the United States Army reserve supplies for use in putting down the revolution, it is announced.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh returns to Mexico City with thirteen passengers from Brownsville, Texas, on his flight inaugurating direct air-mail service between those two points.

March 11.—Maj. H. O. D. Segrave, British sportsman, sets a new automobile speed mark by making a record of 231.36246 miles an hour over a measured mile course at Daytona Beach, Florida.

The United States Supreme Court hands down a decision holding that the increase granted to the New York Central Railroad Company and others for carrying the mails should date from the time the petition for relief was filed, and not from the time the order was made effective by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The decision means that the carriers will receive about $45,000,000 due them.

March 12.—President Hoover announces that there will be no leases or disposal of government oil lands, of government holdings, or government controls, except those which may be mandatory by Congress.

Border patrol guards are ordered doubled along the Texas and Arizona borders to prevent the smuggling of arms and ammunition into Mexico. Two patrolmen on the Arizona border are wounded by gun-running Mexican rebels.

President Hoover appoints Ernest Lee Jahncke, of New Orleans, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to succeed Theodore Douglas Robinson, resigned, and Patrick Jay Hurley, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Assistant Secretary of War, to succeed Charles C. Robbins, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, resigned.

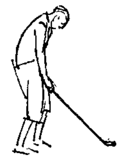
A New Metal

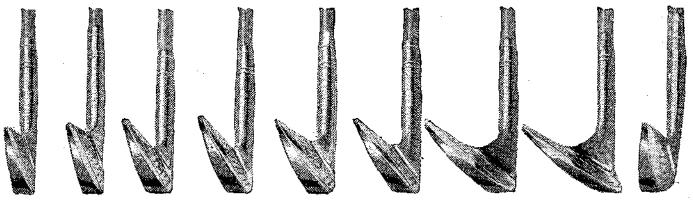
"Mild Stainless"

FOR GOLF CLUBS

PART of the international fame of the famous Walker Cup Matched Iron set, made by Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Company, is due to the *new metal* used in the club heads. Instead of being stainless only on the surface, it is stainless all the way through—mild, instead of hard—tough, instead of brittle. When you smack the ball there is none of that unpleasant hard, brittle shock—instead, the mild, resilient quality gives a most satisfying feel.

Wilson Walker Cup Clubs are scientifically correct in all details. Golfers say the improvement they effect in the average game is almost incredible.





A Steel that achieves what no steel ever achieved before—
CARPENTER STAINLESS STEEL

Since the days when Damascus was renowned throughout the world for its sword steel, the advent of every important new steel formula has constituted a turning point in industry.

Now comes CARPENTER STAINLESS STEEL, made exclusively by the Carpenter Steel Company, Reading, Pa., and devised especially for golf clubs. It is rustproof all the way through. Due to its mild, tough quality it yields just enough at the moment of impact to insure a noticeably faster getaway of the ball off the face of the club.

Ask your pro or dealer to show you these fine Wilson Matched Clubs. You can buy them in sets of five, six or nine. Get a real start this season by replacing your old clubs with these scientifically perfected implements of the game.

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO., INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Second Aisle to the Left.—FLOORWALKER (at 1 A. M., to burglar in his home)—"Silverware? Yes, sir. Step this way."—*Boston Transcript.*

Easy Target.—"Do you know Lord Heathmoor? I've often shot at his country seat."

"And did you ever hit it?"—*London Bystander.*

When Mary Steps on It.—A long-legged sheep in the Himalayas is able to run forty miles an hour. That's the kind of little lamb to follow Mary nowadays.—*Onward, quoted by the Christian Advocate.*

Knows Her Fags.—"So on your birthday your wife gave you a smoker's set. I didn't know you smoked."

"I don't, but she does."—*Boston Transcript.*

Orthodox Believer.—SOCIAL WORKER—"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

FISHERMAN—"No, sir. I likes 'em fried in the ordinary way."—*Tit-Bits.*

Hollywood Arithmetic.—"I intend to marry a rich man or none," an American film actress is reported to have stated recently. Most of them decide to marry a rich man or two.—*Humorist.*

Justice for Oysters.—FISHMAN—"What are they going to call that new month when they get it?"

GROVER—"I dunno. Are you interested?"

FISHMAN—"Sure. I want to see that it has an r in it."—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

Respected Infant.—"Dear miss," wrote a particular mother to the teacher, "don't whip our Tommy. He isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

Stumbling-Blocks.—"Do you know, only two things prevent your becoming a great dancer?"

"Indeed? What are they?"

"Your feet."—*London Passing Show.*

"Little Fleas Have Lesser Fleas."—"Jenks, the famous ghost-writer, has finally achieved the ultimate in success."

"And what is that?"

"He has another ghost-writer write his ghost-writing for him."—*Judge.*

Science of Left-Overs.—"What are you studying, John?" asked Aunt Maria.

"Economics."

"I don't see no use in studying that stuff. If it's forced on you, you gotta practise it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

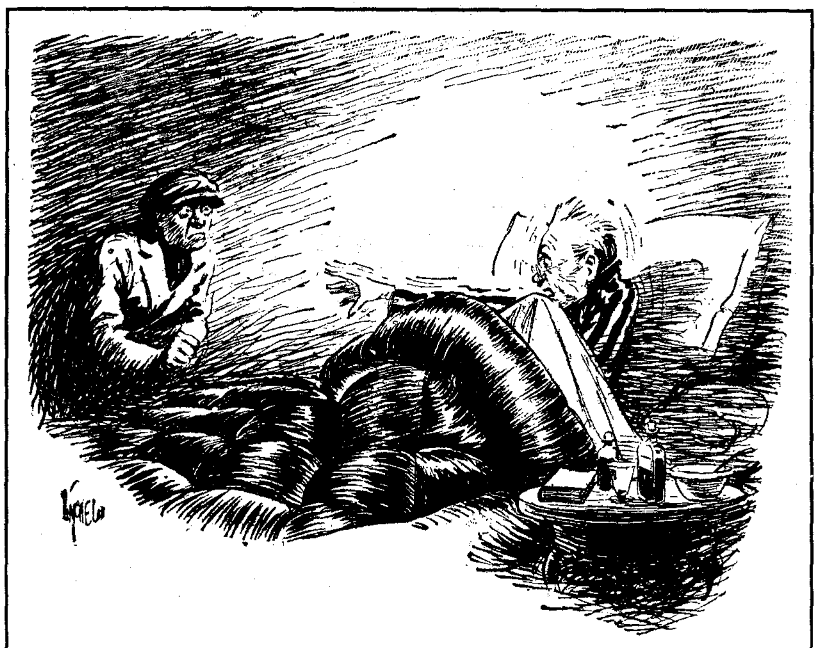
Tell It in Detroit.—What this country really needs is a good five-cent instalment plan.—*Unidentified clipping.*

Alarming Surplus.—SHE—"Why so thoughtful, dear?"

HE—"I have one dollar over this week and can't remember which instalment I forgot to pay."—*Life.*

Weighty Problem.—WIFE—"Is that you, Rudolph?"

REVELER RUDOLPH—"I'll tell you, my dear, shoon ash I've looked in the jolly ole mirror."—*London Opinion.*



HOUSEHOLDER (in the grip of flu): "Adother steb—ad I'll sdeeze ad you!"

—*Everybody's Weekly* (London).

Well-Known Prowler.—On the other hand, fail to make a better mousetrap, or to produce something convertible into money, and the wolf will beat a path to your door.—*Boston Transcript.*

Just Blows His Own Horn.—"You got to admire a great statesman," said Uncle Eben. "He gits mo' honor and applause dan any musician in de band an' don' have to learn to play no instrument whatever."—*Washington Star.*

Making It Unanimous.—MABEL—"Aren't you crazy for summer?"

GERT—"Yes, I can hardly wait for the time to come when I can be as warm from my knees down as I am from my knees up."—*Sam Hill in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Exposed at Last.—"I am satisfied on one thing at last; I found where my husband spends his evenings," remarked Mrs. Gadabout.

"You don't say so, dear; how did you find out?" questioned the excited Mrs. Gossip.

"I stayed at home one evening last week, and found him there," answered the satisfied lady.—*Arkansas Utility News.*

Mother's Help.—We Clean Your Dirty Kids for a quarter.—*Ad in the Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser.*

Impressive Figure.—She was one of the widest and best beloved women of this valley.—*California paper.*

Hearty Appetite.—Bull dog for sale, will eat anything, first $20 bill gets it. Very fond of Children.—*Tampa (Fla.) Daily Times.*

Strenuous Job.—Competent girl for general housework and cooking of a practical nurse, immediately.—*Ad in a Pueblo (Col.) paper.*

Tropical Finery.—From a little narrow white or cream lace and a few inches of pastel-colored ribbon you may make the most attractive frock.—*Vancouver Sun.*

Cautious Prophet.—Increasing cloudiness followed by rain and probably Sunday.—*Weather forecast in a Saturday issue of the New York Journal of Commerce.*

Height of Modesty.—My wife wears her skirts at what I consider the right length—about .. Also She show-o 'tucm fwyp two-thirds below the knees.—*Springfield (Mo.) Leader.*

Belligerent Baby Carrier.—Brief radio advices from the steamship *Montauk* which rescued the men in Unimak Pass, reported that oiler Poiey of Seattle had gone crazy from the five-day battle with an Alaskan stork.—*Boston Evening Globe.*

Be a Sybarite.—Built-in bathtubs, tile floors, new Simmons Steel Furniture. All the luxuries of an efete culture and an intensive civilization.—*Ad in a Lake Worth (Fla.) paper.*

When a Feller Needs a Friend.—

Breakfast.
Sliced Bananas and Cream
Friend Mush
Thin Toast Coffee

—*Portland Oregonian.*

Trailing Tony.—"Pleasa Mr. Mail Man sand this to (Tony Silva) I don no is houso No but he got corage he cal Red Wing gass stacion in Rivet st. New Bedford, Mass."—*Superscription on a parcel received at the New Bedford post-office.*

Let No Guilty Man Escape.—WARNING—Unless the parties, who allow their police dogs to run at large, in the vicinity of the Fourth Street School building, are tied at once. They will be rounded up and shot.—JOSEPH GRIGG, Chief of Police.—*Bangor (Pa.) paper.*